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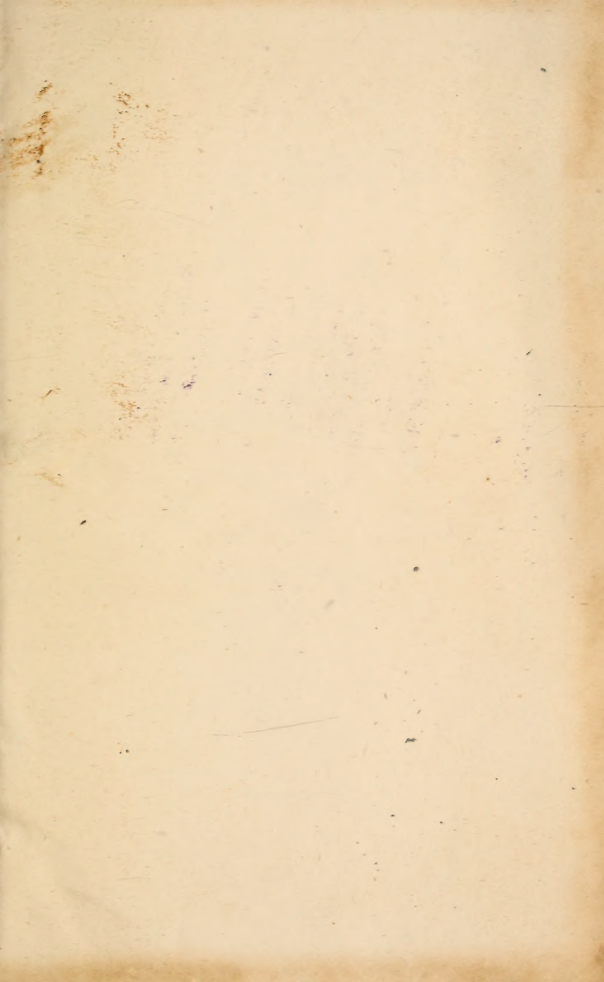
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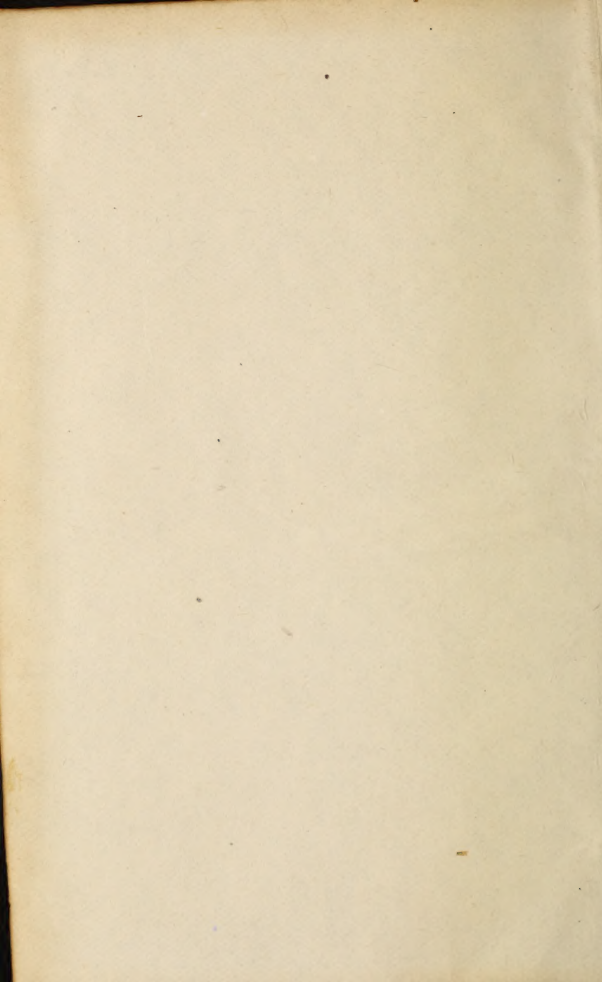
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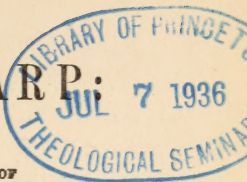


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# THE HARP:



A SELECTION OF

## SACRED HYMNS

DESIGNED FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

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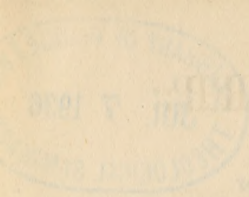
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"Unto Thee will I sing with the harp, O thou Holy One of Israel."

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BOSTON:  
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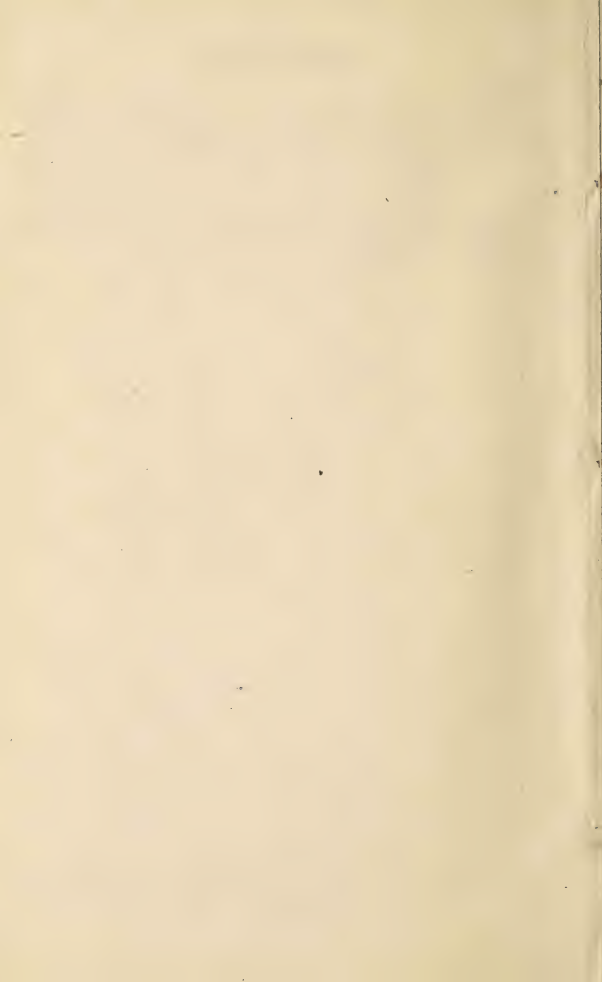
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# H Y M N S.

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## I. THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

His Existence.

### 1. C. M.

- 1 THERE 'S not a star whose twinkling light  
    Illumes the distant earth,  
And cheers the solemn gloom of night  
    But goodness gave it birth.
- 2 There 's not a cloud whose dews distil  
    Upon the parching clod,  
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,  
    That is not sent by God.
- 3 There 's not a place in earth's vast round,  
    In ocean's deep, or air,  
Where skill and wisdom are not found ;  
    For God is everywhere.
- 4 Around, beneath, below, above,  
    Wherever space extends,  
There God displays his boundless love,  
    And power with goodness blends.

2. L. M.

- 1 THERE is a God — all nature speaks,  
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;  
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,  
When earliest beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,  
Throughout the world's extended frame  
Inscribes in characters of light  
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,  
And trace creation's wonders o'er,  
Confess the footsteps of your God;  
Bow down before him, and adore

3. L. M.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue, ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display;  
And publishes, to every land,  
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets, in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found;

- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
 Forever singing, as they shine,  
 " The hand that made us is divine."

His Unity.

4. L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL God, Almighty Cause  
 Of earth, and sea, and worlds unknown !  
 All things are subject to thy laws ;  
 All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,  
 Of all within itself possessed ;  
 Controlled by none are thy commands ;  
 Thou from thyself alone art blessed.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe ;  
 Let heaven and earth due homage pay ;  
 All other gods we disavow,  
 Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name through heathen lands  
 Their idol deities dethrone ;  
 Reduce the world to thy commands,  
 And reign, as thou art God alone.

5. 6s.

- 1 THE God who reigns alone  
 O'er earth, and sea, and sky,  
 Let man with praises own,  
 And sound his honors high
- 2 Him all in heaven above,  
 Him all on earth below,  
 Th' exhaustless Source of love,  
 The great Creator know.

- 3 He formed the living flame,  
He gave the reasoning mind ;  
Then only He may claim  
The worship of mankind.

His Eternity.

6. C. M.

- 1 RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground ;  
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad ,  
And raise up every tuneful sound,  
To praise th' eternal God !
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,  
Jehovah filled his throne ;  
Or Adam formed, or angels made,  
Jehovah lived alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,  
But still maintain their prime ;  
Eternity's his dwelling-place,  
And EVER is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,  
The present and the past,  
He fills his own immortal NOW,  
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,  
And vast destruction come ;  
The creatures — look, how old they grow,  
And wait their fiery doom !
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,  
And flame melt down the skies ;  
My God shall live an endless day,  
When old creation dies.

7. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God ! how infinite art thou !  
What worthless worms are we !

- Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made :  
Thou art the ever-living God  
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie  
To thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky,  
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity with all its years  
Stands present in thy view ;  
To thee there 's nothing old appears —  
Great God ! there 's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares ;  
While thine eternal thoughts move on  
Thine undisturbed affairs.

## 8. L. M.

- 1 ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,  
Or the fair earth in order stood,  
Before the birth of ancient time,  
From everlasting thou art God.
- 2 A thousand ages, in their flight,  
With thee are as a fleeting day ;  
Past, present, future, to thy sight  
At once their various scenes display.
- 3 But our brief life 's a shadowy dream,  
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,  
That fades with morning's earliest beam  
And fills the musing mind no more.
- 4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give  
So every precious hour to spend,



## GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.

That we, at length, with thee may live,  
Where life and bliss shall never end

### His Immutability

## 9. C. M.

- 1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,  
O thou eternal God !  
Each future age shall know thy name.  
And tell thy works abroad.
- 2 The strong foundations of the earth  
Of old by thee were laid ;  
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven  
With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,  
Created by thy hand,  
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,  
And changed at thy command.
- 4 But thy perfections, all divine,  
Eternal as thy days,  
Through everlasting ages shine  
With undiminished rays.

## 10. 7s.

- 1 CAST thy burden on the Lord ;  
Only lean upon his word ;  
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless  
His eternal faithfulness.
- 2 Human counsels come to naught ;  
That shall stand which God hath wrought ;  
His compassion, love, and power,  
Are the same for evermore.
- 3 Heaven and earth may pass away ;  
God's free grace shall not decay ;  
He hath promised to fulfil  
All the pleasure of his will.

- 4 Jesus, Guardian of thy flock,  
Be thyself our constant rock ;  
Make us, by thy powerful hand,  
Long as Zion's mountain stand.

## 11. L M.

- 1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,  
Who all creation dost sustain !  
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,  
And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,  
Each glorious attribute divine,  
Through ages infinite, shall still  
With undiminished lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being ! Source of good !  
Immutable dost thou remain ;  
Nor can the shadow of a change  
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Nature her order may reverse,  
Revolving seasons cease their round ;  
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,  
Nor autumn be with plenty crowned.
- 5 Earth may with all her power dissolve,  
If such the great Creator's will ;  
But thou forever art the same ;  
" I am " is thy memorial still

His Knowledge.

## 12. C. M.

- 1 THE eye of God is everywhere,  
To watch the sinner's ways ;  
He sees who join in humble prayer,  
And who in solemn praise.

## GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.

- 2 One glance of thine, eternal Lord,  
Can pierce and search us through ;  
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford  
A shelter from thy view.
- 3 The universe, in every part,  
At once before thee lies ;  
And every thought of every heart  
Is open to thine eyes.

### 13. L. M.

- 1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through  
Thine eye commands, with piercing view.  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known ;  
He knows the words I mean to speak  
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand ;  
On every side I find thy hand ;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

His Wisdom.

### 14. L. M.

- 1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,  
The blessing of God's chosen race ;  
The wisdom coming from above,  
The faith that sweetly works by love
- 2 Wisdom divine ! who tells the price  
Of wisdom's costly merchandise ?

## GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.

Wisdom to silver we prefer,  
And gold is dross compared to her.

- 3 Her hands are filled with length of days,  
True riches and immortal praise ;  
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,  
And honor that descends from God.
- 4 Happy the man who wisdom gains ;  
Thrice happy who his guest retains,  
He owns, and shall forever own,  
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one

## 15. S. M.

- 1 THOU, the eternal Lord,  
Art high above our thought ;  
And worthy to be feared, adored,  
By all thy hands have wrought ;  
None can with thee compare ;  
Thy glory fills the sky ;  
And all created beings are  
As nothing in thine eye.
- 2 Of thine unbounded power  
To thee the praise we give ;  
Omnipotently great, and more  
Than heart can ere conceive :  
Whene'er thou wilt proceed,  
Thy work can none withstand,  
Or frustrate thy determined deed,  
Or stay th' Almighty's hand.
- 3 Thou, Lord, art wise alone ;  
Thy counsel doth excel ;  
Most wonderful thy works we own,  
Thy ways unsearchable.  
Who knows the mystery,  
The judgments can explain,  
Of Him whose eyes in darkness see,  
And search the heart of man ?

## 16. C. M.

- 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong  
To my Almighty God ;  
He has my heart, and he my tongue,  
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand hath wrought  
How glorious in our sight !  
Good men in every age have sought  
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame !  
How wise the Eternal Mind !  
His counsels never change the scheme  
That his first thoughts designed.
- 4 When he redeemed his chosen sons,  
He fixed his covenant sure ;  
The orders that his lips pronounce  
To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,  
Thy heavenly skill proclaim ;  
What shall we do to make us wise,  
But learn to read thy name ?
- 6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,  
Is our divinest skill ;  
And he 's the wisest of our race  
That best obeys thy will.

His Goodness.

## 17. C. M.

- 1 **THY** goodness, Lord, our souls confess ;  
Thy goodness we adore ; —  
A spring whose blessings never fail ;  
A sea without a shore.



GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.

- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare  
In every golden ray ;  
Love draws the curtains of the night,  
And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns  
With all the bliss it yields ;  
With joyful clusters loads the vines,  
With strength'ning grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,  
Is in the Gospel seen ;  
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,  
Without a cloud between.
- 5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,  
Through Jesus' name are given ;  
He on the cross was lifted high,  
That we might reign in heaven.

18. C. M.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,  
We own thy power divine ;  
We hear thy breath in every storm,  
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,  
They work thy sovereign will ;  
And, awed by thy majestic voice,  
Confusion shall be still
- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast  
To them that seek thy face,  
And mingles with the tempest's roar  
The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,  
Till all the tumult cease ;  
And gales of Paradise shall lull  
My weary soul to peace.

## 19. C. M.

- 1 GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,  
Who makes the earth his care,  
Visits the pastures every spring,  
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers, raised on high,  
Pour out, at his command,  
Their watery blessings from the sky,  
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The softened ridges of the field  
Permit the corn to spring ;  
The valleys rich provision yield,  
And cheerful laborers sing.
- 4 The little hills, on every side,  
Rejoice at falling showers ;  
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,  
Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 The barren clods, refreshed with rain,  
Promise a joyful crop ;  
The parching grounds look green again,  
And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns ;  
How bounteous are thy ways !  
The bleating flocks, spread o'er the downs,  
And shepherds shout thy praise.

## 20. C. M.

- 1 YE humble souls, approach your God  
With songs of sacred praise ;  
For he is good, supremely good,  
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care :  
In him we live and move ;

But nobler benefits declare  
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
To ransom rebel worms ;  
'T is here he makes his goodness known  
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,  
'T is here our hope relies ; —  
A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
When storms of trouble rise.

## 21. C. M.

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,  
Thou sovereign Lord of all ;  
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak  
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,  
When virtue lies distressed  
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,  
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel  
Thou hear'st thy children's cry ;  
And their best wishes to fulfil,  
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere :  
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love  
Is joined with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,  
And spread thy fame abroad ;  
Let all the sons of Adam raise  
The honors of their God.

## 22. C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,  
My God, my heavenly King ;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In songs of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines  
His goodness to the skies ;  
Through all the earth his bounty shines,  
And every want supplies.
- 3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !  
How slow thine anger moves !  
But soon he sends his pard'ning word  
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,  
My God, my heavenly King ;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In songs of glory sing.

## 23. L. M.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God ;  
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;  
Let all the powers within me join  
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;  
His favors claim thy highest praise ;  
Why should the wonders he hath wrought  
Be lost in silence and forgot ?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,  
And cures the pains that nature feels.

## GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.

Redeems the soul from death, and saves  
Our wasting life from threatening graves.

- 5 Our youth, decayed, his power repairs ;  
His mercy crowns our growing years ;  
He satisfies our mouth with good,  
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.
- 6 He sees the oppressor and oppressed,  
And often gives the sufferers rest ;  
But will his justice more display  
In the last great rewarding day.

### His Power.

## 24. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might ;  
The winds obey his will ;  
He speaks, and in his heavenly height  
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land  
With threat'ning aspect roar !  
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,  
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night ! your force combine ;  
Without his high behest  
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,  
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar ;  
In distant peals it dies ;  
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,  
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend — in reverence bend ;  
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,  
And bid the choral song ascend  
To celebrate our God.

## 25. C. M.

- 1 LONG as I live I 'll bless thy name,  
My King, my God above ;  
My work and joy shall be the same  
In the bright world of love.
- 2 Great is the Lord ; his power unknown ,  
And let his praise be great ;  
I 'll sing the honors of thy throne,  
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,  
And, while my lips rejoice,  
The men who hear my sacred song  
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,  
And children learn thy ways ;  
All time to come thy truth proclaim,  
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date  
Shall through the world be known ;  
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state  
With public splendor shown.
- 6 The world is managed by thy hands ;  
Thy saints are ruled by love ;  
And thine eternal kingdom stands,  
Though rocks and hills remove.

## 26. L. M.

- 1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
Give to the Lord renown and power :  
Ascribe due honors to his name,  
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud  
Through every ocean, every land ;

His voice divides the watery cloud,  
And lightnings blaze at his command.

- 3 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood ;  
O'er earth he reigns forever king ;  
But makes his church his blest abode.  
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 4 In gentler language, there the Lord  
The counsel of his grace imparts ;  
Amid the raging storm, his word  
Speaks peace and comfort to our hearts

27. L. M. 61.

- 1 YE holy souls, in God rejoice ;  
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice.  
Great is your theme, your songs be new  
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,  
His works of nature, and of grace ;  
How wise and holy, just and true.
- 2 Justice and truth he ever loves,  
And the whole earth his goodness proves ,  
His word the heavenly arches spread :  
How wide they shine from north to south !  
And by the spirit of his mouth  
Were all the starry armies made.
- 3 He gathers the wide flowing seas  
(Those watery treasures know their place)  
In the vast storehouse of the deep.  
He spake, and gave all nature birth ;  
And fires and seas, and heavens and earth,  
His everlasting orders keep !
- 4 Let mortals tremble, and adore  
A God of such resistless power .  
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage.  
Vain are their thoughts and weak their hands  
But his eternal counsel stands,  
And rules the world from age to age.

## GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.

### His Omnipresence.

#### 28. L. M.

- 1 ALL those who seek a throne of grace,  
May find one in every place ;  
To those who love a life of prayer  
Our God is present everywhere.
- 2 The shady grove, and burning plain,  
The blooming field, and swelling main.  
Alike are sweet in secret prayer,  
For God is present everywhere.
- 3 In pining sickness, or in health,  
In poverty or growing wealth,  
The humble soul delights in prayer,  
For God is present everywhere.
- 4 When Zion mourns, and comforts fail,  
And all her foes do scoff and rail,  
'T is then a time for secret prayer,  
For God is present everywhere.
- 5 When some backslide, and others fall,  
And few are found who strive at all,  
The faithful find, in secret prayer,  
That God is present everywhere.
- 6 O then, my soul, in every strait,  
To the Almighty come and wait ;  
Who sees, and every sigh doth hear,  
And he will answer all true prayer.

### His Truth and Faithfulness

#### 29. C. M.

- 1 THINE oath and promise, mighty God,  
Recorded in thy word,  
Become our hope's foundation broad.  
And surety afford.



## GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.

- 2 Like Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thy faithfulness we prove ;  
We tread in paths the fathers trod,  
Blest with thy light and love.
- 3 Largely our consolation flows,  
While we expect the day  
That ends our griefs, and pains, and woes,  
And drives our fears away.
- 4 Let floods of mighty vengeance roll,  
And compass earth around ;  
Let thunder sound from pole to pole,  
And earthquakes vast astound ;
- 5 Let nature all convulse and shake,  
And angry nations rage ;  
Thy name our hiding-place we make ;  
To save thou dost engage.

## 30. H M.

- 1 THE promises I sing,  
Which sovereign love hath spoke ;  
Nor will th' eternal King  
His words of grace revoke :  
They stand secure                      |                      Not Zion's hill  
And steadfast still ;                      |                      Abides so sure.
- 2 The mountains melt away  
When once the Judge appears,  
And sun and moon decay,  
That measure mortal years ;  
But still the same,                      |                      The promise shines  
In radiant lines,                      |                      Through all the flame
- 3 Their harmony shall sound  
Through my attentive ears,  
When thunders cleave the ground,  
And dissipate the spheres :  
'Midst all the shock                      |                      I stand serene,  
Of that dread scene                      |                      Thy word my rock.

### 31. C. M.

- 1 THE truth of God shall still endure,  
And firm his promise stand ;  
Believing souls may rest secure  
In his almighty hand.
- 2 Should earth and hell their forces join,  
He would contemn their rage,  
And render fruitless their design  
Against his heritage.
- 3 The rainbow round about his throne  
Proclaims his faithfulness ;  
He will his purposes perform,  
His promises of grace.
- 4 The hills and mountains melt away ;  
But he is still the same :  
Let saints to him their homage pay,  
And magnify his name.

### 32. L. M.

- 1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove  
To rend my soul from thee, my God .  
But everlasting is thy love,  
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord  
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace ;  
Eternal power performs the word,  
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;  
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,  
While tempests blow, and billows rise.
- 4 The Gospel bears my spirit up ;  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation for my hope,  
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

## GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.

### His Justice.

## 33. L. M.

- 1 ON God my steadfast hopes rely ;  
Why do my foes insulting cry,  
“ Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove,  
And seek the mountain's lonesome grove ” ?
- 2 Behold the wicked aim their darts  
Against the men of upright hearts !  
If government be overthrown,  
Who then the injured cause will own ?
- 3 The Lord, enthroned above the sky,  
On suff'ring virtue casts his eye ;  
Though he afflicts his saints, to prove  
Their patience, and to try their love ,
- 4 Yet lawless hands and hearts impure  
His frowns vindictive will endure ;  
His lightning wings its rapid way,  
His thunder fills them with dismay.
- 5 Where truth and justice hold their place,  
God will reveal his gracious face ;  
Delighted in the upright mind  
His own reflected beams to find.

## 34. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord is judge — before his throne  
All nations shall his justice own ;  
O may my soul be found sincere,  
And stand approved with courage there !
- 2 The Lord, in righteousness arrayed,  
Surveys the world his hands have made ;  
Pierces the heart, and tries the reins,  
And judgment from on high ordains.
- 3 My God, my Shield ! around me place  
The shelter of the Saviour's grace :

Then, when thine arm the just shall save,  
My life shall triumph o'er the grave.

### 35. L. M.

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
Thy truth shall break through every cloud  
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep ;  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large ;  
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God ! how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs  
The sons of Adam in distress  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

### 36. L. M.

- 1 IF high or low our station be,  
Of noble or ignoble name,  
By uncorrupt integrity,  
Thy blessing, Lord, we humbly claim.
- 2 The upright man no want shall fear ;  
Thy providence shall be his trust ;  
Thou wilt provide his portion here,  
Thou friend and guardian of the just.
- 3 May we, with most sincere delight,  
To all the test of duty pay ;  
Tender of every social right,  
Obedient to thy righteous sway.

- 4 Such virtue thou wilt not forget,  
 In that blest world, where virtue shares  
 A fit reward — though not of debt,  
 But what thy boundless grace prepares.

### 37. C. M.

- 1 WHEN the great Judge supreme and just  
 Shall once inquire for blood,  
 The humble souls that mourn in dust  
 Shall find a faithful God.
- 2 He from the dreadful gates of death  
 Does his own children raise ;  
 In Zion's gates with cheerful breath  
 They sing their Father's praise.
- 3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet  
 Into the pit they made ;  
 And sinners perish in the net  
 That their own hands have spread.
- 4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,  
 Are thy deep counsels known,  
 When men of mischief are destroyed  
 In snares that were their own.

His Holiness.

### 38. C. M.

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name  
 Of our eternal King :  
 Thrice holy Lord, the angels cry ;  
 Thrice holy, let us sing.
- 2 Heaven's brightest lamps, with him compar'd  
 How mean they look, and dim !  
 The fairest angels have their spots  
 When once compared with him.
- 3 Holy is he in all his works,  
 And truth is his delight ;

## GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.

But sinners and their wicked ways  
Shall perish from his sight.

- 4 The deepest reverence of the mind,  
Pay, O my soul, to God !  
Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
To his sublime abode.
- 5 With sacred awe pronounce his name,  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;  
A broken heart shall please him more  
Than the best forms of speech.
- 6 Thou holy God, preserve my soul  
From all pollution free !  
The pure in heart are thy delight,  
And they thy face shall see.

## 39. L. M.

- 1 HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none ;  
Thy holiness is all thine own ;  
A drop of that unbounded sea  
Is ours, — a drop derived from thee.
- 2 And when thy purity we share,  
Thine only glory we declare ;  
And, humbled into nothing, own,  
Holy and pure is God alone.
- 3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,  
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,  
Let all on earth bow down to thee,  
And own thy peerless majesty ;
- 4 Thy power unparalleled confess,  
Established on the Rock of peace ;  
The Rock that never shall remove, —  
The Rock of pure, almighty love

His Love.

40. H. M.

- 1 O FOR a shout of joy  
Loud as the theme we sing !  
To this divine employ  
Your hearts and voices bring ;  
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,  
The love, th' eternal love of God !
- 2 Unnumbered myriads stand  
Of seraphs bright and fair,  
Or bow at his right hand,  
And pay their homage there ,  
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,  
To sound the wond'rous love of God.
- 3 Yet sinners, saved by grace,  
In songs of lower key,  
In every age and place,  
Have sung the mystery ;  
Have told, in strains of sweet accord,  
The love, the sovereign love of God.
- 4 Though earth and hell assail,  
And doubts and fears arise,  
The weakest shall prevail,  
And grasp the heavenly prize ;  
And through an endless age record  
The love, the unchanging love of God.
- 5 O for a shout of joy  
Loud as the theme we sing '  
To this divine employ  
Your hearts and voices bring ;  
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,  
The love, th' eternal love of God !

41. S. M.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune ;  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how Eternal Love  
Its chief Beloved chose,  
And bid him raise our wretched race  
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 'T was mercy filled the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with pardons down  
To rebels doomed to die.
- 4 Now, sinners, dry your tears,  
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;  
Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
And take the offered peace.

42. C. M.

- 1 COME, happy souls, approach your God  
With new melodious songs ;  
Come, render to almighty grace  
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love  
That pitied dying men,  
The Father sent his only Son  
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed  
With a revenging rod ;  
No hard commission to perform  
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,  
And wrath forsook the throne,  
When Christ on the kind errand came,  
And brought salvation down.



GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,  
And wipe your sorrows dry;  
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,  
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls  
Accept thine offered grace;  
We bless the great Redeemer's love,  
And give the Father praise.

43. L. M.

1 GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways  
Are worthy of thyself — divine;  
But the bright glories of thy grace  
Beyond thine other wonders shine.  
Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,  
Such guilty daring worms to spare, —  
This is thy grand prerogative,  
And in this honor none shall share.  
Is there a pardoning God like thee?  
Or is there grace so rich and free?

3 Pardon, from an offended God!  
Pardon, for sins of deepest dye.  
Pardon, bestowed through Jesus' blood!  
Pardon, that brings the rebel nigh.  
Where is the pardoning God like thee?  
Or where the grace so rich and free?

4 O, may this glorious, matchless love —  
This godlike miracle of grace —  
Teach mortal tongues, like those above,  
To raise this song of lofty praise!  
Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

44. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways !  
How firm his truth, how large his grace  
He takes his mercy for his throne,  
And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his power hath spread  
The starry heavens above our head,  
As his rich love exceeds our praise,  
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 How slowly doth his wrath arise !  
On swifter wings salvation flies ;  
And, if he lets his anger burn,  
How soon his frowns to pity turn !
- 4 Amidst his wrath compassion shines ;  
His strokes are lighter than our sins .  
And while his rod corrects his saints  
His ear indulges their complaints.

His Condescension.

45. S. M.

- 1 O LORD, our heavenly King,  
Thy name is all divine ;  
Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
And o'er the heavens they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high  
I raise my wondering eyes,  
And see the moon, complete in light,  
Adorn the darksome skies, —
- 3 When I survey the stars,  
And all their shining forms, —  
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,  
Akin to dust and worms ?

GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.

- 4 Lord, what is worthless man,  
That thou shouldst love him so ?  
Next to thine angels is he placed,  
And lord of all below.
- 5 How rich thy bounties are,  
And wondrous are thy ways .  
Of dust and worms thy power can frame  
A monument of praise.

46. C. M.

- 1 WHEN the Eternal bows the skies,  
To visit earthly things,  
With scorn divine he turns his eyes  
From towers of haughty kings.
- 2 He bids his awful chariot roll  
Far downward from the skies,  
To visit every humble soul,  
With pleasure in his eyes.
- 3 Why should the Lord, that reigns above,  
Disdain so lofty kings ?  
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love  
Upon such worthless things ?
- 4 Mortals, be dumb ; what creature dares  
Dispute his awful will ?  
Ask no account of his affairs,  
But tremble, and be still.
- 5 Just like his nature is his grace,  
All sovereign and all free ;  
Great God, how searchless are thy ways .  
How deep thy judgments be !

47. L. M.

- 1 THY favors, Lord, surprise our souls ;  
Will the Eternal dwell with us ?

What canst thou find beneath the poles  
To tempt thy chariot downward thus ?

2 Still might he fill his starry throne,  
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs  
But heavenly Majesty comes down,  
And bows to hearken to our tongues !

3 Great God ! what poor returns we pay  
For love so infinite as thine !  
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,  
But thy compassion 's all divine.

48. C. M.

1 ETERNAL Power, Almighty God,  
Who can approach thy throne ?  
Accessless light is thine abode,  
To angel eyes unknown.

2 Before the radiance of thine eye  
The heavens no longer shine ;  
And all the glories of the sky  
Are but the shade of thine.

3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend  
To cast a look below ;  
To this vile world thy notice bend ;  
These seats of sin and woe ?

4 But, O ! to show thy smiling face,  
To bring thy glories near !  
Amazing and transporting grace,  
To dwell with mortals here !

5 How strange, how awful is thy love !  
With trembling we adore ;  
Not all th' exalted minds above  
Its wonders can explore.

6 While golden harps and angel tongues  
Resound immortal lays,

Great God, permit our humble songs  
To rise, and mean thy praise.

49. L. M.

- 1 YE servants of th' Almighty King,  
In every age his praises sing ;  
Where'er the sun shall rise or set.  
The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,  
Stands his high throne of majesty ;  
Nor time, nor place, his power restrain,  
Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,  
Or angels, with their God compare ?  
His glories, how divinely bright,  
Who dwells in uncreated light !
- 4 Behold his love ! he stoops to view  
What the bright hosts of angels do :  
And condescends yet more to know  
The mean affairs of men below.
- 5 From dust and cottages obscure  
His grace exalts the humble poor ;  
Gives them the honor of his sons,  
And fits them for their heavenly thrones

50. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, our King, how excellent  
Thy name on earth is known !  
Thy glory in the firmament  
How wonderfully shown !
- 2 When I behold the heavens on high,  
The work of thy right hand ;  
The moon and stars amid the sky.  
Thy lights in every land ; —

- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,  
Who dwells so far below,  
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,  
And love his nature so?
- 4 O Lord, how excellent thy name!  
How manifold thy ways!  
Let time thy saving truth proclaim,  
Eternity thy praise.

Sovereignty of God.

51. C. M.

- 1 KEEP silence, all created things,  
And wait your Maker's nod;  
My soul stands trembling while she sings  
The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown  
Hang on his firm decree;  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Before his throne a volume lies,  
With all the fates of men;  
With every angel's form and size,  
Drawn by the eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,  
And makes his counsels shine;  
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,  
Fulfils some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms  
To sceptres and a crown;  
And there, the following page he turns,  
And casts the monarch down.
- 6 My God, I would not long to see  
My fate, with curious eyes;  
What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
Or what bright scenes may rise.

- 7 In thy fair book of life and grace,  
 O, may I find my name,  
 Recorded in some humble place,  
 Beneath my Lord, the Lamb !

52. L. M. 61.

- 1 ATTEND, my soul, the voice divine,  
 And mark what beaming glories shine  
 Around thy condescending God !  
 To us — to us he still proclaims  
 His awful, his endearing names ;  
 Attend and sound them all abroad.
- 2 “ Jehovah, I, the sovereign Lord,  
 The mighty God, by heaven adored,  
 Down to the earth my footsteps bend ;  
 My heart the tenderest pity knows,  
 Goodness, full-streaming, wide o’erflows,  
 And grace and truth shall never end.
- 3 “ My patience long can crimes endure,  
 My pardoning love is ever sure,  
 When penitential sorrow mourns ;  
 To millions, through unnumbered years,  
 New hope and new delight it bears ;  
 Yet wrath against the sinner burns.”
- 4 Make haste, my soul, the vision meet,  
 All prostrate at thy Sovereign’s feet,  
 And drink the tuneful accents in ;  
 Speak on, my Lord, repeat the voice,  
 Diffuse these heart-expanding joys,  
 Till heaven repeat the rapturous scene.

53. C. M.

- 1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,  
 And bow before the Lord ;  
 His high commands with reverence hear,  
 And tremble at his word.

- 2 How terrible thy glories be !  
How bright thine armies shine !  
Where is the power that vies with thee ?  
Or truth, compared with thine ?
- 3 The northern pole, and southern, rest  
On thy supporting hand ;  
Darkness and day, from east to west,  
Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds control,  
And rule the boisterous deep ;  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,  
Yet wondrous is thy grace ;  
While truth and mercy, joined in one,  
Invite us near thy face.

## 54. L. M.

- 1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong ;  
Crown him, ye nations, in your song ;  
His wondrous name and power rehearse ;  
His honors shall enrich your verse.
- 2 He rides, and thunders, through the sky ;  
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high ;  
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace ;  
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.
- 3 He breaks the captives' heavy chain,  
And prisoners see the light again ;  
But rebels, who dispute his will,  
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.
- 4 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest  
He's your defence, your joy, your rest ;  
When terrors rise, and nations faint,  
God is the strength of every saint.



55. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,  
And bowed the heavens most high,  
And underneath his feet he cast  
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherubim and seraphim  
Full royally he rode,  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,  
Their fury to restrain ;  
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,  
For evermore shall reign.

56. P. M.

- 1 THE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high ;  
His robes of state are strength and majesty ,  
This wide creation rose at his command,  
Built by his word, and 'stablished by his hand ;  
Long stood his throne, ere he began creation,  
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.
- 2 God is the eternal King ; thy foes in vain  
Raise their rebellion, to confound thy reign ;  
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,  
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies ;  
Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild commotion :  
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean
- 3 Ye tempests, rage no more : ye floods, be still :  
And the mad world obedient to his will ;  
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand :  
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand ;  
See his own sons, when they appear before him  
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him

## 57. L. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns ! he dwells in light,  
Girded with majesty and might ;  
The world, created by his hands,  
Still on its first foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,  
Or had its first foundation laid,  
Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,  
And aim their rage against the skies.  
In vain their rage they aim so high !  
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 Forever shall thy throne endure  
Thy promise stands forever sure ;  
And everlasting holiness  
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

## 58. S. M.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;  
Hope, and be undismayed ;  
Gód hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;  
God shall lift up thy head ;  
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 Still heavy is thy heart ?  
Still sink thy spirits down ?  
Cast off the weight — let fear depart,  
And every care be gone.  
What though thou rulest not ?  
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,  
Proclaim, — God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well.

GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.

3 Leave to his sovereign sway  
To choose and to command,  
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way;  
How wise, how strong his hand!  
Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully he the work hath wrought  
That caused thy needless fear.

59. H. M.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;  
His throne is built on high;  
The garments he assumes  
Are light and majesty.

His glories shine		No mortal eye
With beams so bright,		Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand  
Keep the wide world in awe;  
His wrath and justice stand  
To guard his holy law;

And where his love		His truth confirms
Resolves to bless		And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works  
Surprising wisdom shines,  
Confounds the powers of hell,  
And breaks their base designs.

Strong is his arm,		His great decrees,
And shall fulfil		His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King  
Of glory condescend?  
And will he write his name,  
"My Father and my Friend?"

I love his name,		Join all my powers,
I love his word;		And praise the Lord

60. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord ! how absolute he reigns !  
Let every angel bend the knee ;  
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,  
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
  - 2 High on a throne his glories dwell,  
An awful throne of shining bliss :  
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell  
How dark thy beams compared to his !
  - 3 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame  
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;  
And the sweet whisper of his name  
Fill every gentler breeze of air.
  - 4 Let clouds, and winds, and waves, agree  
To join their praise with blazing fire ;  
Let the firm earth and rolling sea  
In this eternal song conspire.
- 

II. GOD'S ATTRIBUTES ASSOCIATED

61. L. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns ; his throne is high ;  
His robes are light and majesty ;  
His glory shines with beams so bright,  
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe ;  
His justice guards his holy law ;  
His love reveals a smiling face ;  
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,  
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;  
His power is sovereign to fulfil  
The noblest counsels of his will.

- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend  
To be my Father and my Friend?  
Then let my songs with angels join;  
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

## 62. H. M.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God most high,  
The universal Lord,  
The sovereign King of kings,  
And be his name adored!
- |                     |  |                  |
|---------------------|--|------------------|
| Thy mercy, Lord,    |  | And ever sure    |
| Shall still endure; |  | Abides thy word. |
- 2 How mighty is his hand!  
What wonders hath he done!  
He formed the earth and seas,  
And spread the heavens alone:
- |                     |  |                      |
|---------------------|--|----------------------|
| His power and grace |  | And let his name     |
| Are still the same; |  | Have endless praise. |
- 3 He sent his only Son  
To save us from our woe;  
From Satan, sin, and death,  
And every hurtful foe:
- |                     |  |                      |
|---------------------|--|----------------------|
| His power and grace |  | And let his name     |
| Are still the same; |  | Have endless praise. |

## 63. C. M.

- 1 FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are;  
A rock that cannot move;  
A thousand promises declare  
Thy constancy of love.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;  
Thou dost with sinners bear,  
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,  
And all thy grace declare.

GOD'S ATTRIBUTES ASSOCIATED.

- 3 Its streams the whole creation reach,  
So plenteous is the store ;  
Enough for all, enough for each,  
Enough for evermore.
- 4 Throughout the universe it reigns ;  
It stands forever sure ;  
And while thy truth, O God, remains,  
Thy goodness shall endure.

64. L. M.

- 1 INFINITE grace ! and can it be  
That heaven's Supreme should stoop so low  
A wretch to visit, vile, like me ;  
One who has been his bitterest foe ?
- 2 Can holiness and wisdom join  
With truth, with justice, and with grace  
To make eternal blessings mine,  
And sin, with all its guilt, efface ?
- 3 O love, beyond conception great,  
That formed the vast stupendous plan,  
Where all divine perfections meet,  
To reconcile rebellious man !
- 4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,  
And justice all her rights maintains :  
Astonished angels stoop to gaze,  
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns
- 5 With grateful songs, then, let our souls  
Surround our gracious Father's throne ;  
And all between the distant poles  
His truth and mercy ever own.

65. C. M.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord ; his works of might  
Demand our noblest songs ;  
Let his assembled saints unite  
Their harmony of tongues.

GOD'S ATTRIBUTES ASSOCIATED

- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord ;  
He gives his children food ;  
And, ever mindful of his word,  
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came  
To seal his covenant sure ,  
Holy and reverend is his name ;  
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 Great is the Lord ; — his works of might  
Demand our noblest songs ;  
O let th' assembled saints unite  
Their harmony of tongues !

66. L. M.

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
Thy truth shall break through every cloud  
That veils thy just and wise designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep ;  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 O God, how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort spring !  
The sons of Adam, in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.
- 4 In the provisions of thy house  
We still shall find a sweet repast :  
There mercy, like a river, flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of my Lord .  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in thy word.

## 67. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,  
In robes of majesty arrayed ;  
His rule Omnipotence sustains,  
And guides the worlds his hands have made
- 2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,  
Or ere the heavens were spread abroad,  
Thine awful throne was fixed above :  
From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise ;  
Aloud the angry tempests roar,  
Lift their proud billows to the skies,  
And foam, and lash the trembling shore.
- 4 The Lord, the mighty God, on high,  
Controls the fiercely raging seas ;  
He speaks — the noise and tempest fly,  
The waves sink down in gentle peace.
- 5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure ;  
Eternal holiness is thine ;  
And, Lord, thy people shall be pure,  
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

## 68. C. M.

- 1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest ;  
My public walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
Before they 're formed within ;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.



## GOD INCOMPREHENSIBLE

- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !  
Where can a creature hide ?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secured by sovereign love.
- 

## III. GOD INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

### 69. C. M.

- 1 SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man  
Beyond the angels go ;  
The great Almighty God explain,  
Or to perfection know ?
- 2 His attributes divinely soar  
Above the creature's sight,  
And prostrate seraphim adore  
The glorious Infinite.
- 3 The brightness of his glory leaves  
Description far below ;  
Nor man's nor angel's heart conceives  
How deep his mercies flow.
- 4 His grace is most unsearchable,  
And dazzles all above ;  
They gaze, but cannot count or tell  
The treasures of his love.

### 70. C. M.

- 1 HAIL, Father, whose creating call  
Unnumbered worlds attend ;  
Jehovah, comprehending all,  
Whom none can comprehend .

## CREATOR.

- 2 In light unsearchable enthroned ;  
Whom angels dimly see ;  
The fountain of the Godhead owned,  
And foremost of the Three :
  - 3 Supreme and all-sufficient God !  
When nature shall expire ;  
The world, created by thy nod,  
Shall perish by thy fire.
  - 4 Thy name, Jehovah, be adored  
By creatures without end ;  
Whom none but thy essential Word  
And Spirit comprehend.
- 

## IV. CREATOR.

### 71. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 OUR God is good, and he is great ;  
Around his throne the angels wait ;  
He made the sun, with beams so bright,  
He made the moon which shines by night,  
The glittering skies, that look so fair,  
With every star that sparkles there.
- 2 The mountains and the rocks he made,  
And all the hills in order laid ;  
He poured the water in the seas,  
He made the grass, the herbs, the trees  
The valleys and the fields so fair,  
And every flower that blossoms there.
- 3 The lion and the tiger bold,  
The sheep and cattle of the fold,  
The little birds that sweetly sing,  
The insect with its beauteous wing,  
The fishes,— all we see that 's fair  
Or good,— he made, and placed them there

## 72. C. M.

- 1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good !  
To thee our songs we raise ;  
Nature, through all her various scenes,  
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,  
Fresh wonders strike our view ;  
And, while we gaze, our hearts exult  
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star  
Which gilds the gloom of night  
And decks the smiling face of morn  
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,  
With countless beauties shine ;  
The silent grove, the awful shade,  
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,  
Thy varied love we see,  
O, may our hearts, great God, be led  
Through all thy works to thee !

## 73. C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom ! thee we praise ;  
Thee the creation sings ;  
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,  
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 How wide thy hand hath spread the sky !  
How glorious to behold !  
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,  
And starred with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
And strike the gazing sight.

CREATOR.

Through skies, and seas, and solid ground  
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,  
Shine through the worlds abroad ;  
Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
And speak the builder — God.

5 But, still, the wonders of thy grace  
Our softer passions move ;  
Pity divine, in Jesus' face,  
We see, adore, and love.

74. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 **THY** glory, Lord, the heavens declare ;  
The firmament displays thy skill ;  
The changing clouds, the viewless air,  
Tempest and calm, thy word fulfil ;  
Day unto day doth utter speech,  
And night to night thy knowledge teach.
- 2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,  
Well known the language of their song.  
When, one by one, the stars appear,  
Led by the silent moon along ;  
Till round the earth, from all the sky  
Thy beauty beams on every eye.
- 3 Waked by thy touch, the morning sun  
Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,  
And, like a giant, glad to run  
His bright career with speed and power :  
Thy flaming messenger, to dart  
Life through the depth of nature's heart.
- 4 While these transporting visions shine  
Along the path of Providence,  
Glory eternal, joy divine,  
Thy world reveals, transcending sense ;

My soul thy goodness longs to see,  
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

75. C. M.

- 1 LET heaven arise, let earth appear !  
Proclaimed th' Eternal Lord ;  
The heaven arose, the earth appeared,  
At his creating word.
- 2 But formless was the earth, and void,  
Dark, sluggish, and confused ,  
Till o'er the mass the Spirit moved,  
And quickening power diffused.
- 3 Then spake the Lord Omnipotent  
The mandate, " Be there light !"  
Light darted forth in vivid rays,  
And scattered ancient night.
- 4 The glorious firmament he spread  
To part the earth and sky ;  
And fixed the upper elements  
Within their spheres on high.
- 5 He bade the seas together flow ;  
They left the solid land ;  
And herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,  
Sprung forth at his command.

76. S. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God,  
How wondrous is thy name !  
Thy glories, how diffused abroad,  
Through all creation's frame !
- 2 Nature, in every dress,  
Her humble homage pays ;  
And does, a thousand ways, express  
Her undissembled praise.

GOD ALL IN ALL.

- 3 My soul would rise and sing  
Her great Creator, too ;  
Fain would my tongue adore my King,  
And pay the homage due.
- 4 Let joy and worship spend  
The remnant of my days,  
And oft to God my soul ascend,  
In grateful songs of praise.
- 

V. GOD ALL IN ALL.

77. C. M.

- 1 ON God we build our sure defence ;  
In God our hopes repose ;  
His hand protects our varying life,  
And guards us from our foes.
- 2 Our minds shall be serene and calm,  
Like Siloa's peaceful flood,  
Whose soft and silver streams refresh  
The city of our God.

78. C. M.

- 1 BEING of beings, God of love,  
To thee our hearts we raise ;  
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,  
And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be ;  
Our sacrifice receive.  
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee  
To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,  
For all thy mercy's store ;  
The sole return thy love requires,  
Is that we ask for more.

- 4 For more we ask ; we open then  
 Our hearts t' embrace thy will ;  
 Turn, and revive us, Lord, again ;  
 With all thy fulness fill.
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love  
 Shed in our hearts abroad ;  
 So shall we ever live, and move,  
 And be, with Christ in God.

79. S. M.

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,  
 I shall be well supplied ;  
 Since he is mine, and I am his,  
 What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
 Where heavenly pasture grows ;  
 Where living waters gently pass,  
 And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
 He doth my soul reclaim,  
 And guides me, in his own right way,  
 For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
 I cannot yield to fear ;  
 Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade  
 My Shepherd 's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,  
 Thou dost my table spread ;  
 My cup with blessings overflows,  
 And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love  
 Shall crown my future days ;

Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

80. L. M.

- 1 MY shepherd is the living Lord ;  
Now shall my wants be well supplied ;  
His providence and holy word  
Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows,  
He makes me feed, he makes me rest ;  
There living water gently flows,  
And all the food 's divinely blest.
- 3 My wandering feet his ways mistake ;  
But he restores my soul to peace,  
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
In the fair paths of righteousness

81. 11s.

- THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know  
I feed in green pastures, safe folded to rest ;  
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,  
Restores me when wandering, redeems when  
oppressed.
- 2 Thro' th' valley and shadow of death tho' I stray  
Since thou art my Guardian no evil I fear ;  
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay ;  
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
  - 3 In th' midst of affliction my table is spread ;  
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er  
With oil and perfume thou anointest my head ;  
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more '



82. L. M. 61.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noonday walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wandering steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
His presence shall my pains beguile ;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With lively greens and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dismal shade.

83. C. M.

- ▲ MY Shepherd will supply my need ;  
Jehovah is his name ;  
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,  
Beside the living stream.
- ▲ He brings my wandering spirit back,  
When I forsake his ways,  
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.

- 3 If I walk through the shades of death,  
Thy presence is my stay ;  
Thy power and thy supporting grace  
Drive all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,  
Doth still my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God  
Attend me all my days ;  
O, may thy house be my abode,  
And all my works be praise !

84. C. M.

- 1 O LORD ! I would delight in thee,  
And on thy care depend ;  
To thee in every trouble flee,  
My best and only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,  
Thy fulness is the same ;  
May I with this be satisfied,  
And glory in thy name.
- 3 No good in creatures can be found  
But may be found in thee ;  
I must have all things, and abound,  
If God be God to me.

85. 12s & 11s

- 1 THE Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide  
Whatever we want he will kindly provide ;  
To the sheep of his pasture his mercies abound ;  
His care and protection his flock will surround.

- 2 The Lord is our shepherd ; what then shall we fear ?  
What danger can frighten us while he is near ?  
Nor when the time calls us to walk through the vale  
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.
- 3 Though afraid of ourselves to pursue the dark way,  
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay ;  
For we know by thy guidance, when once it is past,  
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.
- 4 The Lord is become our salvation and song ;  
His blessings have followed us all our life long ;  
His name will we praise while we have any breath  
Be cheerful in life, and be happy in death.

## 86. C. M.

- 1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes ;  
There all my hopes are laid ;  
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,  
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,  
Whom he designs to keep :  
His ear attends the softest call,  
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest powers  
With his almighty arm ;  
And watch our most unguarded hours  
Against surprising harm.
- 4 Ye saints, rejoice, and rest secure ;  
Thy keeper is the Lord ;  
His wakeful eyes employ his power  
For thine eternal guard.
- 5 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,  
Where thickest dangers come ;  
Go and return, secure from death,  
Till God shall call thee home.

87. C. M.

- 1 MY God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting all ;  
I've none but thee in heaven above,  
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,  
If once compared to thee !  
Or what 's my safety, or my health  
Or all my friends to me ?
- 3 Were I possessor of the earth,  
And called the stars my own ;  
Without thy graces, and thyself,  
I were a wretch undone.
- 4 Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
And grasp in all the shore ;  
Grant me the visits of thy grace,  
And I desire no more.

88. C. M.

- 1 NO change of time shall ever shock  
My trust, O Lord, in thee ;  
For thou hast always been my rock,  
A sure defence to me.
- 2 Thou our deliv'rer art, O God ;  
Our trust is in thy power ;  
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,  
• Our safeguard and our tower.
- 3 To thee will we address our prayer,  
To whom all praise we owe ;  
O, may we, by thy watchful care,  
Be saved from every foe !

- 4 Then let Jehovah be adored,  
On whom our hopes depend ;  
For who, except the mighty Lord,  
His people can defend ?

89. L. M.

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
Down to the deep, and buried there ;  
Convulsions shake the solid world,  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God ;  
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,  
And cheering our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, thine holy word,  
That all our raging fear controls ;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.

90. L. M.

- 1 WHEN thickly beat the storms of life,  
And heavy is the chastening rod,  
The soul, beyond the waves of strife,  
Views the eternal Rock — her God.
- 2 What hope dispels the spirit's gloom,  
When sinking 'neath affliction's shock !  
Faith, through the vista of the tomb,  
Points to the everlasting Rock.
- 3 Is there a man who cannot see  
That joy and grief are from above ?

O, let him humbly bend the knee,  
And own his Father's chastening love.

91. L. M.

- 1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,  
The highest orb of heaven transcends;  
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope  
Beyond the spreading skies extends.
- 2 Thy justice, like the hills, remains;  
How deep, great God, thy judgments are!  
Thy providence the world sustains;  
The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 With thee the springs of life remain;  
Thy presence is eternal day;  
O, let thy saints thy favor gain!  
To upright hearts thy truth display.

92. C. M.

- 1 HOW firm the saint's foundation stands!  
His hopes can ne'er remove,  
Sustained by God's almighty hand,  
And sheltered in his love.
- 2 God is the treasure of his soul,  
A source of sacred joy,  
Which no afflictions can control,  
Nor death itself destroy.
- 3 Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,  
And taste thy saints' repose;  
We will not mourn the perished streams  
While such a fountain flows.

93. C. M.

- 1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,  
My help forever near ;  
Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through this dark wilderness ;  
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint,  
God is my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of every saint.
- 4 Behold, the sinners that remove  
Far from thy presence, die ;  
Not all the idol gods they love  
Can save them when they cry.
- 5 But to draw near to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad  
And tell the world my joy.

94. C. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH lives, and be his name  
By every heart adored ;  
From age to age he is the same,  
The only God and Lord.
- 2 He is our rock when troubles rise,  
And storms and tempests lower ;  
He rides triumphant on the skies,  
And saves us by his power.

- 3 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;  
We give Jehovah praise ;  
Lift up our hearts, and holy songs  
To our deliverer raise.
- 4 He saves from danger, death, and hell,  
From fear, distress, and harm ;  
Makes every soul in safety dwell ;  
For mighty is his arm.

95. C. M.

- 1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time  
God's watchful eye surveys,  
O, who so wise to choose our lot,  
Or to appoint our ways !
- 2 Good when he gives, — supremely good. —  
Nor less when he denies ;  
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand  
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,  
So constant and so kind ?  
To his unerring, gracious will  
Be every wish resigned.
- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,  
My God, inscribe my name ;  
There let it fill some humble place  
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

96. C. M.

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,  
On thee, when sorrows rise,  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.



- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
For thou alone canst heal ;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel
- 3 But, O, when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine ;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline !
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?  
Thou art my only trust ;  
And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.

97. C. M.

- 1 WE sing the mighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 We sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.
- 3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,  
Who fills the earth with food ;  
He formed the creatures by his word,  
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed  
Where'er we turn the eye,  
If we survey the ground we tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky !

98. C. M.

- 1 OUR hiding-place, our refuge-tower,  
And shield, art thou, O Lord !

We firmly anchor all our hopes  
On thy unerring word.

2 According to thy gracious word,  
From danger set us free ;  
Nor make us of those hopes ashamed  
That we repose on thee.

3 On us, devoted to thy fear,  
Lord, make thy face to shine ;  
Thy statutes both to know and keep  
Our hearts with zeal incline.

4 Our hiding-place, our refuge-tower,  
And shield, art thou, O Lord !  
We firmly anchor all our hopes  
On thy unerring word.

99. C. M.

1 COME, let us join to praise the Lord,  
And raise our thoughts above ;  
Let every heart and voice accord  
To sing that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,  
And all his mercies prove ;  
While Christ, the atoning Lamb, appears  
To show that God is love.

3 Behold his loving-kindness waits  
For those who from him rove,  
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,  
To teach them God is love.

4 O, may we all, while here below,  
This best of blessings prove ;  
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,  
Shall shout that God is love !

100. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, thy penetrating eye  
Pervades my inmost powers ;  
With awe profound my wondering soul  
Falls prostrate and adores.
- 2 To be encompassed round with God,  
The holy and the just ;  
Armed with omnipotence to save,  
Or crumble me to dust :
- 3 O, how tremendous is the thought '  
Deep may it be impressed ;  
And may thy Spirit firmly grave  
This truth within my breast.

101. C. M.

- 1 FOREVER blesséd be the Lord,  
My Saviour and my shield ;  
He sends his Spirit, with his word.  
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite.  
He makes my soul his care,  
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,  
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A Friend, a Helper so divine  
Doth my weak courage raise ;  
He makes the glorious victory mine,  
And his shall be the praise

102. 7s.

- 1 THEY who on the Lord rely,  
Safely dwell, though danger 's nigh ;  
Wide his shelt'ring wings are spread  
O'er each faithful servant's head.

- 2 Vain temptation's wily snare ·  
Christians are Jehovah's care;  
Harmless flies the shaft by day,  
Or in darkness wings its way.
- 3 When they wake, or when they sleep,  
Angel guards their vigils keep;  
Death and danger may be near;  
Faith and love have naught to fear

103. S. M.

- 1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O, lead me to the Rock  
That 's high above my head,  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
Forever I 'll abide;  
Thou art the tower of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

104. C. M.

- 1 WHY, O my soul, O, why depressed,  
And whence thine anxious fears?  
Let former favors fix thy trust,  
And check thy rising tears.

- 2 Affliction is a stormy deep,  
Where wave succeeds to wave ;  
Though o'er my head the billows roll,  
I know the Lord can save.
- 3 On him I trust and build my hope,  
Nor murmur at his rod ;  
In vain the waves of trouble roll,  
While he is still my God.

105. C. M.

- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for time to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home !
- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust :  
“ Return, ye sons of men ; ”  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.
- 5 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for time to come !  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home !

106. L. M.

- 1 IN God let all his saints rejoice,  
With thankful hearts and cheerful voice .

- Thus saith his word, so kind, so true :  
I, even I, will comfort you.
- 2 Sweet words ! O, let us bless his name,  
And joyful all his praise proclaim !  
These words shall foes and fears subdue :  
I, even I, will comfort you.
- 3 Do sore afflictions on you rest,  
And pungent sorrows fill your breast ?  
Look to this word, 't will bear you through :  
I, even I, will comfort you.
- 4 If death in gloomy form appear,  
And overwhelm your souls with fear,  
Let this sweet word your faith renew :  
I, even I, will comfort you.
- 5 And when each happy soul attains  
That blissful state where glory reigns,  
This song shall all his powers employ :  
God is my comfort and my joy.

## 107. C. M

- 1 THE Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation, too ;  
God is my strength, nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One blessing, Lord, my heart desires ;  
O, grant me mine abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God !
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,  
And see thy glory still ;  
Shall hear thy messages of love.  
And learn thy holy will.

- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,  
There may his children hide ;  
God has a strong pavilion, where  
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high  
Above my foes around,  
And songs of joy and victory  
Within thy temple sound.

## 108. S. M.

- 1 HOW gentle God's commands !  
How kind his precepts are !  
" Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care."
- 2 While providence supports,  
Let saints securely dwell ;  
That hand which bears all nature up  
Shall guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind ?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved  
Down to the present day,  
We'll drop our burdens at his feet,  
And bear a song away

## 109. C. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH, God, thy gracious power  
On every hand we see ;  
O, may the blessings of each hour  
Lead all our thoughts to thee !

- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed  
To earth's remotest bound,  
Thy hand will there our journey lead,  
Thine arm our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,  
And reaches to the skies ;  
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps ;  
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon — till latest eve,  
Thy hand, O God, we see ;  
And all the blessings we receive  
Proceed alone from thee.

## 110. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift ;  
My soul on thee depends ;  
Convinced that every perfect gift  
From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,  
And power and wisdom, too ;  
Without the Spirit of thy Son  
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,  
One holy thought conceive,  
Unless, in answer to our Lord,  
Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 His blood demands the purchased grace ;  
His blood's availing plea  
Obtained the help for all our race,  
And sends it down to me.
- 5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought ;  
Our good is all divine ;  
The praise of every virtuous thought,  
And righteous word, is thine.



PRAISE TO GOD.

- 6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive  
The power on thee to call,  
In whom we are, and move, and live ;  
Our God is all in all.

111. 7s.

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart ;  
Make me teachable and mild ;  
Humble, upright, free from art ;  
Make me as a little child ;  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide  
Let me thankfully receive ;  
What to-morrow may betide  
Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;  
'T is enough that thou wilt care ;  
Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own,  
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone ;  
Let me thus with thee abide,  
Thee, my Father, guard and guide.
- 

VI. PRAISE TO GOD.

112. C. P. M.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,  
Let each enraptured thought obey,  
And praise th' Almighty's name :  
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies  
In one melodious concert rise,  
To swell th' inspiring theme.

- 2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,  
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God ;  
Ye thunders speak his power.  
Lo ! on the lightning's fiery wing  
In triumph walks th' eternal King ;  
Th' astonished worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,  
To join the thunders of the skies ;  
Praise him who bids you roll.  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing ;  
Ye feathered warblers of the spring,  
Harmonious anthems raise  
To him who shaped your finer mould,  
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold  
And tuned your voice to praise.
- 5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,  
Let man, in God's own image made,  
His breath in praise employ ;  
Spread wide his Maker's name around,  
Till heaven shall echo back the sound  
In songs of holy joy.

## 113. 7s.

- 1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord ;  
All ye lands, your voices raise ;  
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,  
Praise the Lord, forever praise.
- 2 For his truth and mercy stand,  
Past, and present, and to be,  
Like the years of his right hand,  
Like his own eternity.

- 3 Praise him, ye who know his love ;  
Praise him from the depths beneath ,  
Praise him in the heights above ;  
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

114. C. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
And in his strength rejoice ;  
When his salvation is our theme,  
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,  
And psalms of honor sing ;  
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,  
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Come, and with humble souls adore ;  
Come, kneel before his face !  
O, may the creatures of his power  
Be children of his grace !
- 4 Now is the time ; he bends his ear,  
And waits for your request ;  
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,  
“ Ye shall not see my rest.”

115. 8s & 7s.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator,  
Praise to thee from every tongue !  
Join, my soul, with every creature,  
Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy,  
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,  
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

## 116. C. M.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; on every height  
Songs to his glory raise ;  
Ye angel hosts, ye stars of night,  
Join in immortal praise.
- 2 O, fire and vapor, hail and snow,  
Ye servants of his will !  
O, stormy winds, that only blow,  
His mandates to fulfil !
- 3 Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise,  
Fair cedars of the wood ;  
Creatures of life, that wing the skies,  
Or track the plains for food ;
- 4 Judges of nations ; kings, whose hand  
Waves the proud sceptre high ;  
O, youths and virgins of the land !  
O, age and infancy ! —
- 5 Praise ye his name, to whom alone  
All homage should be given ;  
Whose glory, from th' eternal throne,  
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven.

## 117. 8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ; ye heavens, adore him ;  
Praise him, angels, in the height ;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;  
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;  
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;  
Laws, which never can be broken,  
For their guidance he hath made.

PRAISE TO GOD.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;  
Never shall his promise fail ;  
God hath made his saints victorious ;  
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation ;  
Hosts on high his power proclaim ;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Praise and magnify his name.

118. L. M.

1 O, PRAISE the Lord in that blest place  
From whence his goodness largely flows ;  
Praise him in heaven, where he his face,  
Unveiled, in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts  
Which he in our behalf hath done ;  
His kindness this return exacts,  
With which our praise should equal **run**.

3 Let all, who vital breath enjoy,  
The breath he doth to them afford  
In just returns of praise employ ;  
Let every creature praise the Lord.

119. S. M.

1 ARISE, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of his choice !  
Arise, and bless the Lord your God  
With heart, and soul, and voice !

2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear his holy name,  
And laud, and magnify ?

- 3 O for the living flame  
From his own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought!

120. 7s.

- 1 THEE to laud in songs divine,  
Angels in thy presence join ;  
We with them our voices raise,  
Echo thine eternal praise.
- 2 Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Live, by heaven and earth adored ;  
Thus, with them, we ever cry  
Glory be to God most high !

121. S. M.

- 1 THE lark mounts up the sky  
With unambitious song,  
And bears her Maker's praise on high  
Upon her artless tongue.
- 2 Fain would I rise and sing  
To my Creator, too ;  
Fain would my heart adore my King,  
And give him praises due.
- 3 Let joy and worship spend  
The remnant of my days ;  
And to my God my soul ascend  
In sweet perfumes of praise.

122. C. M.

- 1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,  
A tongue in every flower,  
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale  
Of thy almighty power.

PRAISE TO GOD.

The birds, that rise on quivering wing,  
Proclaim their Maker's praise,  
And all the mingling sounds of spring  
To thee an anthem raise.

- 2 Shall I be mute, great God, alone,  
Midst nature's loud acclaim?  
Shall not my heart, with answering tone,  
Breathe forth thy holy name?  
All nature's debt is small to mine;  
Nature shall cease to be;  
Thou gavest — proof of love divine —  
Immortal life to me.

123. H. M.

- 1 YE boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your Maker's name;  
In praise your songs employ  
Above the starry frame;  
Your voices raise, | And seraphim,  
Ye cherubim | To sing his praise.
- 2 Thou moon, the queen of night;  
Thou sun, the orb of day;  
Ye glittering stars of light,  
To him your homage pay.  
His praise declare, | And clouds that move  
Ye heavens above, | In liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,  
And praise his holy name,  
By whose almighty word  
They all from nothing came.  
And all shall last, | His firm decree  
From changes free; | Stands ever fast.

124. L. M.

- 1 SING to Jehovah's mighty name ;  
Publish abroad his glorious fame ;  
Let all the saints, with one accord,  
Exalt and magnify the Lord.
- 2 Praise him in holy strains sublime ;  
Employ a melody divine ;  
Let thoughts celestial seize the soul,  
While music from the tongue shall roll.
- 3 Now let our animation rise  
Like sacred incense to the skies ;  
Nor let one passion, base or vile,  
The worship of our God defile.
- 4 So shall our condescending King  
Accept the tribute that we bring ;  
And pour his plenteous blessings down,  
And all our years with favor crown.
- 5 So shall our tongues be trained in time  
To roll the numbers all divine,  
When mortal days and years are done,  
And the eternal kingdom come.

125. S. M.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing ;  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;  
He gave the seas their bound ;  
The watery worlds are his alone,  
And his the solid ground.



- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;  
Come, bow before the Lord :  
We are his work, and not our own ;  
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day obey his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come, as the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

126. 7s.

- 1 LET us, with a joyful mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light ;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living he doth feed ;  
His full hand supplies their need ;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He his chosen race did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness ;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Looked upon our misery ;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us, then, with joyful mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

# 127. L. M.

- 1 BE thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heavens where angels dwell  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 2 My heart is fixed ; my song shall raise  
Immortal honors to his name ;  
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise  
His wondrous goodness to proclaim.
- 3 High o'er the world his mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky ;  
His truth to endless years remains,  
When earthly things dissolve and die.
- 4 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heavens, where angels dwell  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

# 128. L. M.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ! 't is good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise ;  
His nature and his works unite  
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames ;  
He counts their numbers, calls their names ;  
His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound ;  
His counsels are a deep profound.
- 3 Great is the Lord, and great his might !  
Kind are his ways, his judgments right ;  
He loves the meek, rewards the just,  
And lifts the humble from the dust

PRAISE TO GOD.

- 4 His saints are precious in his sight ;  
He views his children with delight ;  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
Approves and owns his image there.

129. L. M.

- 1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,  
Attempt thy great Creator's praise !  
But O, what tongue can speak his fame ?  
What mortal verse can reach the theme ?
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,  
He glory like a garment wears ;  
To form a robe of light divine,  
Ten thousand suns around him shine
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,  
Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;  
His works, through all this wondrous frame  
Declare the glory of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,  
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;  
And let his praise employ thy tongue,  
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

130. S. M.

- 1 OUR souls repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 His power subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west.  
Doth all our guilt remove

- 3 High as the heavens are raised  
 Above the ground we tread,  
 So far the riches of his grace  
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

# 131. H. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord most high ;  
 Let every land adore ;  
 With grateful voice make known  
 His goodness and his power ;  
 With cheerful songs      |      And let his praise  
 Declare his ways,      |      Inspire your tongues
- 2 Enter his courts with joy ;  
 With fear address the Lord ;  
 He formed us with his hand,  
 And quickened by his word ;  
 With wide command      |      O'er every sea  
 He spreads his sway,      |      And every land.
- 3 His hands provide our food,  
 And every blessing give ;  
 We feed upon his care,  
 And in his pastures live ;  
 With cheerful songs      |      And let his praise  
 Declare his ways,      |      Inspire your tongues

# 132. 7s.

- 1 THOU, who art enthroned above,  
 Thou, by whom we live and move,  
 O, how sweet, with joyful tongue,  
 To resound thy praise in song !  
 When the morning paints the skies,  
 When the sparkling stars arise,  
 All thy favors to rehearse,  
 And give thanks in grateful verse !

- 2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,  
When devotion fills the breast ;  
When we dwell within thy house,  
Hear thy word and pay our vows,  
Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,  
Fill its courts with joyful praise ;  
With repeated hymns proclaim  
Great Jehovah's awful name !
- 3 From thy works our joys arise,  
O, thou only good and wise !  
Who thy wonders can declare ?  
How profound thy counsels are !  
Warm our hearts with sacred fire ;  
Grateful fervors still inspire ;  
All our powers, with all their might,  
Ever in thy praise unite.

### 133. C. M.

- 1 LORD of the world's majestic frame !  
Stupendous are thy ways ;  
Thy various works declare thy name,  
And all resound thy praise.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
Whose motions speak thy skill ;  
And, on the wings of every hour,  
We read thy glory still.
- 3 And while these radiant globes of light  
That shine from pole to pole,  
In silent harmony unite  
To praise thee as they roll ;
- 4 O, shall not we of human race  
The glorious concert join ?  
Shall not the children of thy grace  
Attempt the theme divine ?

- 5 Yes, this shall be our best employ  
Through life's uncertain days;  
Till in the realms of boundless joy  
We join in loftier praise.

### 134. S. M.

- 1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul !  
His grace to thee proclaim ;  
And all that is within me, join  
To bless his holy name.
- 2 O, bless the Lord, my soul !  
His mercies bear in mind ;  
Forget not all his benefits ;  
The Lord to thee is kind.
- 3 He will not always chide ;  
He will with patience wait ;  
His wrath is ever slow to rise,  
And ready to abate.
- 4 The Lord forgives thy sins,  
Prolongs thy feeble breath ;  
He healeth thine infirmities,  
And ransoms thee from death.
- 5 He clothes thee with his love,  
Upholds thee with his truth,  
And like the eagle he renews  
The vigor of thy youth.
- 6 Then bless his holy name,  
Whose grace hath made thee whole,  
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days,  
O, bless the Lord, my soul !

### 135. C. M.

- 1 BEGIN the high, celestial strain,  
My raptured soul, and sing  
A sacred hymn of grateful praise  
To heaven's almighty King.

- 2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll  
Your silver waves along,  
Repeat to all your verdant shores  
The subject of the song.
- 3 Bear it, ye breezes, on your wings,  
To distant climes away,  
And round the wide-extended world  
The lofty theme convey.
- 4 Take up the burden of his name,  
Ye clouds, as ye arise,  
To deck with gold the opening morn,  
Or shade the evening skies.
- 5 Long let it warble round the spheres  
And echo through the sky ;  
Let angels, with immortal skill,  
Improve the harmony ;
- 6 While we, with sacred rapture fired.  
The blest Creator sing,  
And chant our consecrated lays  
To heaven's eternal King.

136. 10s & 11s.

- 1 O, WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,  
And gratefully sing his wonderful love ;  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,  
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise !
- 2 O, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space ;  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form  
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm !
- 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;  
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
- 5 Father Almighty, how faithful thy love!  
While angels delight to hymn thee above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

# 137. 7s.

- 1 MEET and right it is to sing  
Glory to our God and King;  
Meet in ev'ry time and place  
To rehearse his solemn praise.
- 2 Join, ye saints, the song around;  
Angels, help the solemn sound;  
Publish through the world abroad  
Glory to th' eternal God.
- 3 Praises here to thee we give,  
Gracious, thou our thanks receive;  
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,  
Everywhere be thou adored.

# 138. H. M.

- 1 LET every creature join  
To bless Jehovah's name,  
And every power unite  
To swell th' exalted theme;  
Let nature raise      | A general song  
From every tongue   | Of grateful praise.
- 2 But, O, from human tongues  
Should nobler praises flow,



PRAISE TO GOD.

And every thankful heart  
With warm devotion glow !  
Your voices raise, | Above the rest  
Ye highly blest ; | Declare his praise.

3 Assist me, gracious God ;  
My heart, my voice inspire ;  
Then shall I humbly join  
The universal choir ;  
Thy grace can raise | And tune my song  
My heart and tongue, | To lively praise.

139. L. M.

- 1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing  
Her great Creator and her King ;  
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,  
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,  
Begin to make his glories known ;  
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound  
Throughout creation's utmost bound
- 3 O, may our ardent zeal employ  
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs !  
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,  
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
- 4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame  
Attempts in vain to reach thy name ;  
The highest notes that angels raise  
Fall far below thy glorious praise

140. L. M.

- 1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue  
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;  
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
Approve the song, and join the praise.

- 2 To God I cried, when troubles rose ;  
He heard me, and subdued my foes ;  
He did my rising fears control,  
And strength diffused through all my soul
- 3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by his hand ;  
His words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord ;  
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;  
Not all the works and names below  
So much thy power and glory show.

141. C. M.

- 1 MY soul shall praise thee, O my God,  
Through all my mortal days,  
And in eternity prolong  
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In every smiling, happy hour  
Be this my sweet employ ;  
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,  
And heightens all my joy.
- 3 When anxious grief and gloomy care  
Afflict my throbbing breast,  
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,  
And lull each pain to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim  
The honors of my God :  
My life, with all its active powers,  
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 And when these lips shall cease to move,  
When death shall close these eyes,  
My soul shall then to nobler heights  
Of joy and transport rise.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 6 My powers shall then, in lofty strains,  
Their grateful tribute pay ;  
The theme demands an angel's tongue,  
An everlasting day.
- 

VII. PUBLIC WORSHIP.

142. S. P. M.

- 1 HOW pleased and blessed was I  
To hear the people cry,  
“ Come, let us seek our God to-day ! ”  
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,  
We haste to Zion's hill,  
And there our vows and honors pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,  
Adorned with wondrous grace,  
And walls of strength embrace thee round !  
In thee our tribes appear,  
To pray, and praise, and hear  
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait,  
To bless the soul of every guest ;  
The man who seeks thy peace,  
And wishes thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest.

143. 7s.

- 1 TO thy temple we repair ;  
Lord, we love to worship there ;  
While to thee our prayers ascend,  
Let thine ear in love attend.
- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,  
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Then our joyful souls shall bless  
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.

- 3 While thy word is heard with awe,  
While we tremble at thy law,  
Let thy gospel's wondrous love  
Every doubt and fear remove.
- 4 From thy house when we return,  
Let our hearts within us burn ;  
Then, at evening, we may say,  
“ We have walked with God to-day. ’

144. S. M.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,  
O thou afflicted, come !  
The God of peace shall meet thee there ;  
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,  
Ye who are happy now ;  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt his love ;  
Soon may your trembling tongues be dumb,  
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,  
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;  
Let not your hearts his praise disown,  
Who gives the power to praise.

145. L. M.

- 1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sovereign King ,

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,  
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God ; 't is he alone  
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;  
We are his work, and not our own,  
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy ;  
With praises to his courts repair ;  
And make it your divine employ  
To pay your thanks and honors there

4 The Lord is good ; the Lord is kind ;  
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;  
And all the race of men shall find  
His truth from age to age endure.

146. L. M.

1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs ;  
To spend one day with thee on earth  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun — he makes our day ;  
God is our shield — he guards our way  
From all assaults of hell and sin ;  
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory, too ;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.

147. L. M.

- 1 WITH one consent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise,  
Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,  
And sing before him songs of praise;
- 2 Assured that he is God alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed;  
We, whom he chooses for his own,  
The flock which he delights to feed.
- 3 O! enter, then, his temple gate.  
Thence to his courts devoutly press,  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still his name with praises bless.
- 4 For he 's the Lord, supremely good;  
His mercy is forever sure;  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

148. L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow, with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise

- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand  
When rolling years shall cease to move

149. C. M.

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high ;  
To thee will I direct my prayer ;  
To thee lift up mine eye :
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all his saints,  
Presenting at his Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand ;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there ;  
I will frequent thy holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness ;  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face !

150. S. M.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord.  
And let our joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne

- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from the place  
Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below ;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.

## 151. L. M.

- 1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee ;  
Thy saints adore thy holy name ;  
Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,  
And humbly thy protection claim.
- 2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust ;  
The breath of life thy spirit gave ;  
Where but in thee can mortals trust ?  
Who but our God has power to save ?
- 3 Eternal Source of truth and light,  
To thee we look, on thee we call ;  
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,  
But thou to us art all in all.
- 4 Still may thy children in thy word  
Their common trust and refuge see ;  
O, bind us to each other, Lord,  
By one great tie — the love of thee !



152. L. M.

- 1 IF, in a temple made with hands,  
God speaketh still his high commands,  
To that blest place let me repair,  
That I may learn my duty there.
- 2 If, in the ailments of the soul,  
There be a power that makes it whole.  
To that pure fount let me apply,  
Lest the neglected spirit die.
- 3 If there be still a sacrifice,  
That may to God with favor rise,  
Let me present a contrite heart,  
Ere from this temple I depart.
- 4 Where God would have the offering made,  
There be the willing tribute paid,  
Till to his name I consecrate  
The worship of an endless state.

153. L. M.

- 1 GOD of the morning ! at whose voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies :
- 2 O, like the sun may I fulfil  
Th' appointed duties of the day ;  
With ready mind and active will  
March on, and keep my heavenly way !
- 3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes ;  
'Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

- 4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss ;  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

154. 7s.

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now ;  
At thy feet we humbly bow ;  
O, do not our suit disdain !  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;  
In compassion now descend ;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace ;  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way  
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;  
Lord, from hence we would not go  
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn ;  
Let the time of joy return ;  
Those that are cast down, lift up ;  
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 5 Grant that all may seek, and find  
Thee a God supremely kind ;  
Heal the sick, the captive free ;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

155. C. P. M.

- 1 DESCEND, blest Spirit, source of light,  
While here thy presence we invite ;  
Thine influence impart ;  
Grant us with faith thy word to hear,  
And give th' attentive, listening ear,  
The understanding heart.

- 2 The dead " in trespasses and sin "  
Raise by thy power to life divine ;  
Dissolve the captive's chain ;  
Strengthen the weak with inward might,  
Restore the blinded eyes to sight,  
Nor let us hear in vain.

156. C. M.

- 1 THOUGH oft we hear the joyful sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord,  
How weak in faith we still are found !  
How slow to learn thy word !
- 2 Though we frequent thy holy place,  
We seem to come in vain ;  
So small a portion of thy grace  
Our careless hearts retain.
- 3 How cold and feeble is our love !  
How negligent our fear !  
How low our hopes of joys above !  
How few affections there !
- 4 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,  
To give thy word success ;  
Write thy salvation on our heart,  
And make us learn thy grace.

157. C. M.

- 1 LORD, when we bow before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
O, may we feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore !
- 2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see ;  
True penitence impart ;  
And let a healing ray from thee  
Beam hope on every heart.

- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
     O, let our wills resign !  
 And not a thought our bosom share  
     Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
     And waft it to the skies,  
 And teach our hearts 't is goodness, still,  
     That grants it, or denies.

## 158. C. M.

- 1 THE off'rings to thy throne which rise,  
     Of mingled praise and prayer,  
 Are but a worthless sacrifice,  
     Unless the heart is there.
- 2 Upon thine all-discerning ear  
     Let no vain words intrude ;  
 No tribute, but the vow sincere,  
     The tribute of the good.
- 3 Our offerings will indeed be blest,  
     If sanctified by thee ;  
 If thy pure Spirit touch the breast  
     With its own purity.
- 4 O, may that Spirit warm each heart  
     To piety and love,  
 And to life's lowly vale impart  
     Some rays from heaven above !

## 159. 7s.

- 1 LORD, we in thy presence come,  
     And bow down with holy fear ;  
 Call our erring footsteps home ;  
     Let us feel that thou art near.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Wand'ring thoughts and languid powers  
Come not where devotion kneels ;  
Let the soul expand her stores,  
Glowing with the joy she feels.
- 3 At the portals of thy house  
We resign our earth-born cares ;  
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,  
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

160. C. M.

- 1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day  
Which God has called his own ;  
With joy the summons we obey  
To worship at his throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair !  
Where willing vot'ries throng,  
To breathe the humble fervent prayer,  
And pour the choral song.
- 3 Spirit of grace, O, deign to dwell  
Within thy church below ;  
Make her in holiness excel,  
With pure devotion glow !
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found ,  
Let all her sons unite  
To spread with grateful zeal around  
Her clear and shining light.

161. C. M.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away  
Without thy cheering grace

- 2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand;  
And they must drink or die.
- 3 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

## 162. C. M.

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God  
For all his kindness shown?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints who fill thy house,  
My offering shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How happy all thy servants are!  
How great thy grace to me!  
My life, which thou hast made thy care  
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 4 Now I am thine, forever thine,  
Nor shall my purpose move;  
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,  
And bound me with thy love.
- 5 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
And thy rich grace record;  
Witness, ye saints who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.

163. L. M.

- 1 COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,  
By faith and love, in every breast ;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,  
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,  
Of thine eternal love and grace.
- 3 And to the God whose power can do  
More than our thoughts and wishes know,  
Be everlasting honors done,  
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

164. C. M.

- 1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,  
And to thy courts repair ;  
Again with joyful feet we come  
To meet our Saviour here.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord, dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humble mind, bestow ;  
And shine upon us, from on high,  
To make our graces grow.

165. H. M.

- 1 TO spend one sacred day  
Where God and saints abide

Affords diviner joy  
 Than thousand days beside :  
 Where God resorts, | To keep the door,  
 I love it more, | Than shine in courts

2 God is our sun and shield,  
 Our light and our defence ;  
 With gifts his hands are filled ;  
 We draw our blessings thence :  
 He will bestow | Peculiar grace,  
 On Jacob's race | And glory too.

3 The Lord his people loves ;  
 His hand no good withholds  
 From those his heart approves,  
 From pure and upright souls :  
 Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts  
 O God of hosts, | Alone in thee !

## 166. C. M.

- 1 MY soul, how lovely is the place  
 To which thy God resorts !  
 'T is heaven to see his smiling face,  
 Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies  
 His saving power displays ;  
 And light breaks in upon our eyes  
 With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove  
 Descends and fills the place ;  
 While Christ reveals his wond'rous love  
 And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare  
 The secrets of thy will ;  
 And still we seek thy mercy there,  
 And sing thy praises still.



167. S. M.

- 1 HOW sweet to bless the Lord,  
And in his praises join ;  
With saints his goodness to record,  
And sing his power divine !
- 2 These seasons of delight  
The dawn of glory seem ;  
Like rays of pure celestial light,  
Which on our spirits beam.
- 3 O, blest assurance this ;  
Bright morn of heavenly day ;  
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,  
That cheers the pilgrim's way !
- 4 Thus may our joys increase,  
Our love more ardent grow,  
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace  
Refresh our souls below.

168. C. M.

- 1 LORD, teach thy servants how to pray  
With reverence and with fear ;  
Though dust and ashes, yet we may,  
We must to thee draw near.
- 2 We come, then, God of grace, to thee ;  
Give broken, contrite hearts ;  
Give — what thine eye delights to see —  
Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility — the sense  
Of godly sorrow give ;  
A strong, desiring confidence  
To see thy face and live.

- 4 Give faith in that one sacrifice  
Which can for sin atone ;  
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,  
On Christ, and Christ alone.
- 5 Give patience, still to wait and weep,  
Though mercy long delay ;  
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 6 Give these, and then thy will be done :  
Thus strengthened with all might,  
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,  
Shall pray, and pray aright.

## 169. L. M.

- 1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God ;  
My God ! my King ! why should I be  
So far from all my joys and thee ?
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace ;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
God is their strength, and, through the road,  
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

170. L. M.

- 1 CONFIRM the hope thy word allows ;  
Behold us waiting to be fed ;  
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And “ satisfy her poor with bread.”
- 2 Drawn by thine invitation, Lord,  
Athirst and hungry we are come ;  
Now, from the fulness of thy word,  
Feast us, and send us thankful home.

171. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb.  
Amidst his Father's throne ;  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown !
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around,  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise ;  
Jesus is kind to our complaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy remain  
Forever on thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood ;  
Hast set the prisoners free ;

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

- 6 The worlds of nature and of grace  
Are put beneath thy power ;  
Then shorten these delaying days,  
And bring the promised hour.

172. C. M.

- 1 HERE, in the presence of our God,  
We 've met to seek thy face ;  
O, let us feel th' eternal word,  
And feast upon thy grace !
- 2 O, may this be a happy hour,  
To every mourning soul !  
Display thy love, make known thy power,  
And make the wounded whole.
- 3 O, may a spark of heavenly fire  
Each stupid soul inflame ;  
And sacred love our tongues inspire  
To praise thy worthy name !
- 4 Let every soul the Saviour see,  
And taste his love divine ;  
And every heart forever be  
United, Lord, with thine.

173. L. M.

- 1 LO, God is here ! — let us adore,  
And humbly bow before his face ;  
Let all within us feel his power,  
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo, God is here ! — him day and night  
Th' united choirs of angels sing ;

To him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

- 3 Being of beings ! may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;  
Still may we stand before thy face ;  
Still hear and do thy sovereign will

174. C. M.

- 1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes  
To those bright realms above,  
That glorious temple in the skies,  
Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before the awful throne we bow  
Of heaven's Almighty King :  
Here we present the solemn vow,  
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 Thee we adore ; and, Lord, to thee  
Our filial duty pay ;  
Thy service, unconstrained and free,  
Conducts to endless day.
- 4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel  
With trust and holy fear,  
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,  
And lend a gracious ear.
- 5 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,  
And tune our lips to sing ;  
Nor from thy presence cast away  
The sacrifice we bring.

# VIII. THE SABBATH.

## 175. H. M.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake,  
 And hail the sacred day!  
 In loftiest songs of praise  
 Your joyful homage pay;  
 Come, bless the day | The type of heaven's  
 That God hath blest, | Eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn  
 The Lord of life arose,  
 And burst the bars of death,  
 And vanquished all our foes;  
 And now he pleads | And reaps the fruit  
 Our cause above, | Of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!  
 Heaven with hosannas rings;  
 And earth, in humbler strains,  
 Thy praise responsive sings:  
 Worthy the Lamb, | Through endless years  
 That once was slain, | To live and reign.

## 176. H. M.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn;  
 Sweet day of sacred rest,  
 I hail thy kind return;  
 Lord, make these moments blest.  
 From low desires | I soar to reach  
 And fleeting toys, | Immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,  
 And fill his throne of grace;  
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,  
 While saints address thy face;  
 Let sinners feel | And learn to know  
 Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,  
 With all thy quickening powers ;  
 Disclose a Saviour's love,  
 And bless the sacred hours.  
 Then shall my soul                      |      Nor Sabbaths be  
 New life obtain,                      |      Enjoyed in vain.

177. L. M.

1 MY opening eyes with rapture see  
 The dawn of thy returning day ;  
 My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,  
 While thus my early vows I pay.  
 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,  
 Nor would receive another guest ;  
 Eternal King, erect thy throne,  
 And reign sole monarch in my breast.  
 3 O, bid this trifling world retire,  
 And drive each carnal thought away ;  
 Nor let me feel one vain desire,  
 One sinful thought through all the day .  
 4 Then to thy courts when I repair,  
 My soul shall rise on joyful wing,  
 The wonders of thy love declare,  
 And join the strains which angels sing.

178. L. M.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,  
 Man comes to meet his Maker, God,  
 What rites, what honors shall he pay ?  
 How spread his sovereign praise abroad ?  
 2 From marble domes and gilded spires  
 Shall curling clouds of incense rise ;  
 And gems, and gold, and garlands deck  
 The costly pomp of sacrifice ?

- 3 Vain, sinful man ! creation's Lord  
Thy golden offerings well may spare ;  
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find  
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer

179. C. M.

- 1 ON this illustrious, joyful morn  
Our Saviour left the grave ;  
Was then declared the Son of God,  
With mighty power to save.
- 2 Come, humble souls, and see the place  
Where once the Saviour lay ;  
New-string your harps, attune your songs  
And hail the solemn day.
- 3 In lofty accents praise his name,  
Who thus in triumph rose ;  
Who broke the iron bands of death,  
And trampled on his foes.
- 4 Sing loud hosannas to your King,  
The Lamb that once was slain ;  
For you the royal Victim died,  
For you he rose again.

180. 7s.

- 1 SAFELY through another week  
God has brought us on our way ;  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
Waiting in his courts to-day :  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
Through the blest Redeemer's name,  
Show thy reconciling face ;  
Take away our sin and shame :



From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in thee.

- 3 Here we come thy name to praise;  
Let us feel thy presence near;  
May thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in thy house appear:  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting rest.

181. C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet, upon this sacred day,  
The best of all the seven,  
To cast our earthly thoughts away,  
And think of God and heaven!
- 2 How sweet to be allowed to pray  
Our sins may be forgiven!  
With filial confidence to say,  
“Father, who art in heaven!”
- 3 How sweet the words of peace to hear  
From him to whom 't is given  
To wake the penitential tear,  
And lead the way to heaven!
- 4 And if, to make our sins depart,  
In vain the will has striven,  
He who regards the inmost heart  
Will send his grace from heaven.
- 5 Then hail, thou sacred, blessed day,  
The best of all the seven,  
When hearts unite their vows to pay  
Of gratitude to Heaven!

182. L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
No mortal care shall fill my breast ;  
O, may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word :  
His works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep his counsels, how divine !
- 4 And I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then I shall see, and hear, and know,  
All I desired or wished below,  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

183. L. M.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day ;  
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away ;  
Now let our noblest passions rise  
With ardor to their native skies.
- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,  
With rays of light upon us shine ;  
And let our waiting souls be blest  
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,  
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,  
With all the ransomed we shall spend  
A Sabbath which shall never end.

# 184. H. M.

1 HERE, gracious God, do thou  
In mercy now draw nigh ;  
Accept each faithful prayer,  
And mark each suppliant sigh ;  
In copious shower,      |      This holy day,  
On all who pray,      |      Thy blessings pour

2 Here may we find from heaven  
The grace which we implore ;  
And may that grace, once given,  
Be with us evermore ;  
Until that day      |      To endless rest  
When all the blest      |      Are called away.

# 185. C. M.

1 MAY we throughout this day of thine  
Be in thy spirit, Lord ;  
And full of humble fear divine,  
That trembles at the word.

2 And full of faith, each heart to raise,  
And fix on things above ;  
And full of sacrifice and praise,  
Of holiness and love.

# 186. C. M.

1 BLEST day of God ! most calm, most bright,  
The first and best of days

The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,  
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;  
His rising thee did raise ;  
And made thee heavenly and divine  
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove  
To all the sheaves behind ;  
And they who do the Sabbath love,  
A happy week will find.

4 This day I must to God appear ;  
For, Lord, the day is thine ;  
Help me to spend it in thy fear,  
And thus to make it mine.

187. L. M.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun ;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest ;  
Improve the day thy God has blest.

2 O, that our thoughts and thanks may rise  
As grateful incense to the skies,  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,  
Which none but he who feels it knows !

3 This heavenly calm within the breast  
Is the dear pledge of lasting rest  
Which for the church of God remains ;  
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,  
And holy pleasures, pass away.  
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

188. L. M.

- 1 HOW welcome to the saints, when pressed  
With six days' noise, and care, and toil,  
Is the returning day of rest,  
Which hides them from the world a while.
- 2 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,  
They seem to breathe a purer air ;  
Composed and softened by the day,  
All things serener aspect wear.
- 3 Though pinched with poverty at home,  
Or with afflictions daily fed ;  
It makes amends if they can come  
To God's own house for heavenly bread.
- 4 With joy they hasten to the place  
Where they the Saviour oft have met ;  
And, while they feast upon his grace,  
Their burdens and their griefs forget.
- 5 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord !  
Here we thy promised presence seek ;  
Open thy hand, with blessings stored,  
And give us manna for the week.

189. C. M.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;  
He calls the hours his own ;  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King  
To David's holy Son !

Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes, in God his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise !  
But, in the kingdom where he reigns,  
He shall have nobler praise.

190. 8s & 4s.

1 HAIL, holy day, most blest, most dear !  
When death's dark region, sad and drear,  
Those strange mysterious sounds did hear,  
“ The Lord is risen ! ”

2 The holy Captive's bonds are riven ;  
To him the keys of death are given.  
Be glad, O earth ! and shout, O heaven !  
“ The Lord is risen ! ”

3 Shall this triumphant theme inspire  
The angels' song, the seraphs' lyre,  
And saints not sing with such a choir,  
“ The Lord is risen ” ?

4 For not for them his life he gave ;  
He did not die their souls to save ;  
It is for man that from the grave  
“ The Lord is risen.”

5 For man he left his glorious throne ;  
For man to death's dark realm went down ;  
And now to heaven, for man alone,  
“ The Lord is risen.”

191. L. M.

- 1 WE bless thee for this sacred day,  
Thou who hast every blessing given, —  
Which sends the dreams of earth away,  
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven
- 2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest !  
May we improve thy calm repose,  
And, in God's service truly blest,  
Forget the world, its joys, its woes.
- 3 Lord ! may thy truth upon the heart  
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,  
And flowers of grace in freshness start  
Where once the weeds of error grew.
- 4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,  
Contented with that aim alone  
Which bears her to the King of kings,  
And rests her at his shelt'ring throne.

192. C. M.

- 1 O GOD ! accept the sacred hour  
Which we to thee have given ;  
And let this hallowed scene have power  
To raise our souls to heaven.
- 2 Christ's true disciples may we live,  
From all corruption free ;  
And humbly learn, like him, to give  
Our powers, our wills to thee.
- 3 And oft along life's dangerous way,  
To smooth our passage through  
Wilt thou, on this thy holy day,  
For us this scene renew.

193. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 GREAT God ! this sacred day of thine  
Demands the soul's collected powers ;  
Gladly we now to thee resign  
These solemn, consecrated hours.  
O, may our souls, adoring, own  
The grace that calls us to thy throne !
- 2 All-seeing God ! thy piercing eye  
Can every secret thought explore ;  
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,  
And, where thou art, intrude no more.  
O, may thy grace our spirits move,  
And fix our minds on things above !
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,  
And bid thy word, with life divine,  
Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;  
Then shall the day indeed be thine ;  
Then shall our souls, adoring, own  
The grace that calls us to thy throne

194. S. M.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day ;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day in such a place,  
Where thou, my God, art seen,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.



THE SABBATH.

- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

195. L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER day, O Lord, is gone ;  
Another of thy Sabbaths past ;  
O, may each day of duty done  
Be holier, happier than the last !
- 2 And may the teachings of thy word,  
This day received, through life remain ;  
Their gentle influence still afford,  
To soothe each woe, to calm each pain.
- 3 Wilt thou be with us when apart ;  
Together, wilt thou be our stay ;  
Engrave upon thy children's heart  
The lessons of this holy day.

196. C. M.

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns  
To shed its quickening beams ;  
And yet how slow devotion burns ;  
How languid are its flames !
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love ;  
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;  
We would be like thy saints above,  
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
And fit us to ascend  
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
The Sabbath ne'er shall end ;

- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,  
With heavenly lustre shine ;  
Before the throne of God appear,  
And feast on love divine.

197. 7s.

- 1 DAY of God ! thou blessed day !  
At thy dawn the grave gave way  
To the power of him within,  
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.
- 2 Thine the radiance to illumine  
First, for man, the dismal tomb ;  
When its bars their weakness owned,  
There revealing death dethroned.
- 3 Then the Sun of Righteousness  
Rose, a darkened world to bless ;  
Bringing up from mortal night  
Immortality and light.
- 4 Day of glory, day of power !  
Sacred be thine every hour ;  
Emblem, earnest, of the rest  
That remaineth for the blest.

198. L. M.

- 1 THERE is a time when moments flow  
More happily than all beside ;  
It is, of all the times below,  
A Sabbath at the eventide.
- 2 O, then the setting sun shines fair ;  
And all below, and all above,  
The various forms of nature, wear  
One universal garb of love !

THE SCRIPTURES.

- 3 And then the peace that Jesus brought,  
The life of grace eternal beams ;  
And we, by his example taught,  
Will prize the life his love redeems.
- 4 Delightful scene ! a world at rest,  
A God all love, no grief, no fear ;  
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,  
A smile unsullied by a tear !

199. 7s.

- 1 ERE another Sabbath's close,  
Ere again we seek repose,  
Lord, our song ascends to thee ;  
At thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 For the mercies of the day,  
For this rest upon our way,  
Thanks to thee alone be given,  
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.
- 3 Whilst this thorny path we tread,  
May thy love our footsteps lead ;  
When our journey here is past,  
May we rest with thee at last.
- 

IX. THE SCRIPTURES.

200. L. M.

- 1 HOW precious is thy word, O God !  
'Tis for our light and guidance given ;  
It sheds a lustre all abroad,  
And points the path to bliss and heaven

- 2 It fills the soul with sweet delight ;  
It quickens its inactive powers :  
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right ;  
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 3 Its promises rejoice our hearts ;  
Its doctrines are divinely true ;  
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts ;  
It comforts and instructs us too.
- 4 Ye favored lands, who have this word,  
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,  
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,  
And his distinguished grace adore.

201. L. M.

- 1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord,  
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look  
On all the pages of thy book ;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name who died for me.
- 3 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost and vanish in the wind ;  
Here I can fix my hope secure ;  
This is thy word, and must endure.

202. L. M. 6l.

- 1 I LOVE the volume of thy word ;  
What light and joy those leaves afford  
To souls benighted and distressed !  
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way ,  
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray ;  
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

- 2 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,  
And warn me where my danger lies ;  
But 't is thy blessed gospel, Lord,  
That makes my guilty conscience clean,  
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,  
And gives a free, but large reward.
- 3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?  
My God, forgivé my secret faults,  
And from presumptuous sins restrain :  
Accept my poor attempts of praise,  
That I have read thy book of grace,  
And book of nature, not in vain.

203. C. M.

- 1 LET all the heathen writers join  
To form one perfect book ;  
Great God, if once compared with thine,  
How mean their writings look !
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave  
Could show one sin forgiven,  
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;  
But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I 've seen an end of what we call  
Perfection here below ;  
How short the powers of nature fall,  
And can no further go.
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God  
By works their hands have wrought ;  
But thy commands, exceeding broad,  
Extend to every thought.

204. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God! with wonder and with praise  
On all thy works I look ;

THE SCRIPTURES.

But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,  
Shine brightest in thy book.

- 2 Here are my choicest treasures hid ;  
Here my best comfort lies ;  
Here my desires are satisfied ;  
And here my hopes arise.
- 3 Lord, make me understand thy law ;  
Show what my faults have been ;  
And from thy gospel let me draw  
The pardon of my sin.

205. C. M.

- 1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin ?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 'T is, like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day ;  
And, through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.
- 3 Thy precepts make us truly wise ;  
We hate the sinner's road ;  
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise.  
But love thy law, O God !

206. C. P. M.

- 1 HOW precious, Lord, thy sacred word !  
What light and joy those leaves afford  
To souls in deep distress !  
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,  
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray,  
Thy promise leads to rest.

- 2 Thy threat'nings wake our slumb'ring eyes,  
And warn us where our danger lies ;  
But 't is thy gospel, Lord,  
That makes the guilty conscience clean,  
Converts the soul, and conquers sin,  
And gives a free reward.

207. C. M.

- 1 HAIL, sacred truth ! whose piercing rays  
Dispel the shades of night ;  
Diffusing o'er the mental world  
The healing beams of light.
- 2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,  
Restores our wand'ring feet,  
Converts the sorrows of the mind  
To joys divinely sweet
- 3 O, send thy light and truth abroad  
In all their radiant blaze,  
And bid th' admiring world adore  
The glories of thy grace.

208. C. M.

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given !  
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 The counsels of redeeming grace  
These sacred leaves unfold ;  
And here the Saviour's lovely face  
Our favored eyes behold.
- 3 Thy word, Redeemer, cheers our hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears ;  
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts  
And quells our rising fears

- 4 O may this lamp, through all the night  
Of life, make plain our way ;  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day !

209. 7s.

- 1 PRECIOUS book ! of books the best ;  
Dearest gift of God, but one,  
That surpasses all the rest, —  
Gift of God's beloved Son !
- 2 Gracious Spirit ! heavenly Dove !  
Thee I 'd slight not, thee I 'd love ;  
By thy power, and thine alone,  
The value 'f this gift I 've known.

210. C. M.

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage ;  
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I 'll read the hist'ries of thy love,  
And keep thy laws in sight,  
While through the promises I rove  
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise ;  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blest ;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.



211. C. M.

- 1 LIGHT of the world, shine on our souls ;  
Thy grace to us afford ;  
And while we meet to learn thy truth,  
Be thou our teacher, Lord.
- 2 As once thou didst thy word expound  
To those that walked with thee,  
So teach us, Lord, to understand,  
And its blest fulness see ;
- 3 Its richness, sweetness, power and depth,  
Its holiness discern ,  
Its joyful news of saving grace  
By blest experience learn.
- 4 Help us each other to assist ;  
Thy Spirit now impart ;  
Keep humble, but with love inflame  
To thee and thine, each heart.
- 5 Thus may thy word be dearer still,  
And studied more, each day ;  
And, as it richly dwells within,  
Thyself in it display.

212. L. M.

- 1 THE worth of truth no tongue can tell ;  
'T will do to buy, but not to sell ;  
A large estate that soul hath got  
Who buys the truth and sells it not.
- 2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair ;  
More rich than pearls and rubies are,  
More worth than gold and silver coin ;  
O, may it ever in us shine !

- 3** 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free  
And sets the soul at liberty  
From sin and Satan's heavy chain,  
And then within the heart doth reign.

**213.** 7s.

- 1** DOES the Lord of glory speak  
To his creatures here below ?  
And may souls so frail and weak  
All his gracious dealings know ?  
Does the blessed Bible bring  
Tidings from our heavenly King ?
- 2** O, with what intense desire  
Should we search that sacred book !  
Here our zeal should never tire ;  
Here we should delight to look  
For the rules by mercy given,  
To conduct our souls to heaven.
- 3** Shall not he that humbly seeks  
All the light of truth discern ?  
Do we not, when Jesus speaks,  
Feel our hearts within us burn ?  
For his soul-reviving voice  
Bids the mourner to rejoice.
- 4** Lord, thy teaching grace impart,  
That we may not read in vain ;  
Write thy precepts on our hearts,  
Make thy truths and doctrines plain  
Let thy message us renew,  
All our wills to thee subdue.

**214.** C. M.

- 1** THE counsels of redeeming grace  
The sacred leaves unfold ;

And here the Saviour's lovely face  
Our raptured eyes behold.

- 2 Here light, descending from above,  
Directs our doubtful feet ;  
Here promises of heavenly love  
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 3 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,  
And all our wants supplied ;  
Naught we can ask to make us blest  
Is in this book denied.

## 215. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
Forever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast ;  
Here purer sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.
- 3 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;  
And life, and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O, may these heavenly pages be  
My ever-dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light !
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou forever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour here.

216. C. M.

- 1 OPPRESSED with guilt, and full of fears,  
We come to thee, our Lord ;  
While not a ray of hope appears,  
But in thy holy word.
- 2 The volume of our Father's grace  
Does all our grief dispel ;  
Here we behold our Saviour's face,  
And learn to do his will.
- 3 Here living water freely flows,  
To cleanse us from our sin ;  
'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,  
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 4 O, may thy counsels, mighty God,  
Our roving feet command ;  
Nor we forsake the happy road  
That leads to thy right hand !

217. C. M.

- 1 O, THAT thy statutes, every hour,  
Might dwell upon my mind !  
Thence I derive a quick'ning power,  
And daily peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,  
Shall be my sweet employ ;  
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word ;  
Thy word is all my joy.

218. L. M.

- 1 WE sing thy mercy, God of love,  
Which sent the Saviour from above,  
To free our race from sin and woe,  
And spread thy peace and truth below

THE SCRIPTURES.

- 2 We thank thee for the words he brought ;  
We thank thee that he lived, and taught  
Our frail, imperfect souls to be  
In humble mode, resembling thee.
- 3 We thank thee for thy gracious care,  
That kept those sacred pages fair  
Through every age, whose lines record  
The deeds and precepts of our Lord.

219. L. M.

- 1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal counsels known ;  
'T is here his richest mercy shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,  
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;  
Its influence makes the sinner live ;  
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 3 Our raging passions it controls,  
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;  
It brings a better world in view,  
And guides us all our journey through.
- 4 May this blest volume ever lie  
Close to my heart, and near my eye,  
Till life's last hour my soul engage,  
And be my chosen heritage.

220. C. M.

- 1 O, HOW I love thy holy law !  
'T is daily my delight ;  
And thence my meditations draw  
Divine advice by night.

- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day,  
To meditate thy word ;  
My soul with longing melts away,  
To hear thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage  
And well employ my tongue ;  
And, through my weary pilgrimage,  
Yield me a heavenly song.
- 4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
Thy promises of grace  
Are pillars to support my hope,  
And there I write thy praise.

221. C. M.

- 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page !  
Majestic, like the sun,  
It gives a light to every age ;  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat ;  
His truths upon the nations rise ;  
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day !

222. L. M.

- 1 LET everlasting glories crown  
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord ;  
For thou hast brought salvation down,  
And stored its blessings in thy word.

- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
Some solid ground to rest upon ;  
With deep despair the spirit breaks,  
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 3 How well thy blesséd truths agree !  
How wise and holy thy commands !  
Thy promises, how large and free !  
Firm on this ground our comfort stands
- 4 Should all the schemes that men devise  
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,  
I'd count them vanity and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart.

223. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.]

- 1 PRECIOUS Bible ! what a treasure  
Does the word of God afford !  
All we want for life or pleasure,  
Food and med'cine, shield and sword ;  
Let the world account us poor ;  
Having this, we need no more.
- 2 Food, to which the world's a stranger,  
Here the hungry soul enjoys ;  
Of excess there is no danger ;  
Though it fills it never cloy :  
On a living Christ we feed ;  
He is meat and drink indeed.
- 3 When our souls are faint and sickly,  
Or when Satan wounds our minds,  
Cordials to revive us quickly,  
Healing med'cines here we find :  
To the promises we flee ;  
Each affords a remedy.

- 4 Shall we envy then the miser,  
 Doting on his golden store?  
 Sure we are, or should be, wiser,  
 We are rich, 't is he is poor:  
 Jesus gives us in his word  
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

224. 8s & 7s.

- 1 PRAISE to him, by whose kind favor  
 Heavenly truth has reached our ears!  
 May its sweet reviving savor  
 Fill our hearts and calm our fears.
- 2 Truth! how sacred is the treasure!  
 Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;  
 Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,  
 Which from other sources flow.
- 3 What of truth we have been hearing,  
 Fix, O Lord, in every heart;  
 In the day of thy appearing  
 May we share thy people's part.
- 4 Till we leave this world forever,  
 May we live beneath thine eye;  
 This our aim, our sole endeavor,  
 Thine to live, and thine to die.

225. 7s.

- 1 HOLY Bible! book divine!  
 Precious treasure, thou art mine!  
 Mine, to tell me whence I came;  
 Mine, to teach me what I am;
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;  
 Mine, to show a Saviour's love;  
 Mine art thou, to guide my feet;  
 Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.



- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless ;  
Mine, to show, by living faith,  
Man can triumph over death ;
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom ; —  
O, thou holy book divine !  
Precious treasure, thou art mine !

226. S. M.

- 1 HOW perfect is thy word !  
Thy judgments all are just ;  
And ever in thy promise, Lord,  
May man securely trust.
- 2 I hear thy word in love ;  
In faith thy word obey ;  
O, send thy Spirit from above,  
And teach me, Lord, thy way !
- 3 Thy counsels all are plain,  
Thy precepts all are pure ;  
And, long as heaven and earth remain,  
Thy truth shall still endure.
- 4 O, may my soul, with joy,  
Trust in thy faithful word .  
Be it through life my glad employ  
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

227. S. M.

- 1 GOD'S word is the true light,  
When other lamps grow dim ;  
'T will never burn less purely bright,  
Nor lead astray from him

It is love's blessed band,  
That reaches from the throne  
To him, whoe'er he be, whose hand  
Will seize it for his own.

2 It is the golden key  
Unto celestial wealth,  
Joy to the sons of poverty,  
And to the sick man, health !  
The gently proffered aid  
Of one who knows, and best  
Supplies the beings he has made  
With what will make them blest

3 It is the sweetest sound  
That infant years can hear,  
Trave'ling across that holy ground,  
With God and angels near.  
There rests the weary head,  
There age and sorrow go ;  
And how it smooths the dying bed,  
O, let the Christian show !

## 228. C. M.

1 JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,  
To thee I lift mine eyes ;  
Teach and instruct me by thy word,  
And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand  
Thy whole revealed will ;  
Fain would I learn to comprehend  
Thy love more clearly still.

3 Help me to read the Bible o'er  
With ever new delight ;  
Help me to love its Author more,  
To seek thee day and night.

- 4 O, let it purify my heart,  
And guide me all my days !  
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,  
And thou shalt have the praise.

229. C. M.

- 1 WHAT is the chaff, the word of man,  
When set against the wheat ?  
Can it a dying soul sustain,  
Like that immortal meat ?
- 2 Thy word, O God, with heavenly bread  
Thy children doth supply ;  
And those who by thy word are fed,  
Their souls shall never die.

230. C. M.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,  
I fly to thee, my Lord ;  
And not a glimpse of hope appears  
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace  
Does all my grief assuage ;  
Here I behold my Saviour's face  
Almost in every page.
- 3 O may thy counsels, mighty God,  
My roving feet command ;  
Nor I forsake the happy road  
That leads to thy right hand !

231. C. M.

- 1 THE starry heavens thy rule obey ;  
The earth maintains her place ;  
And these thy servants, night and day,  
Thy skill and power express.

2 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,  
Have lessons more divine ;  
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,  
Nor stars so nobly shine.

3 Thy word is everlasting truth ;  
How pure is every page !  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

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## X. MESSIAH.

Advent and Nativity. .

**232.** 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth !  
Ye, who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :  
Come and worship,—  
Worship Christ, the new-born King

2 Shepherds, in the fields abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing ;  
Yonder shines the heavenly light :  
Come and worship,—  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In his temple shall appear :  
Come and worship,—  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

## 233. 8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 HARK ! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?  
Lo ! th' angelic host rejoices ;  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy :  
“ Glory in the highest, glory !  
Glory be to God most high !
- 3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found ;  
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven ;  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the great Anointed ;  
Heaven and earth his praises sing !  
O, receive whom God appointed  
For your prophet, priest, and king ! ”

## 234. S. M.

- 1 WE come, with joyful song,  
To hail this happy morn !  
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,  
“ This day is Jesus born ! ”
- 2 What transports doth his name  
To sinful men afford !  
His glorious titles we proclaim :  
A Saviour — Christ — the Lord !
- 3 Glory to God on high !  
All hail the happy morn !  
We join the anthems of the sky,  
And sing, “ The Saviour's born ! ”

## 235. C. M.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay ;  
Joy, love and gratitude combine  
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 Wrapt in the silence of the night,  
Lay all the eastern world,  
When, bursting, glorious, heavenly light,  
The wondrous scene unfurled.
- 3 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song ;  
Good-will and peace are heard throughout  
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.
- 4 O for a glance of heavenly love,  
Our hearts and songs to raise ;  
Sweetly to bear our souls above,  
And mingle with their lays !
- 5 With joy the chorus we 'll repeat,  
Glory to God on high !  
Good-will and peace are now complete,  
Jesus was born to die !
- 6 Hail ! Prince of life, forever hail !  
Redeemer, brother, friend ;  
Though earth and time and life should fail,  
Thy praise shall never end.

## 236. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,  
The blessing promised long !  
Angels announce the Saviour near,  
In this triumphant song :

- 2 " Glory to God on high,  
And heavenly peace on earth ;  
Good-will to men, to angels joy,  
At our Redeemer's birth ! "
- 3 In worship so divine  
Let men employ their tongues .  
With the celestial hosts we join,  
And loud repeat their songs :
- 4 " Glory to God on high,  
And heavenly peace on earth ;  
Good-will to men, to angels joy,  
At our Redeemer's birth ! "

## 237. C. M.

- 1 CALM on the list'ning ear of night  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs from courts above  
Shed sacred glories there ;  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answ'ring hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply ;  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 " Glory to God ! " the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring ;  
" Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's Eternal King ! "

## 238. C. M.

- 1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes -  
The Saviour promised long;  
Let every heart a throne prepare,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the pris'ners to release,  
In wretched bondage held:  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure;  
And, with the treasures of his grace,  
Enrich the humble poor.
- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

## 239. C. M.

- 1 JOHN was the prophet of the Lord,  
To go before his face;  
The herald which the Prince of Peace  
Sent to prepare his ways.
- 2 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,  
"That takes our guilt away!"  
I saw the Spirit o'er his head  
On his baptizing day.
- 3 Be every vale exalted high,  
Sink every mountain low;  
The proud must stoop, and humble souls  
Shall his salvation know..
- 4 Behold the Morning Star arise,  
Ye that in darkness sit;  
He marks the path that leads to peace,  
And guides our doubtful feet."



## 240. C. M.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind);  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
To you and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born, of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God on high,  
Who thus addressed their song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease!"

## 241. 7s.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake, and it was done

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose when he  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;  
Songs of praise shall crown the day :  
God will make new heavens and earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No ! the church is called to raise  
Psalms and hymns of grateful praise.

242. 7s.

- 1 HARK ! the herald-angels sing,  
“ Glory to the new-born King !  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.”
- 2 Mild, he lays his glory by ;  
Born, that man no more may die ;  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies.
- 3 “ Glory to the new-born King ! ”  
Let us all the anthem sing ;  
“ Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.”

243. 11s & 10s.

HAIL, thou blest morn, when the great Mediator  
Down from the mansion of heaven did descend !  
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger ;  
Lo ! for his guard the bright angels attend.  
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid ;

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops were shining ;  
Low lay his head with the beasts of the stall ,  
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all !  
Say, shall we yield him a costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom and off'rings divine ;  
Gems from the mountain, or pearls from the ocean  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

3 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;  
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.  
Low at his feet, we, in humble prostration,  
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife ;  
There we receive his divine consolation,  
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

4 He is our friend in the midst of temptation ;  
Faithful supporter, whose love cannot fail ;  
Rock of our refuge and hope of salvation ;  
Light to direct us through death's gloomy vale  
Star of the morning ! thy brightness increases ;  
Soon from the mansion of heaven shall descend,  
Glorious in light, he whose love never ceases :  
Shepherds, and all men, the warning attend !

## 244. H. M.

1 HARK ! what celestial sounds,

What music fills the air !

Soft warbling to the morn,

It strikes the ravished ear :

Now all is still,

In tuneful notes,

Now wild it floats

Loud, sweet, and shrill.

- 2 Th' angelic hosts descend,  
 With harmony divine :  
 See how from heaven they bend,  
 And in full chorus join !  
 Fear not, say they,            |    Jesus your King  
 Great joy we bring :        |    Is born to-day.
- 3 He comes, your souls to save  
 From death's eternal gloom ;  
 To realms of bliss and light  
 He lifts you from the tomb.  
 Your voices raise,            |    Your songs unite,  
 With sons of light        |    Of endless praise.
- 4 Glory to God on high !  
 Ye mortals, spread the sound !  
 And let your raptures fly  
 To earth's remotest bound.  
 For peace on earth,        |    To man is given,  
 From God in heaven,    |    At Jesus' birth.

245.    8s, 6s & 5s.

- 1 LIFT up your heads in joyful hope ;  
 Salute the happy morn ;  
 Each heavenly power  
 Proclaims the glad hour ;  
 Lo ! Jesus the Saviour is born !
- 2 All glory be to God on high ;  
 To him all praise is due ;  
 The promise is sealed,  
 The Saviour's revealed,  
 And proves that the record is true.
- 3 Let joy around like rivers flow ;  
 Flow on, and still increase ;  
 Spread o'er the glad earth,  
 At Emanuel's birth ;  
 For heaven and earth are at peace.

- 4 Now the good-will of God is shown  
 Towards Adam's helpless race ;  
 Messiah is come,  
 To ransom his own,  
 To save them by infinite grace.

246. L. M.

- 1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,  
 The glittering host bestud the sky,  
 One star alone, of all the train,  
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks  
 From every host, from every gem ;  
 But one alone the Saviour speaks, —  
 It is the Star of Bethlehem !
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode ;  
 The storm was loud, the night was dark ;  
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
 The wind that tossed my found'ring bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my courage froze ;  
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;  
 When suddenly a star arose, —  
 It was the Star of Bethlehem !
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all ;  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
 And, through the storm and danger's thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace.

Mission and Life.

247. C. M.

- 1 SEE, from on high, a light divine  
 On Jesus' head descend ;  
 And hear the sacred voice from heaven  
 That bids us all attend.

- 2 " This is my well-belovéd Son,"  
 Proclaimed the voice divine ;  
 " Hear him," his heavenly Father said,  
 " For all his words are mine."
- 3 His mission thus confirmed from heaven,  
 The great Messiah came ;  
 And heavenly wisdom showed to man  
 In God his Father's name.

## 248. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God ! wert thou extreme to mark  
 The deeds we do amiss,  
 Before thy presence who could stand,  
 Who claim thy promised bliss ?  
 But, O ! all merciful and just,  
 Thy love surpasseth thought ;  
 A gracious Saviour has appeared,  
 And peace and pardon brought.
- 2 Thy servants in the temple watched  
 The dawning of the day,  
 Impatient with its earliest beams  
 Their holy vows to pay ;  
 And chosen saints far off beheld  
 That great and glorious morn  
 When the glad day-spring from on high  
 Auspiciously should dawn.
- 3 On us the Sun of Righteousness  
 Its brightest beams hath poured ;  
 With grateful hearts and holy zeal,  
 Lord, be thy love adored ;  
 And let us look with joyful hope  
 To that more glorious day,  
 Before whose brightness, sin and death,  
 And grief, shall flee away.

## 249. S. M.

- 1 THE law by Moses came ;  
But peace, and truth, and love,  
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,  
Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God  
Their different works are done ;  
Moses a faithful servant stood,  
But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands  
Be strict obedience paid ;  
O'er all his Father's house he stands,  
The sovereign and the head.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all his foes submit ;  
And humbly bow at his command,  
And fall beneath his feet.
- 5 The man who durst despise  
The law that Moses brought —  
Behold, how terribly he dies  
For his presumptuous fault !
- 6 But sorer vengeance falls  
On that rebellious race,  
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,  
And dare resist his grace.

## 250. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Prince of Peace,  
The chosen of the Lord,  
God's well-belovéd Son, fulfils  
The sure prophetic word.

- 2 No royal pomp adorns  
This King of Righteousness ;  
Meekness and patience, truth and love,  
Compose his princely dress.
- 3 The Spirit of the Lord,  
In rich abundance shed,  
On this great prophet gently lights,  
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, the light of men !  
His doctrine life imparts ;  
O, may we feel its quickening power  
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 5 Cheered by its beams, our souls  
Shall run the heavenly way ;  
The path which Christ has marked and trod  
Will lead to endless day.

## 251. L. M.

- 1 NOT to condemn the sons of men  
Did Christ the Son of God appear ;  
No weapons in his hands are seen,  
No flaming sword nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,  
He loved the race of man so well,  
He sent his Son to bear our load  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word ;  
Trust in his mighty name, and live ;  
A thousand joys his lips afford,  
His hands a thousand blessings give.



## 252. L. M.

- 1 O'ER the dark wave of Galilee  
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,  
And on the waters drearily  
Descends the fitful evening blast.
- 2 The weary bird hath left the air,  
And sunk into his sheltered nest ;  
The wand'ring beast has sought his lair,  
And laid him down to welcome rest.
- 3 Still, near the lake, with weary tread,  
Lingers a form of human kind ;  
And on his lone, unsheltered head,  
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind
- 4 Why seeks he not a home of rest ?  
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed ?  
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,  
He hath not where to lay his head.
- 5 Such was the lot he freely chose,  
To bless, to save the human race ;  
And through his poverty there flows  
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

## 253. L. M.

- 1 LEARN of me ! the Saviour cried,  
O, learn of me, ye sons of pride !  
For I am lowly, humble, meek,  
No haughty looks high thoughts bespeak.
- 2 Yes, blest Redeemer ! thou wast mild,  
Patient, and gentle as a child ;  
And they who would thy kingdom see,  
Must meek and lowly be like thee

## 254. L. M.

- 1 WHAT works of wisdom, power, and love  
Do Jesus' high commission prove ;  
Attest his heaven-derived claim,  
And glorify his Father's name !
- 2 On eyes that never saw the day  
He pours the bright celestial ray ;  
And deafened ears, by him unbound,  
Catch all the harmony of sound.
- 3 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes  
Rejoicing in the strength that flows  
Through every nerve ; and, free from pain,  
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.
- 4 The shattered mind his word restores,  
And tunes afresh the mental powers ;  
The dead revive, to life return,  
And bid affection cease to mourn.
- 5 Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace,  
And not admire Jehovah's grace ?  
Canst thou behold thy Prophet's power,  
And not the God he served adore ?

## 255. L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive !  
Behold, the dead awake and live !  
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame  
Leap like the hart, and bless his name !
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own  
And seal the mission of his Son ;  
The Father vindicates his cause,  
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

- 3 He dies ! the heavens in mourning stood ;  
He rises ! and appears with God :  
Behold the Lord ascending high,  
No more to bleed, no more to die !
- 4 Hence and forever from my heart  
I bid my doubts and fears depart ,  
And to those hands my soul resign,  
Which bear credentials so divine.

## 256. 7s.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice :  
I will guide you to your home ;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;  
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes  
Watch to see the morning rise ;
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn ;  
Here repose your heavy care ,  
A wounded spirit who can bear ?
- 5 Sinner, come, for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound ;  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

## 257. C. M.

- 1 THE winds were howling o'er the deep,  
Each wave a watery hill ;  
The Saviour wakened from his sleep ;  
He spake, and all was still.
- 2 The madman in a tomb had made  
His mansion of despair ;  
Woe to the traveller who strayed  
With heedless footsteps there !
- 3 He met that glance so thrilling sweet,  
He heard those accents mild ;  
And, melting at Messiah's feet,  
Wept like a weaned child.
- 4 O, madder than the raving man !  
O, deafer than the sea !  
How long the time since Christ began  
To call in vain to me !
- 5 Yet, could I hear him once again,  
As I have heard of old,  
Methinks he should not call in vain  
His wanderer to the fold.

## 258. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD where, in a mortal form,  
Appears each grace divine ;  
The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
To give the mourner joy,  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.

- 3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
Patient and meek he stood ;  
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;  
He labored for their good.
- 4 In the last hour of deep distress,  
Before his Father's throne,  
With soul resigned he bowed and said,  
" Thy will, not mine, be done ! "
- 5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide ;  
His image may we bear ;  
O, may we tread his holy steps,  
His joy and glory share !

## 259. C. M.

- 1 IS there on earth a nobler name  
Than Jesus to be found ?  
Who can assert a higher claim,  
Or more with truth abound ?
- 2 The Son of God, adorned with grace,  
Commissioned from above,  
He bears to our rebellious race  
The messages of love.
- 3 How noble were the truths he taught !  
How pure the life he led !  
And shall another Lord be sought,  
And we disown our Head ?
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! shall we let  
Our heavenly prospects go,  
And, madly, at defiance set  
The threats of future woe ?
- 5 Forbid it, Lord ! nor let us yield  
To this unworthy shame ;  
But each, with holy courage filled,  
Rejoice in Jesus' name.

## 260. L. M.

- 1 MY blessed Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word ;  
But in thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 What truth and love thy bosom fill !  
What zeal to do thy Father's will !  
Such zeal, and truth, and love divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

## 261. C. M.

- 1 IN duties and in suff'rings too,  
My Lord I fain would trace ;  
As he hath done so would I do,  
Sustained by heavenly grace.
- 2 Inflamed with zeal, 't was his delight  
To do his Father's will ;  
May the same zeal my soul excite  
His precepts to fulfil !
- 3 Meekness, humility and love,  
Through all his conduct shine ;  
O may my whole deportment prove  
A copy, Lord, of thine !

Sufferings and Death.

262. L. M.

- 1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty !  
Hark ! all the tribes hosanna cry !  
Thy humble beast pursues his road,  
With palms and scattered garments strewed.
- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty !  
In lowly pomp ride on to die !  
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin !
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty !  
The wingéd squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes  
To see th' approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty !  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;  
The Father, on his sapphire throne,  
Expects his own anointed Son !

263. L. M.

- 1 A VOICE upon the midnight air,  
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,  
Weeps forth, in agony and prayer,  
" O Father, take this cup away ! "
- 2 Ah, thou who sorrow'st unto death !  
We conquer in thy mortal fray ;  
And Earth for all her children saith,  
" O God, take not this cup away ! "
- 3 O Lord of sorrow ! meekly die ;  
Thou 'lt heal or hallow all our woe ;  
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,  
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

- 4 Great Chief of faithful souls, arise !  
 None else can lead the martyr band,  
 Who teach the brave how peril flies,  
 When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

## 264. L. M.

- 1 O SHAMEFUL cross ! on thee was hung  
 The bleeding One who died for me ;  
 There, mocked by every railing tongue,  
 I see my Saviour's agony.
- 2 O cross of infamy and shame !  
 Thou didst a Saviour's grace declare ;  
 Thou dost to all the world proclaim  
 The love that did our sorrows bear.
- 3 Cross of the Lord ! no radiant gem,  
 No glistening pearl of lustre rare,  
 No monarch's blazing diadem  
 With thy pale splendors can compare.
- 4 Cross of the Lord ! while others boast  
 Of titles, names, and marks of pride,  
 My heart shall ever glory most  
 In that rough tree where Jesus died.
- 5 O cross ! thou badge of love divine,  
 Rend my hard heart, subdue my soul ;  
 O, crush each lust, and slay each sin,  
 And my whole life by love control.

## 265. L. M.

- 1 LORD ! in the garden agony  
 No light seemed on thy soul to break ;  
 No form of seraph lingered nigh,  
 Nor yet the voice of comfort spake ;
- 2 Till, by thine own triumphant word,  
 The vict'ry over ill was won ;



Till the sweet, mournful cry was heard,  
 " Thy will, O God, not mine, be done ! "

- 3 Lord, bring these precious moments back,  
 When, fainting, against sin we strain ;  
 Or in thy counsels fail to track  
 Aught but the present grief and pain.
- 4 In weakness, help us to contend ;  
 In darkness, yield to God our will ;  
 And true hearts, faithful to the end,  
 Cheer by thine holy angels still.

## 266. L. M.

- 1 " FATHER divine ! " the Saviour cried,  
 While horrors pressed on every side,  
 And prostrate on the ground he lay,  
 " Remove this bitter cup away ! "
- 2 But if these pangs must still be borne,  
 Or helpless man be left forlorn,  
 I bow my soul before thy throne,  
 And say, Thy will, not mine, be done ! "
- 3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,  
 And, taught by Jesus, lie as low ;  
 Our hearts, and not our lips alone,  
 Would say, Thy will, not ours, be done !
- 4 Then, though like him in dust we lie,  
 We 'll view the blissful moment nigh,  
 Which, from our portion in his pains,  
 Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

## 267. L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the man ! how glorious he !  
 Before his foes he stands unawed,

- And, without wrong or blasphemy,  
He claims to be the Son of God.
- 2 Behold the man ! by all condemned,  
Assaulted by a host of foes ;  
His person and his claims contemned ;  
A man of sufferings and of woes.
- 3 Behold the man ! so weak he seems,  
His awful word inspires no fear ;  
But soon must he who now blasphemes  
Before his judgment-seat appear.
- 4 Behold the man ! though scorned below,  
He bears the greatest name above ;  
The angels at his footstool bow,  
And all his royal claims approve.

## 268. L. M.

- 1 'T IS midnight ; and on Olive's brow  
The star is dimmed that lately shone ;  
'T is midnight ; in the garden, now,  
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'T is midnight ; and, from all removed,  
The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears ;  
E'en that disciple whom he loved  
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'T is midnight ; and for others' guilt  
The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;  
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt  
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'T is midnight ; and from ether plains  
Is borne the song that angels know ;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

## 269. L. M.

- 1 THE morning dawns upon the place  
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer ;  
Through yielding glooms behold his face ;  
Nor form nor comeliness is there.
- 2 Last eve, by those he called his own  
Betrayed, forsaken or denied,  
He met his enemies alone,  
In all their malice, rage, and pride.
- 3 No guile within his mouth is found ;  
He neither threatens nor complains ;  
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,  
Dumb midst his murderers he remains.
- 4 But hark ! he prays, — 't is for his foes ;  
He speaks, — 't is comfort to his friends ;  
Answers, — and Paradise bestows ;  
He bows his head, — the conflict ends.
- 5 Truly, this was the Son of God !  
Though in a servant's mean disguise,  
And bruised beneath the Father's rod ;  
Not for himself, — for man he dies.

## 270. 8s &amp; 7s. [Peculiar.]

- 1 'T WAS the day when God's Anointed  
Died for us the death appointed,  
Bleeding on the dreadful cross ;  
Day of darkness, day of terror,  
Deadly fruit of ancient error,  
Nature's fall, and Eden's loss.
- 2 Haste, prepare the bitter chalice !  
Gentile hate and Jewish malice  
Lift the royal victim high, —

Like the serpent, wonder-gifted,  
Which the prophet once uplifted, —  
For a sinful world to die.

- 3 Conscious of the deed unholy,  
Nature's pulses beat more slowly,  
And the sun his light denied;  
Darkness wrapped the sacred city,  
And the earth with fear and pity  
Trembled when the Just One died.
- 4 It is finished, man of sorrows !  
From thy cross our nature borrows  
Strength to bear and conquer thus :  
While exalted there we view thee,  
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to thee :  
Sufferer victorious !
- 5 Not in vain for us uplifted,  
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted !  
May that sacred symbol be  
Eminent amid the ages,  
Guide of heroes and of sages ;  
May it guide us still to thee !

## 271. L. M.

- 1 EXTENDED on a curséd tree,  
Covered with dust, and sweat and blood,  
See there, the King of glory see !  
Sinks and expires the Son of God.
- 2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done ?  
Who could thy sacred body wound ?  
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,  
No guile hath in thy lips been found.
- 3 I, I alone have done the deed ;  
'T is I thy sacred flesh have torn ;  
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed  
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.

- 4 For me the burden to sustain,  
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid ;  
To heal me, thou hast borne the pain ;  
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.
- 5 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,  
How pay, the mighty debt I owe ?  
Let all I have, and all I am,  
Ceaseless, to all, thy glory show.
- 6 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,  
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast  
Till, loosed from flesh and earth, I rise,  
And ever in thy bosom rest.

272. L. M.

- 1 'TIS finished ! the Messiah dies ;  
Cut off for sins, but not his own ;  
Accomplished is the sacrifice ;  
The great redeeming work is done.
- 2 'Tis finished ! all the debt is paid ;  
Justice divine is satisfied ;  
The grand and full atonement made ;  
Christ for a guilty world hath died.
- 3 The veil is rent ; in him alone  
The living way to heaven is seen ;  
The middle wall is broken down,  
And all mankind may enter in.
- 4 The types and figures are fulfilled ;  
Exacted is the legal pain ;  
The precious promises are sealed ;  
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.
- 5 Death, hell, and sin, are now subdued ;  
All grace is now to sinners given .  
And, lo ! I plead th' atoning blood,  
And in thy right I claim my heaven.

## 273. L. M.

- 1 FROM Calvary a cry was heard —  
A bitter and heart-rending cry ;  
My Saviour ! every mournful word  
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.
- 2 A horror of great darkness fell  
On thee, thou spotless, holy One !  
And all the swarming hosts of hell  
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.
- 3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,  
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine  
But when Jehovah veiled his face,  
Unutterable pangs were thine.
- 4 Let the dumb world its silence break ;  
Let pealing anthems rend the sky ;  
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake !  
He died, that we might never die.
- 5 Lord, on thy cross I fix mine eye ;  
If e'er I lose its strong control,  
O, let that dying, piercing cry,  
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul !

## 274. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
Nailed to the shameful tree ;  
How vast the love that him inclined  
To bleed and die for me !
- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend ;  
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.

- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom 's paid ;  
 " Receive my soul," he cries ;  
 See where he bows his sacred head !  
 He bows his head and dies.
- 4 But soon he 'll break death's envious chain  
 And in full glory shine ;  
 O, Lamb of God ! was ever pain,  
 Was ever love, like thine ?

275. C. M.

- 1 FROM whence these direful omens 'round,  
 Which heaven and earth amaze ?  
 And why do earthquakes cleave the ground ?  
 Why hides the sun his rays ?
- 2 Well may the earth, astonished, shake,  
 And nature sympathize !  
 The sun as darkest night be black ;  
 The Saviour, Jesus, dies.
- 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,  
 His all-atoning blood ;  
 Is this the Infinite ? 't is he, —  
 My Saviour and my Lord.
- 4 For me these pangs his soul assail ;  
 For me this death is borne ;  
 My sins gave sharpness to the nail,  
 And pointed every thorn.
- 5 Let sin no more my soul enslave ;  
 Break, Lord, its tyrant chain ;  
 O, save me, whom thou camest to save,  
 Nor bleed nor die in vain !

## 276. L. M.

- 1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies  
Hark ! his expiring groans arise ;  
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,  
Descends the sacred, crimson tide.
- 2 And didst thou bleed ? — for sinners bleed ?  
And could the sun behold the deed ?  
No ; he withdrew his cheering ray,  
And darkness veiled the mourning day.
- 3 Can I survey this scene of woe,  
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,  
And yet my heart so hard remain,  
Unmoved by either love or pain ?
- 4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,  
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,  
Till all its powers and passions move  
In melting grief and ardent love.

## 277. L. M.

- 1 “ ’TIS finished ! ” — so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed his head and died ;  
“ ’Tis finished ! ” — yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the vict’ry won.
- 2 “ ’Tis finished ! ” — all that heaven foretold  
By prophets in the days of old ;  
And truths are opened to our view,  
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 “ ’Tis finished ! ” — Son of God, thy power  
Hath triumphed in this awful hour ;  
And yet our eyes with sorrow see  
That life to us was death to thee.



- 4 “ ’T is finished ! ” — let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round ;  
“ ’T is finished ! ” — let the triumph rise  
And swell the chorus of the skies.

Resurrection and Ascension.

278. 7s.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say ;  
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done ;  
Fought the fight, the vict'ry won ;  
Jesus' agony is o'er ;  
Darkness veils the earth no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;  
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;  
Death in vain forbids him rise ;  
Christ has opened paradise.
- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Follow'ng our exalted Head ;  
Made like him, like him we rise ;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the prize .

279. C. M.

- 1 BLEST morning ! whose first dawning rays  
Beheld the Son of God  
Arise triumphant from the grave,  
And leave his dark abode.
- 2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb,  
The great Redeemer lay,  
Till the revolving skies had brought  
The third, th' appointed day.

- 3 Hell and the grave combined their force  
To hold our Lord, in vain ;  
Sudden, the Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,  
We sacred honors pay ;  
And loud hosannas shall proclaim  
The triumphs of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise  
To our victorious King !  
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas  
With glad hosannas ring.

280. H. M.

- 1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,  
And burst the slothful band,  
The wonders of this day  
Our noblest songs demand ;  
Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays  
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,  
Reluctant death resigned  
The glorious Prince of life,  
In dark domains confined.  
Th' angelic host around him bends,  
And he amid their shouts ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !  
Heaven with hosannas rings ;  
While earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings :  
“ Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign.”
- 4 Gird on, great Prince, thy sword ;  
Ascend thy conq'ring car ;  
While justice, truth, and love,

Maintain the glorious war.  
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,  
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

281. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

- 1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious !  
See the " Man of Sorrows " now ;  
From the fight returned victorious,  
Every knee to him shall bow.  
Crown him, crown him !  
Crowns become the Victor's brow !
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him !  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;  
In the seat of power enthrone him,  
While the vault of heaven rings.  
Crown him, crown him !  
Crown the Saviour " King of kings ! "
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned him,  
Mecking thus the Saviour's claim ;  
Saints and angels crowd around him,  
Own his title, praise his name.  
Crown him, crown him !  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame !
- 4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !  
Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !  
Jesus takes the highest station ;  
O, what joy the sight affords !  
Crown him, crown him,  
" King of kings, and Lord of Lords ! "

282. C. M.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray ;  
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day.

- 2 O, what a night was that, which wrapt  
The heathen world in gloom !  
O what a sun, which broke, this day,  
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannas sung ;  
Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings from its wings  
To nations yet unborn.

283. 6s & 4s.

- 1 ON earth was darkness spread, —  
One boundless night ;  
“ Let there be light ! ” God said,  
And there was light.
- 2 There hung a deeper gloom  
O'er quick and dead ;  
But Jesus burst the tomb,  
And darkness fled.
- 3 God, by his word, arrayed  
Darkness with light ;  
God by his Son displayed  
Day without night.
- 4 For thee, O man, arose  
Creation's ray ;  
For thee, too, bright dawns  
Salvation's day.

284. C. M.

- 1 YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,  
Cast all your fears away ;  
Draw near, and with delight behold  
The place where Jesus lay

- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;  
     'T was love that brought him low ;  
 Thus low in death the Saviour lay,  
     Who lived and bled for you.
- 3 If ye have wept at yonder cross,  
     And still your sorrows rise,  
 Stoop down and view the vanquished grave,  
     And wipe your weeping eyes.
- 4 Your Saviour lives, forever lives !  
     Raise a triumphant strain ;  
 No powers of hell, no bars of death,  
     The Conq'ror could detain.
- 5 O'er heaven and earth he now presides,  
     Though once among the dead ;  
 And to eternity shall reign  
     Creation's glorious Head.
- 6 Ye mourning souls ! rejoice, while you  
     His empty tomb survey ;  
 As Christ arose, so you shall rise  
     To realms of endless day.

285. L. M.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;  
     Our Jesus is gone up on high ;  
 The powers of hell are captive led, —  
     Dragged to the portals of the sky.  
 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
     And angels chant the solemn lay :  
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;  
     Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 2 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
     And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ;  
 He claims these mansions as his right :  
     Receive the King of glory in !

Who is the King of glory? Who?  
 The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame;  
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;  
 And Jesus is the Conq'ror's name.

- 3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay:  
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!  
 Who is the King of glory? Who?  
 The Lord, of glorious power possessed,  
 The King of saints and angels too;  
 God over all, forever blest!

286. 7s.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away!  
 Death, yield up the mighty prey!  
 See, the Saviour quits the tomb,  
 Glowing with immortal bloom!
- 2 Shout, ye seraphs! Gabriel, raise  
 Fame's eternal trump of praise!  
 Let the earth's remotest bound  
 Echo to the joyful sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;  
 See the Conq'ror mount the skies;  
 When he comes, ye conquer too:  
 He has triumphed thus for you.
- 4 Heaven unfolds her portals wide;  
 Glorious Hero, through them ride;  
 King of glory, mount thy throne;  
 Boundless empire is thy own.
- 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs!  
 Raise and sweep your golden lyres;  
 Praise him in the noblest songs,  
 From ten thousand thousand tongues!

287. 6s & 8s.

- 1 GOD is gone up on high,  
With a triumphant noise ;  
The clarions of the sky  
Proclaim th' angelic joys.  
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing  
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 2 All power to our great Lord  
Is by the Father given ;  
By angel hosts adored,  
He reigns supreme in heaven.  
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing ;  
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 3 High on his holy seat  
He bears the righteous sway ;  
His foes beneath his feet  
Shall sink and die away.  
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing ,  
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 4 Till all the earth, renewed  
In righteousness divine,  
With all the hosts of God  
In one great chorus join.  
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing ;  
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

288. 7s.

- 1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,  
Ravished from our wishful eyes !  
Christ, a while to mortals given,  
Reascends his native heaven.
- 2 There the pompous triumph waits ;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates ;  
Wide unfold the radiant scene ;  
Take the King of glory in.

- 3 Circled round with angel powers,  
Their triumphant Lord and ours ;  
Conq'ror over death and sin, —  
Take the King of glory in.
- 4 Him though highest heaven receives,  
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;  
Though returning to his throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 5 See, he lifts his hands above !  
See, he shows the prints of love !  
Hark, his gracious lips bestow  
Blessings on his church below.

## 289. L. M.

- 1 HE dies ! the friend of sinners dies !  
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.  
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
For him who groaned beneath your load ;  
He shed a thousand drops for you, —  
A thousand drops of richer blood
- 2 Here 's love and grief beyond degree ;  
The Lord of glory dies for man !  
But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !  
Jesus, the dead, revives again.  
The mighty Saviour leaves the tomb ;  
In vain the tomb forbids his rise ;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high your great Deliverer reigns,  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster death in chains.



Say, live forever, wond'rous King !  
 Born to redeem, and strong to save ;  
 Then ask the monster, Where 's thy sting ?  
 And, Where 's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?

## 290. 6s.

- 1 SING praise ! the tomb is void  
 Where the Redeemer lay ;  
 Sing of our bonds destroyed,  
 Our darkness turned to day.
- 2 Weep for your dead no more ;  
 Friends, be of joyful cheer ;  
 Our star moves on before,  
 Our narrow path shines clear.
- 3 He who, so patiently,  
 The crown of thorns did wear, —  
 He hath gone up on high ;  
 Our hope is with him there.
- 4 Now is his truth revealed,  
 His majesty and might ;  
 The grave has been unsealed ;  
 Christ is our life and light.
- 5 He who for men did weep ;  
 Suffer, and bleed, and die, —  
 First fruits of them that sleep, —  
 Christ has gone up on high
- 6 His vict'ry hath destroyed  
 The shafts that once could slay ;  
 Sing praise ! the tomb is void  
 Where the Redeemer lay.

## XI. MESSIAH'S OFFICES

Redeemer.

### 291. C. M.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
The great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of our God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 Jesus ! the name that soothes our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'T is music in the sinner's ears ;  
'T is life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
And sets the pris'ners free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood availed for me.
- 4 He speaks ; and, list'ning to his voice,  
New life the dead receive ;  
The broken, contrite hearts rejoice ;  
The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

### 292. S. M.

- 1 PREPARE a thankful song  
To the Redeemer's name :  
His praises should employ each tongue,  
And ev'ry heart inflame.
- 2 He laid his glories by,  
And shame and death endured,

That guilty rebels, doomed to die,  
From wrath might be secured.

3 And now he pleading stands  
Before his Father's throne,  
And satisfies the law's demands  
With what himself hath done.

4 The Holy Ghost he sends,  
Our stubborn wills to move.  
To make his enemies his friends  
And conquer them by love.

5 O, may we not refuse  
Such rich, unbounded grace,  
Nor Satan's bondage longer choose,  
But seek the Saviour's face !

## 293. L. M.

- 1 HE lives — the great Redeemer lives !  
What joy the blest assurance gives !  
And now, enthroned above the skies,  
He pleads his holy sacrifice.
- 2 Thus has he met our desp'rate case,  
And giv'n us lasting joy and peace ;  
The Lamb, whose life can never end,  
At once our sacrifice and friend.
- 3 Great Advocate, almighty Friend ;  
On thee do all our hopes depend !  
Our cause can never, never fail,  
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.
- 4 In every dark, distressing hour,  
When sin and Satan join their power,  
Let this blest truth repel each dart,  
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

- 5 Away, then, sad and doubtful thoughts !  
 Above our fears, above our faults,  
 His powerful intercessions rise,  
 And we o'ercome, while Satan flies.

294. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 And there may I, though vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransomed church of God  
 Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I 'll sing thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
 Is ransomed from the grave.

295. 7s.

- 1 BLESSÉD are the sons of God ;  
 They are bought with Christ's own blood ;  
 They are ransomed from the grave ;  
 Life eternal they shall have.

MESSIAH'S OFFICES.

2 God, the merciful and good,  
Bought us with the Saviour's blood ;  
And, to make our safety sure,  
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

3 Sing, my soul, adore his name ;  
Let his glory be thy theme ;  
Praise him till he calls thee home ;  
Trust his love for all to come.

296. C. M.

1 BLEST be the wisdom and the power,  
The justice and the grace,  
Which joined in council to restore  
And save our ruined race.

2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,  
And from his glory fell ;  
And we, his children, thus were brought  
To death, and near to hell.

3 Blest be the Lord, who sent his Son  
To take our flesh and blood :  
He for our lives gave up his own,  
To make our peace with God.

4 He honored all his Father's laws,  
Which we have disobeyed ;  
He bore our sins upon the cross,  
And our full ransom paid.

5 Behold him rising from the grave ;  
Behold him raised on high ;  
He pleads his merits there, to save  
Transgressors doomed to die.

6 There on a glorious throne he reigns  
And, by his power divine.

Redeems us from the slavish chains  
Of Satan and of sin.

7 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,  
And, with a sov'reign voice,  
Shall call, and break up every tomb,  
While waking saints rejoice.

8 O, may we then with joy appear  
Before the Judge's face,  
And, with the bless'd assembly there,  
Sing his redeeming grace !

## 297. H. M.

1 COME, ye who love the Lord,  
And feel his quick'ning power,  
Unite with one accord,  
His goodness to adore ;  
To heaven and earth aloud proclaim  
Your great Redeemer's glorious name !

2 He left his throne above,  
His glory laid aside,  
Came down on wings of love,  
And wept, and bled, and died :  
The pangs he bore, what tongue can tell,  
To save our souls from death and hell ?

3 He burst the grave ; he rose  
Victorious from the dead ;  
And thence his vanquished foes  
In glorious triumph led :  
Up through the heavens the Conq'ror rode  
Triumphant to the throne of God.

4 He soon again will come,  
His chariot will not stay

MESSIAH'S OFFICES.

To take his children home  
To realms of endless day :  
We there shall see him face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of his grace.

High Priest.

298. 8s & 7s.

- 1 STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,  
See him dying on the tree ;  
'T is the Christ by man rejected ;  
Yes, my soul, 't is he ; 't is he !  
Mark the sacrifice appointed ;  
See who bears the awful load ;  
'T is the Word, the Lord's anointed,  
Son of man, and Son of God.
- 2 Here we have a firm foundation ;  
Here 's the refuge of the lost ;  
Christ, the rock of our salvation,  
Is the name of which we boast :  
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,  
Sacrifice to cancel guilt,  
None shall ever be confounded  
Who on thee their hope have built.

299. C. M.

- 1 DEAREST of all the names above,  
My Jesus, and my God !  
Who can resist thy heavenly love,  
Or trifle with thy blood ?
- 2 'T is by the merits of thy death  
The Father smiles again ;  
'T is by thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 But if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy begins ;

His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace removes my sins.

- 4 While Jews on their own law rely,  
And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
I love th' incarnate mystery,  
And there I fix my trust.

### 300. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,  
Who takes away our guilt !  
Behold th' atoning, precious blood,  
That for our sins he spilt !
- 2 O sinners, now to Christ draw near,  
Invited by his word ;  
The chief of sinners need not fear :  
Behold the Lamb of God !
- 3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,  
And washes in his blood ;  
Arise, return from grievous falls :  
Behold the Lamb of God !
- 4 In every state, and time, and place,  
Naught plead but Jesus' blood ;  
However wretched be your case,  
Behold the Lamb of God !
- 5 Spirit of grace, to us apply  
Immanuel's precious blood,  
That we may, with thy saints on high,  
Behold the Lamb of God.

### 301. S. M.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,



Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While, like a penitent, I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
While hanging on th' accursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

### 302. S. M.

1 THOU very Paschal Lamb,  
Whose blood for us was shed,  
Through whom we out of bondage came,  
Thy ransomed people lead.

2 Angel of gospel grace,  
Fulfil thy character ,  
To guard and feed the chosen race,  
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way  
Conduct us by thy light ;  
Be thou a cooling cloud by day.  
A cheering fire by night.

- 4 Our fainting souls sustain  
 With blessings from above ;  
 And ever on thy people rain  
 The manna of thy love.

### 303. C. M.

- 1 IN vain we seek for peace with God,  
 By methods of our own :  
 Blest Saviour, nothing but thy blood  
 Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threat'nings of thy broken law  
 Impress the soul with dread :  
 If God his sword of justice draw,  
 It strikes the sinner dead.
- 3 But thy atoning sacrifice  
 Has answered all demands ;  
 And peace and pardon from the skies  
 Are blessings from thy hands.
- 4 'T is by thy death we live, O Lord ;  
 'T is on thy cross we rest !  
 Forever be thy love adored,  
 Thy name forever blest.

### 304. H. M.

- 1 TH' atoning work is done ;  
 The Victim's blood is shed ;  
 And Jesus now is gone  
 His people's cause to plead ;  
 He stands in heaven, their great High Priest,  
 And bears their names upon his breast.
- 2 No temple made with hands  
 His place of service is ;  
 In heaven itself he stands ;  
 A heavenly priesthood his ;

In him the shadows of the law  
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

3 And though a while he be  
Hid from the eyes of men,  
His people look to see  
Their great High Priest again :  
In brightest glory he will come,  
And take his waiting people home.

### 305. L. M.

- 1 NOW to the Lord, who makes us know  
The wonders of his dying love,  
Be humble honors paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'T was he that cleansed our foulest sins,  
And washed us in his richest blood ;  
'T is he that makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning priest,  
To Jesus, our superior king,  
Be everlasting power confessed,  
And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold ! on flying clouds he comes,  
And every eye shall see him move :  
Though with our sins we pierced him once  
Then he displays his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day ;  
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

### 306. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold  
A thousand glories more  
Than the rich gems and polished gold  
The sons of Aaron wore

- 2 They first their own sin-offering brought  
To purge themselves from sin ;  
Thy life was pure without a spot,  
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,  
Was on their altars spilt ;  
But thy one offering took away  
Forever all our guilt.
- 4 Thou, great Melchisedec ! shalt reign  
In peace on Zion's hill, —  
Thyself the Lamb that once was slain,  
And bear thy priesthood still.
- 5 Till then, for us to intercede  
Before the Father's face,  
Be this thy work, and ours to plead  
Thy merits, and his grace.

### 307. C. M.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above ;  
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,  
And yearns with faithful love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Poured out his cries and tears ;  
And still, in glory, feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;

MESSIAH'S OFFICES.

The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power ;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In each distressing hour.

308. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 O, THOU eternal Victim, slain,  
A sacrifice for guilty man —  
By the eternal Spirit made  
An off'ring in the sinner's stead !  
Our everlasting priest art thou,  
Pleading thy death for sinners now.
- 2 Thy off'ring still continues new ;  
Thy vesture keeps its crimson hue ;  
Thou art the ever-slaughtered Lamb ;  
Thy priesthood still remains the same ;  
Thy years, O Lord, can never fail ;  
Thy goodness is unchangeable.
- 3 O that our faith may never move,  
But stand unshaken as thy love !  
Sure evidence of things unseen,  
Passing the years that intervene,  
Now let it view, upon the tree,  
The Lord, who bleeds and dies for me.

309. L. M.

- 1 O THOU, whose off'ring on the tree  
The legal off'rings all foreshowed ;  
Borrowed their whole effect from thee,  
And drew their virtue from thy blood.

MESSIAH'S OFFICES.

- 2 The blood of goats and bullocks slain  
    Could never for one sin atone ;  
To purge the guilty off'rer's stain,  
    Thine was the work, and thine alone.
- 3 These feeble types and shadows old  
    Are all in thee, the Truth, fulfilled ;  
We in thy sacrifice behold  
    The substance of those rites revealed.
- 4 Thy meritorious suff'rings past,  
    We see by faith to us brought back ;  
And, on thy grand oblation cast,  
    Its saving benefits partake.

310. C. M.

- 1 NOW let our humble faith behold  
    Our great High Priest above ;  
And celebrate his constant care  
    And sympathetic love.
- 2 Exalted to his Father's throne,  
    With matchless honors crowned ,  
And Lord of all th' angelic host  
    Who wait the throne around.
- 3 The names of all the saints he bears,  
    Engraven on his heart ;  
Nor shall the meanest saint complain  
    That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall firm remain,  
    Our everlasting trust,  
When gems and monuments and crowns  
    Have mouldered into dust.

### 311. C. M.

- 1 THE true Messiah now appears ;  
The types are all withdrawn ;  
So fly the shadows and the stars  
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lamb,  
Nor kid, nor bullock slain ;  
Incense and spice, of costly name,  
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,  
His mitre and his vest,  
When Christ, the Lord, comes down to be  
The off'ring and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh, to show  
The wonders of his love ;  
For us he paid his life below,  
And prays for us above.
- 5 " Forgive," he cries, " forgive their sins,  
For I myself have died ;"  
And then he shows his opened veins,  
And pleads his wounded side.

### 312. H. M.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise !  
Shake off thy guilty fears ;  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears ;  
Before the throne my Saviour stands ;  
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede ;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead ;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The bleeding wounds he bears,  
 Received on Calvary,  
 They pour effectual prayers,  
 They strongly speak for me.  
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die !

4 The Father hears him pray,  
 His dear anointed One ;  
 He cannot turn away  
 The presence of his Son ;  
 His Spirit answers to the blood,  
 And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I 'm reconciled ;  
 His pardoning voice I hear ;  
 He owns me for his child ;  
 I can no longer fear ;  
 With confidence I now draw nigh,  
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Advocate.

### 313. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my Advocate above,  
 My friend before the throne of love ;  
 If now for me prevails thy prayer,  
 If now I find thee pleading there ;
- 2 If thou the secret wish convey,  
 And sweetly prompt my heart to pray ,  
 Hear, and my weak petitions join,  
 Almighty Advocate, to thine.
- 3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain ;  
 My earnest suit present, and gain ;  
 My fulness of corruption show ;  
 The knowledge of myself bestow .



- 4 Save me from death ; from hell set free :  
 Death, hell, are but the want of thee ;  
 My life, my only heaven thou art ;  
 O, might I feel thee in my heart !

314. 8s & 7s.

- 1 FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,  
 Speaking in thine ears above ;  
 From impending wrath release us ;  
 Manifest thy pard'ning love.
- 2 O receive us to thy favor ;  
 For his only sake receive ;  
 Give us to the bleeding Saviour ;  
 Let us by his dying live.
- 3 " To thy pardoning grace receive them,"  
 Once he prayed upon the tree ;  
 Still his blood cries out, " Forgive them,  
 All their sins were laid on me."
- 4 Still our Advocate in heaven  
 Prays the prayer on earth begun ;  
 " Father, show their sins forgiven ;  
 Father, glorify thy Son ! "

315. C. M.

- 1 NO longer far from rest I roam,  
 And search in vain for bliss ;  
 My soul is satisfied at home ;  
 The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne  
 Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,  
 Is pleased to claim me for his own,  
 And give himself to me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love ;  
 His blood removes my fear ;  
 And, while he pleads for me above,  
 His arm preserves me here.

- 1 His word of promise is my food ;  
His Spirit is my guide ;  
Thus daily is my strength renewed,  
And all my wants supplied.
- 5 For him I count as gain each loss ;  
Disgrace, for him, renown ;  
Well may I glory in his cross,  
While he prepares my crown.

### 316. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord, who once on Calv'ry bled  
And rose triumphant from the dead,  
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,  
The Friend of man's apostate race.
- 2 There as our Advocate he reigns,  
Touched with the feeling of our pains .  
And still remembers in the skies  
His tears, and groans, and agonies.
- 3 In every pang that rends the heart  
This man of sorrows bears a part ;  
In all our grief, our grief he shares,  
And rescues us from Satan's snares.
- 4 O, let us, then, before his throne,  
With boldness make our sorrows known '  
And seek, from fears distrustful freed,  
His grace to help in time of need.

Mediator.

### 317. L. M.

- 1 THOUGH I should seek to wash me clean  
In water of the driven snow,  
My soul would yet its spot retain,  
And sink in conscious guilt and woe.

MESSIAH'S OFFICES.

- 2 The Spirit, in his power divine,  
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth ;  
Expose the foulness of its sin,  
And show the vileness of its worth.
- 3 Ah, not like erring man is God,  
That men to answer him should dare !  
Condemned, and into silence awed,  
They helpless stand before his bar.
- 4 There must a mediator plead,  
Who God and man may both embrace,  
With God for man to intercede,  
And offer man the purchased grace.
- 5 And, lo ! the Son of God is slain,  
To be this mediator crowned ;  
In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,  
In him thy righteousness be found

318. C. M.

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes  
Up to the courts above,  
And smile to see our Father there  
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Come, let us bow before his feet,  
And venture near the Lord ;  
No fiery cherub guards his seat,  
Nor double-flaming sword.
- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss  
Are opened by the Son ;  
High let us raise our notes of praise.  
And reach th' almighty throne

Saviour.

319. C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour! O, what endless charms  
Dwell in the blissful sound!  
Its influence every fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet peace around.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,  
In rich effusion flow,  
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,  
And doomed to future woe.
- 3 O, the rich depths of love divine,  
Of bliss, a boundless store!  
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine.  
I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies;  
Beneath thy cross I fall;  
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my all.

320. S. M.

- 1 JESUS, thou Source divine,  
Whence hope and comfort flow;  
Jesus, no other name than thine  
Can save from future woe.
- 2 None else will heaven approve;  
Thou art the only way,  
Ordained by everlasting love,  
To realms of endless day.
- 3 Here let our feet abide,  
Nor from thy path depart:  
Direct our steps, thou gracious Guide,  
And cheer the fainting heart.

MESSIAH'S OFFICES.

- 4 Safe through this world of night,  
Lead to the blissful plains,  
The regions of unclouded light,  
Where joy forever reigns.

321. C. M.

- 1 THOU art the way — to thee alone  
From sin and death we flee ;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the truth — thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst inform the mind  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the life — the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conq'ring arm ;  
And those who put their trust in thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life ;  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

322. C. M.

- 1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned  
Upon the Saviour's brow ;  
His head with radiant glories crowned,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with him compare  
Among the sons of men ;  
Fairer is he than all the fair  
Who fill the heavenly train.

- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
And flew to my relief ;  
For me he bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.
- 4 He saves our souls from sin and hell ;  
His words are true and sure ;  
And on this Rock our faith may rest  
Immovable, secure.

323. L. M.

- 1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die ;  
He lives our head, enthroned on high ;  
He lives triumphant o'er the grave ;  
He lives eternally to save
- 2 He lives to still his people's fears ;  
He lives to wipe away their tears ;  
He lives their mansions to prepare ;  
He lives to bring them safely there.
- 3 Then let our souls in him rejoice,  
And sing his praise with cheerful voice  
Our doubts and fears forever gone,  
For Christ is on the Father's throne.
- 4 The chief of sinners he receives ;  
His saints he loves, and never leaves ;  
He 'll guard us safe from every ill,  
And all his promises fulfil.
- 5 Abundant grace will he afford,  
Till we are present with the Lord,  
And prove, what we have sung before,  
That Jesus lives for evermore.

324. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 STILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,  
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;  
Support by thy Almighty hand;  
Show forth in me thy saving power;  
Still be thine arm my sure defence;  
Nor earth, nor hell shall pluck me thence.
- 2 In suffering be thy love my peace;  
In weakness be thy love my power;  
And, when the storms of life shall cease,  
O Saviour, in that trying hour,  
In death, as life, be thou my guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died ! .

King.

325. L. M.

- 1 HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,  
Who holds the keys of death and hell !  
The spacious world unseen is his,  
And sov'reign power becomes him well.
- 2 In shame and anguish once he died;  
But now he lives for evermore;  
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,  
And all ye angel bands adore.
- 3 So live forever, glorious Lord,  
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends  
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice  
That thy dominion never ends.
- 4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys  
Guided by wisdom and by love;

Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,  
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

- 5 Forever reign, victorious King ;  
Wide through the earth thy name be known  
And call my longing soul to sing  
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

326. S. M.

- 1 REJOICE! the Lord is King!  
Your Lord and King adore ;  
Ye ransomed saints, give thanks and sing  
And triumph evermore !
- 2 The mighty Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
When he himself had purged our stains,  
He took his seat above.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail ;  
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
The sovereign keys of death and hell  
Into his hands are given.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand  
Till all his foes submit,  
And humbly bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope ;  
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
And take his waiting servants up,  
And thus conduct them home.



327. C. M.

- 1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns  
Is crowned with glory now ;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords  
Is to our Jesus given ;  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
He reigns o'er earth and heaven.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below,  
To whom he manifests his love,  
And grants his name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given ;  
Their name an everlasting name,  
Their joy the joy of heaven.

328. C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all !
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant weak and small,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all !
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall ;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all !

- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all !
- 5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall !  
We 'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all !

Judge.

329. L. M. 61.

- 1 MESSIAH, joy of every heart,  
Thou, thou the King of glory art,  
The Father's everlasting Son !  
Thee it delights thy church to own ;  
For all our hopes on thee depend,  
Whose glorious mercies never end.
- 2 When thou hadst rendered up thy breath,  
And dying, drawn the sting of death,  
Thou didst from earth triumphant rise,  
And ope the portals of the skies ;  
That all who trust in thee alone,  
Might follow, and partake thy throne.
- 3 Seated at God's right hand again,  
Thou dost in all his glory reign ;  
Thou dost, thy Father's image, shine  
In all the attributes divine ;  
And thou with judgment clad shalt come  
To seal our everlasting doom.
- 4 Wherefore we now for mercy pray ;  
O Saviour, take our sins away !  
Before thou as our Judge appear,  
In dreadful majesty severe,

PRAISE TO MESSIAH.

Appear our advocate with God,  
And save the purchase of thy blood.

330. L. M.

- 1 HE reigns — the Lord, the Saviour reigns !  
Praise him in evangelic strains ;  
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown ;  
But grace and truth support his throne :  
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes !  
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs.  
Before him burns devouring fire ;  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,  
Fly from the sight, and shun the day :  
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption 's nigh.

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XII. PRAISE TO MESSIAH

331. 8s, 7s, & 4s

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, who died to save us :  
Praise his name forever dear ;  
'T was by him the Father gave us  
Eyes to see, and ears to hear :  
Praise the Saviour,  
Object of our love and fear.

- 2 Grace it was, 't was grace abounding,  
Brought him down to save the lost ;  
Ye above, the throne surrounding,  
Praise him, praise him all his host !  
Saints adore him ;  
Ye are they who owe him most.
- 3 Ye, of all his hand created,  
Objects are of grace alone ;  
Aliens once, but reinstated ;  
Destined now to share his throne :  
Sing with wonder ;  
Sing of what the Lord hath done.
- 4 Praise his name, who died to save us ;  
'Tis by him alone we live ;  
And in him the Father gave us  
All that boundless love could give :  
Life eternal  
In our Saviour we receive.

### 332. 8s & 7s.

- 1 JESUS, hail ! amid the glory,  
Where for us thou dost abide ;  
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
Standing at thy Father's side.  
There for us thou now art pleading,  
While thou dost our place prepare ;  
For the church still interceding,  
Till in glory it appear.
- 2 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,  
Thou shalt then from all receive ;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing ;  
All that earth or heaven can give

Till that day the angelic spirits,  
With the church in feebler lays,  
Still shall try to sing thy merits,  
And to chant thy Father's praise.

**333.** 8s, 7s, 4s.

- 1 GLORY, glory everlasting,  
Be to him who bore the cross,  
Who redeemed our souls by tasting  
Death, the death deserved by us !  
Spread his glory,  
Who redeemed his people thus.
- 2 He is love — 't is love unbounded,  
Without measure, without end ;  
Human thought is here confounded —  
'T is too vast to comprehend :  
Praise the Saviour ;  
Magnify the sinner's friend.
- 3 While we tell the wond'rous story  
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,  
Sing we, Everlasting glory  
Be to God and to the Lamb.  
Saints and angels,  
Give ye glory to his name.

**334.** 6s & 4s.

- 1 COME, all ye saints of God,  
Publish through earth abroad  
The Saviour's fame :  
Tell what his love has done ;  
Trust in his name alone ;  
Shout to his lofty throne,  
" Worthy the Lamb " "

- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears ;  
Dry up your mournful tears ;  
Swell the glad theme :  
To Christ, our gracious King,  
Strike each melodious string ;  
Join heart and voice to sing,  
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

335. C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 “ Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry  
“ To be exalted thus ! ”  
“ Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,  
“ For he was slain for us ! ”
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine ;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise

336. C. P. M.

- 1 O, COULD we speak the matchless worth,  
O, could we sound the glories forth,  
Which in our Saviour shine !  
We 'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings  
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,  
In notes almost divine.

- 2 We 'd sing the characters he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne ;  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise  
We would to everlasting days  
Make all his glories known.
- 3 O, the delightful day will come,  
When Christ our Lord will bring us home,  
And we shall see his face !  
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity we 'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace.

### 337. S. M.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love ;  
Sing of his rising power ;  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way.  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
" Ye blesséd children, come ! "  
Soon will he call us hence away,  
And take his wand'ers home
- 5 Soon shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

**338.** 8s & 7s.

- 1 HARK . the notes of angels, singing,  
“ Glory, glory to the Lamb ! ”  
All in heaven their tribute bringing,  
Raising high the Saviour’s name.
- 2 Ye for whom his life is given,  
Sacred themes to you belong :  
Come, assist the choir of heaven ;  
Join the everlasting song.
- 3 Filled with holy emulation,  
Let us vie with those above ;  
Sweet the theme — a free salvation !  
Fruit of everlasting love.
- 4 Endless life in him possessing,  
Let us praise his precious name ;  
Glory, honor, power, and blessing,  
Be forever to the Lamb.

**339.** 6s & 4s.

- 1 LET us awake our joys ;  
Strike up with cheerful voice ;  
Each creature, sing ;  
Angels, begin the song ;  
Mortals, the strain prolong  
In accents sweet and strong,  
“ Jesus is King ! ”
- 2 Proclaim abroad his name ;  
Tell of his matchless fame ;  
What wonders done ;  
Above, beneath, around,  
Let all the earth resound,  
Till heaven’s high arch rebound,  
“ Vict’ry is won ! ”



PRAISE TO MESSIAH.

- 3 He vanquished sin and hell,  
And our last foe will quell ;  
Mourners, rejoice ;  
His dying love adore ;  
Praise him, now raised in power ;  
Praise him for evermore  
With joyful voice.
- 4 All hail the glorious day,  
When, through the heavenly way  
Lo, he shall come,  
While they who pierced him wail !  
His promise shall not fail ;  
Saints, see your King prevail ;  
Great Saviour, come !

340. C. M.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glim'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief ;  
He saw, and — O, amazing love ! —  
He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled ;  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O, for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak !
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys ;  
Strike all your harps of gold ;

But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

### 341. S. M.

- 1 YE angels, bless the Lord,  
And praise his sacred name ;  
Diffuse his glories all abroad ;  
His gracious acts proclaim.
- 2 Praise him, ye heavenly powers,  
And make his goodness known ;  
Christ is your head, as well as ours,  
And ye surround his throne.
- 3 Praise him, ye hosts of light,  
In accents sweet and high ;  
To him you owe your power and might ;  
At his command you fly.
- 4 The lofty song begin,  
And tune your harps anew ;  
While we in sacred concert join,  
And strive to vie with you.

### 342. C. M.

- 1 O JESUS! Light of all below!  
Thou fount of life and fire!  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
All that we can desire :
- 2 O Jesus! thou the beauty art  
Of angel worlds above ;  
Thy name is music to the heart,  
Enchanting it with love.
- 3 Poor souls, that know not how to love!  
They feel not Jesus near ;

PRAISE TO MESSIAH.

And they who know not how to love  
Still less know how to fear.

- 4 The majesty of God ne'er broke  
On them like fire at night,  
Flooding their stricken souls, while they  
Lay trembling in the light.
- 5 Stay with us, Lord, and with thy light  
Illume the soul's abyss;  
Scatter the darkness of our night,  
And fill the world with bliss.

343. C. M.

- 1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust;  
Thy goodness I adore;  
And since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 When I am filled with sore distress,  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
And mention none but thine.
- 4 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The vict'ries of my King!  
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.

344. C. M.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
And joy to make it known,

- The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,  
And bow before his throne.
- 2 When in his earthly courts we view  
The glories of our King,  
We long to love as angels do,  
And wish like them to sing.
- 3 And shall we long and wish in vain ?  
Lord, teach our songs to rise :  
Thy love can raise our humble strain,  
And bid it reach the skies.
- 4 O, happy period ! glorious day !  
When heaven and earth shall raise,  
With all their powers, their raptured lay,  
To celebrate thy praise.

345. 11s.

- 1 COME, saints, let us join in the praise of the Lamb  
The theme most sublime of the angels above ;  
They dwell with delight on the sound of his name,  
And gaze on his glories with wonder and love.
- 2 Come, saints, and adore him ; come, bow at his feet ;  
Let grateful hosannas unceasing arise ;  
O, give him the glory and praise that are meet,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies !
- 3 Behold to what honors the Saviour is raised !  
He sits on the throne, and he rules over all ;  
By man once rejected, by seraphs now praised,  
While heavenly powers, him worshipping, fall.
- 4 They worship the Lamb who for sinners was slain  
But their loftiest songs never equal his love :  
The claims of his mercy will ever remain,  
Transcending the anthems in glory above.

PRAISE TO MESSIAH.

Yet even our service he will not despise,  
When we join in his worship and tell of his name  
Then let us unite in the song of the skies,  
And, trusting his mercy, sing, Worthy the Lamb.

346. 7s.

- 1 LORD, accept our feeble song ;  
Power and praise to thee belong ;  
We would all thy grace record,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
- 2 Rich in glory, thou didst stoop,  
Thence is all thy people's hope ;  
Thou wast poor, that we might be  
Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.
- 3 When we think of love like this,  
Joy and shame our hearts possess ;  
Joy, that thou couldst pity thus ;  
Shame, for such returns from us.
- 4 Yet we hope the day to see  
When we shall from sin be free ;  
When to thee in glory brought,  
We shall serve thee as we ought.

347. 7s.

- 1 SONS of God, now raise your songs ;  
Praise to Jesus Christ belongs ;  
Glory to the Saviour's name ;  
His the Victor's crown and fame.
- 2 Sore the strife, but rich the prize ;  
Precious in the Victor's eyes :  
Glorious is the work achieved —  
Satan vanquished, saints relieved

PRAISE TO MESSIAH.

- 3 Sing we then the Victor's praise,  
Wondrous in his works and ways ;  
Bid him welcome to the throne ;  
He is worthy, he alone.
- 4 Soon, the crown upon his brow,  
Every knee to him shall bow ;  
While the full creation sings  
“ Lord of lords ” and “ King of kings ! ”

348. 11s.

- 1 THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream  
The Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's pal-  
beam  
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray  
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.
- 2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head !  
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed !  
The angels astonished grew sad at the sight,  
And followed their Master with solemn delight.
- 3 O garden of Olivet ! thou dear honored spot !  
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot ;  
The theme most transporting to seraphs above ;  
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.
- 4 Come saints and adore him ; come, bow at his feet  
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet !  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

349. C. M.

- 1 NOW to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
Forever on thy head.

PRAISE TO MESSIAH.

- 2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,  
And set the prisoners free ;  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

350. P. M.

- 1 WORTHY, worthy is the Lamb,  
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,  
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,  
That was slain !  
Glory, hallelujah !  
Praise him, hallelujah !  
Glory, hallelujah to the Lamb !
- 2 Sons of morning, sing his praise  
In the noblest strains you raise ;  
Man's redemption claims your lays ;  
Praise the Lamb !  
Glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 3 Christ has come in very deed,  
Born to bruise the serpent's head ;  
Sing the woman's conqu'ring seed ;  
Praise the Lamb !  
Glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 4 See, in sad Gethsemane,  
See, on tragic Calvary,  
Sinner, see his love to thee ;  
Praise the Lamb !  
Glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 5 Ethiopia, stretch thy hands ;  
Come, ye tribes of distant lands,  
Countless as the ocean's sands,  
Praise the Lamb !  
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

- 6 Saviour, let thy kingdom come  
Now the man of sin consume ;  
Bring thy blest millennium,  
Holy Lamb !  
Glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 7 Strike the stoutest sinner through  
Force the cry, " What shall I do ? "  
Let him weep till born anew,  
Blesséd Lamb !  
Glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 8 Penitents, dry up your tears ;  
God hath heard believing prayers ;  
He forgives you when he hears  
His dear Lamb.  
Glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 9 Thus may we each moment feel,  
Love him, serve him, praise him still,  
Till we all on Zion's hill  
See the Lamb.  
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

### 351. L. M.

- 1 COME, tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,  
Your dying, risen Lord to sing ;  
And echo to the heavenly plains  
The triumphs of your Saviour King.
- 2 In songs of grateful rapture tell  
How he subdued your potent foes ;  
Subdued the powers of death and hell,  
And, dying, finished all your woes.
- 3 Then to his glorious throne on high  
Returned, while hymning angels round,  
Through the bright arches of the sky,  
The Lord, the conq'ring Lord, resound



- 4 Almighty love ! victorious power !  
 Not angel tongues can e'er display  
 The wonders of that dreadful hour,  
 The joys of that illustrious day.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace  
 Fill every heart and every tongue ;  
 Till the full glories of thy face  
 Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

### 352. H. M.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names  
 Of wisdom, love, and power,  
 That ever mortals knew,  
 Or angels ever bore :  
 All are too mean to speak his worth,  
 Too mean to set the Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of our God,  
 Our tongues shall bless thy name :  
 By thee the joyful news  
 Of our salvation came ;  
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven
- 3 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
 Has shed his blood and died ;  
 The guilty conscience needs  
 No sacrifice beside :  
 His precious blood did once atone,  
 And now it pleads before the throne.
- 4 O thou almighty Lord,  
 Our Conqueror and King !  
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
 Thy reigning grace, we sing :  
 Thine is the power ; behold we sit  
 In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

# 353. P. M.

- 1 HEAR and help me, O my Father!  
Dark'ning shadows o'er me fall:  
Ills of life, as tempests gather,  
And my sorrowing heart appall.  
Throw thine arms of love around me,  
Draw me closer to thy breast;  
While malicious foes surround me,  
Let me on thy bosom rest.
- 2 Hear and help me, O my Saviour!  
Thou who didst for sinners die:  
Look in pity — show me favor  
While before the throne I lie.  
Is thy heart not always yearning  
O'er the purchase of thy blood?  
Let me then be ever learning  
Calmly to rely on God.
- 3 Hear and help me, Holy Spirit!  
Thou alone canst make me clean:  
Nothing good from thee I merit —  
Let free grace in me be seen;  
Then if God the Father own me,  
God the Son my Saviour prove,  
God the Spirit shall enthrone me  
In the realms of light above.

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## XIII. HOLY SPIRIT.

# 354. C. M.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
With us to ever dwell.

- 2 He came in tongues of living flame  
To teach, convince, subdue;  
All-powerful as the wind he came,  
And yet as viewless too.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart;  
A gracious, willing guest,  
While he can find one humble heart  
In which to make his rest.
- 4 And every virtue we possess,  
And every vict'ry won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are his, and his alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace!  
Our weakness pitying see;  
O, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,  
All purified by thee!

355. S. M

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!  
Let thy bright beams arise;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin;  
Lead us to thine abode,  
And to our wond'ring view reveal  
Thy mercies, O our God!
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,

## HOLY SPIRIT

To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.

- 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts !  
Our minds from bondage free ;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
And rise at length to thee.

### 356. 7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit ! Love divine !  
Let thy light within me shine ;  
All my guilty fears remove ;  
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Life and peace to me impart ;  
Seal salvation on my heart ;  
Dwell thyself within my breast,  
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 3 Let me never from thee stray ;  
Keep me in the narrow way ;  
Fill my soul with joy divine ;  
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

### 357. C. M.

- 1 LO ! when the Spirit of our God  
Came down his flock to find,  
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,  
A rushing, mighty wind.
- 2 It fills the church of God ; it fills  
The sinful world around :  
Only in stubborn hearts and wills  
No place for it is found.
- 3 To other strains our souls are set ;  
A giddy whirl of sin

## HOLY SPIRIT.

Fills ear and heart, and will not let  
Heaven's harmonies come in.

- 4 Come, Lord, come wisdom, love, and power.  
Open our ears to hear!  
Let us not miss th' accepted hour,  
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

## 358. C. M.

- 1 WE ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,  
Or tongues of various tone;  
But long thy praises to proclaim  
With fervor, in our own.
- 2 We neither have nor seek the power  
Ill demons to control;  
But thou in dark temptation's hour  
Shalt chase them from the soul.
- 3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,  
No mystic dreams we share;  
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,  
And bless thee in our prayer.
- 4 When tongues shall cease, and powers decay,  
And knowledge empty prove,  
Do thou thy trembling servants stay  
With faith, and hope, and love.

## 359. L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess  
And sing the wonders of thy grace;  
Thy power conveys our blessings down  
From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day:

Thine inward teachings make us know  
Our danger and our refuge too.

- 3 Thy power and glory work within,  
And break the chains of reigning sin ;  
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,  
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice ;  
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;  
Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And calm the surges of the mind.

### 360. C. M.

- 1 LET songs of praises fill the sky !  
Christ, our ascended Lord,  
Sends down his Spirit from on high,  
According to his word.
- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,  
New life creates within ;  
He quickens sinners from the death  
Of trespasses and sin.
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,  
And to our heart reveals ;  
Our bodies he his temple makes,  
And our redemption seals.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,  
With thy celestial fire ;  
Come, and with flames of zeal and love  
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

### 361. H. M.

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer,  
Attend our humble cry ;

And let thy servants share  
 Thy blessing from on high :  
 We plead the promise of thy word ,  
 Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

- 2 If earthly parents hear  
 Their children when they cry ;  
 If they, with love sincere,  
 Their varied wants supply ;  
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,  
 And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father, thou ;  
 We, children of thy grace ;  
 O let thy Spirit now  
 Descend and fill the place !  
 So shall we feel the heavenly flame,  
 And all unite to praise thy name.

### 362. C. M.

- 1 WHY should the children of a king  
 Go mourning all their days ?  
 Great Comforter, descend, and bring  
 Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,  
 And seal them heirs of heaven ?  
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
 And show my sins forgiven ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
 In my Redeemer's blood,  
 And bear thy witness with my heart  
 That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
 The pledge of joys to come ;  
 And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
 Will safely bear me home.

363. C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer ;  
Now make this place thy home ;  
Descend with all thy gracious power ;  
O come, great Spirit, come !
- 2 Come as the light ; to us reveal  
Our sinfulness and woe,  
And lead us in the paths of life,  
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts  
Like sacrificial flame ;  
Let every soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's name.

364. 7s.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, with light divine  
Shine upon this heart of mine ·  
Chase the shades of night away ,  
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine  
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine ;  
Long hath sin, without control,  
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine  
Cheer this saddened heart of mine ;  
Bid my many woes depart ;  
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
Dwell within this heart of mine ;



Cast down every idol throne ;  
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

365. 7s.

- 1 COME, divine and peaceful guest,  
Enter each devoted breast :  
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,  
Kindle there the gospel fire.
- 2 Bid our sin and sorrow cease ;  
Fill us with thy heavenly peace ;  
Joy divine we then shall prove,  
Light of truth, and fire of love.

366. C. M.

- 1 GREAT Spirit, by whose mighty power  
All creatures live and move,  
On us thy benediction shower ;  
Inspire our souls with love.
- 2 Hail, Source of light ! arise and shine ,  
All gloom and doubt dispel :  
Give peace and joy, for we are thine ;  
In us forever dwell.
- 3 From death to life our spirits raise,  
And full redemption bring ;  
New tongues impart to speak the praise  
Of Christ, our God and King.
- 4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown  
To all the world beside ;  
With joy we then shall feel and own  
Our Saviour glorified.

# 367. C. M.

- 1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load !  
The heart, unchanged, can never rise  
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,  
The stubborn will subdue ?  
'T is thine, eternal Spirit, thine,  
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'T is thine, the passions to recall,  
And upward bid them rise ;  
To make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darkened eyes.
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live ;  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'T is thine alone to give.
- 5 O, change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine !  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be thine.

# 368. L. M.

- 1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,  
And fill the coldest heart with love ;  
O, turn to flesh the flinty stone,  
And let thy sovereign power be known.
- 2 O, let a holy flock await,  
In crowds, around thy temple gate ;  
Each pressing on with zeal to be  
A living sacrifice to thee !

369. S. M.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, come,  
With energy divine,  
And on this poor, benighted soul  
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 O, melt this frozen heart ;  
This stubborn will subdue ;  
These evil passions overcome,  
And form my soul anew.
- 3 Mine will the blessing be ;  
But thine be all the praise ;  
And unto thee will I devote  
The remnant of my days.

370. C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,  
Our contrite hearts inspire ;  
Revive the flame of heavenly love,  
And feed the pure desire.
- 2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,  
With guilt and fear oppressed ;  
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,  
And give the weary rest.
- 3 Subdue the power of every sin,  
Whate'er that sin may be,  
That we, with humble, holy heart,  
May worship only thee.
- 4 Then with our spirits witness bear  
That we are sons of God ;  
Redeemed from sin, from death, and hell,  
Through Christ's atoning blood.

**371.** L. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly guest,  
And make thy mansion in my breast ;  
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,  
And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Come, make thy constant dwelling here  
Fill me with hope, dispel my fear ;  
Still let thy presence cheer my heart,  
Nor sin compel thee to depart.
- 3 Thou God of love and peace divine  
O make thy light within me shine !  
Forgive my sins, my guilt remove,  
And send the tokens of thy love.

**372.** S. M.

- 1 THOU, Holy Spirit, art  
Of truth the promised seal ;  
Convincing power thou dost impart  
And Jesus' grace reveal.
- 2 O, breathe thy quick'ning breath,  
And light and life afford ;  
Instruct us how to live by faith,  
And glorify the Lord.

**373.** 8s & 7s.

- 1 HOLY Spirit ! Fount of blessing,  
Ever watchful, ever kind ;  
Thy celestial aid possessing,  
Prisoned souls deliv'rance find,  
Seal of truth, and bond of union,  
Source of light, and flame of love,  
Symbol of divine communion,  
In the olive-bearing dove ;

- 2 Heavenly guide from paths of error,  
 Comforter of minds distressed ;  
 When the billows fill with terror,  
 Pointing to an ark of rest ;  
 Promised pledge ! eternal Spirit !  
 Greater than all gifts below, —  
 May our hearts thy grace inherit ;  
 May our lips thy glories show.

374. L. M.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With light and comfort from above ;  
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide ;  
 O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 To us the light of truth display,  
 And make us know and choose thy way !  
 Plant holy fear in every heart,  
 That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness — the road  
 Which we must take to dwell with God ;  
 Lead us to Christ — the living way ;  
 Nor let us from his pastures stray.

375. 7s & 6s. [Peculiar.]

- 1 SAVIOUR, I thy word believe ;  
 My unbelief remove ;  
 Now thy quick'ning Spirit give  
 The unction from above.  
 Show me, Lord, how good thou art ;  
 Now thy gracious word fulfil ;  
 Send the witness to my heart ;  
 The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Blesséd Comforter, come down,  
And live and move in me ;  
Make my every deed thine own,  
In all things led by thee ;  
Bid my sin and fear depart,  
And within, O, deign to dwell  
Faithful witness, in my heart  
Thy perfect light reveal.

3 Whom the world cannot receive,  
O Lord, reveal in me ;  
Son of God, I cease to live,  
Unless I live to thee.  
Make me choose the better part ;  
O, do thou my pardon seal ;  
Send the witness to my heart ;  
The Holy Ghost reveal.

376. C. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below.  
Fond of these earthly toys ;  
Our souls, how heavily they go  
To reach eternal joys !

3 In vain we tune our formal songs ;  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate ;  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great ?

- 8 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning powers;  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

XIV. REGENERATION.

377. S. M.

- 1 THE thing my God doth hate,  
 That I no more may do :  
 Thy creature, Lord, again create,  
 And all my soul renew ;  
 My soul shall then, like thine,  
 Abhor the thing unclean,  
 And, sanctified by love divine,  
 Be purified from sin.
- 2 That blessed law of thine,  
 Jesus, to me impart,  
 The Spirit's law of life divine,  
 O write it on my heart !  
 Implant it deep within,  
 Whence it may ne'er remove —  
 The law of liberty from sin,  
 The perfect law of love.
- 3 Thy nature be my law,  
 Thy spotless sanctity ;  
 And sweetly every moment draw  
 My happy soul to thee :  
 Soul of my soul, remain ;  
 Who didst for all fulfil,  
 In me, O Lord, fulfil again  
 Thy heavenly Father's will !

# 378. L. M.

- 1 O LOVE divine! the Saviour shed  
His life-blood on the curséd tree;  
Bowed on the cross his blesséd head,  
And died, to make his brethren free.
- 2 Through suffering there beneath his feet,  
He trod the fierce avenger down :  
There power itself and weakness meet,  
Emblem of each, yon thorny crown.
- 3 Fruit of the curse, the tangled thorn  
Showed that he bore its deadly sting ;  
The crown, 'mid Israel's cruel scorn,  
Marked him as earth's anointed King.
- 4 O blesséd hour ! when all the earth  
Its rightful Heir shall yet receive ;  
When every tongue shall own his worth,  
And all creation cease to grieve.
- 5 Thou, dearest Saviour ! thou alone  
Canst give thy weary people rest ;  
And, Lord, when thou art on thy throne,  
The earth renewed will then be blest.

# 379. S. M.

- 1 HOW glorious is the hour  
When first our souls awake,  
And through thy Spirit's quick'ning power  
Of the new life partake !
- 2 With richer beauty glows  
The world, before so fair :  
Her holy light religion throws,  
Reflected everywhere.



GRACE DIVINE.

- 3 Amid repentant tears  
We feel sweet peace within ;  
We know the God of mercy hears,  
And pardons every sin.
- 4 Born of thy spirit, Lord,  
Thy spirit may we share ;  
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,  
And place thine image there.

XV. GRACE DIVINE.

380. 12s.

- 1 THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain ;  
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain ;  
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,  
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our  
pardon ;  
We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan
- 2 Now glory to God in the highest is given ;  
Now glory to God is reëchoed in heaven ;  
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,  
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 3 O Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious ;  
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou 'lt make us victorious  
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation  
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 4 As on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,  
With our harps in our hands, we 'll praise evermore  
We 'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,  
And sing of redemption forever and ever.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

381. S. M.

- 1 GRACE ! 't is a charming sound ;  
Harmonious to the ear ;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man ;  
And all the steps that grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road ;  
And new supplies each hour I meet  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days ;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves our praise.

382. C. M.

- 1 HOW happy is the Christian's state !  
His sins are all forgiven ;  
A cheering ray confirms the grace,  
And lifts his hopes to heaven.
- 2 Though, in the rugged path of life,  
He heaves the pensive sigh,  
Yet, trusting in the Lord, he finds  
Supporting grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,  
He feels the chast'ning rod,  
The gentle stroke shall bring him back  
To his forgiving God.

383. C. M.

- 1 AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound .  
That saved a wretch like me ;  
I once was lost, but now am found ;  
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear  
And grace my fears relieved ;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come ;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me ;  
His word my hope secures ;  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine ;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

384. C. M.

- 1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,  
How great our guilt has been !  
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
And all our lives were sin.

GRACE DIVINE.

- 2 But, O my soul, forever praise,  
Forever love his name,  
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,  
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'T is not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done ;  
But we are saved by sovereign grace,  
Abounding through his Son.
- 4 'T is through the purchase of his death,  
Who hung upon the tree ;  
The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
On such dry bones as we.
- 5 Raised from the dead, we live anew ;  
And, justified by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too,  
And see our Father's face.

385. P. M.

- 1 LET the world their virtue boast,  
Their works of righteousness !  
I, a wretch undone and lost,  
Am freely saved by grace.  
Other title I disclaim ;  
This, only this, is all my plea :  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

386. L. M.

- 1 WHAT means this conflict in my heart,  
In which both grace and sin take part ?  
Both seem resolved in me to reign,  
And both a daily war maintain.
- 2 Grace bids me seek the Lord by prayer ;  
Sin almost drives me to despair ;

Grace bids me rise by heavenly birth,  
Sin drags me downward to the earth.

- 3 Grace makes me love the saints of God,  
His house, his service, and his word;  
But sin in every place has tried  
To turn my wand'ring heart aside.
- 4 Grace gives me views of heavenly joys;  
But sin my happiness annoys;  
Though sin, O Lord, would hold me fast,  
Thy grace shall conquer sin at last.

### 387. C. M.

- 1 THE gospel comes with welcome news  
To sinners lost like me;  
Their various schemes while others choose  
Saviour, I come to thee.
- 2 Of merit now I cannot speak,  
For merit I have none;  
I'm justified for Jesus' sake,  
I'm saved by grace alone.
- 3 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won;  
'T is grace that holds me fast;  
Grace will complete the work begun  
And save me to the last.
- 4 Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
What God hath done for me,  
And celebrate redeeming grace  
Throughout eternity.

### 388. C. M.

- 1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!  
'T is pleasure to our ears;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

GRACE DIVINE.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At death's dark door we lay ;  
But we arise by grace divine  
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

389. C. M.

- 1 THE gospel ! O, what endless charms  
Dwell in that blissful sound !  
Its influence every fear disarms,  
And spreads delight around.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,  
In rich effusion flow,  
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,  
And doomed to future woe.
- 3 How rich the depths of love divine !  
Of bliss a boundless store !  
Redeemer, let me call thee mine ;  
Thy fulness I implore.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies ;  
Beneath thy cross I fall :  
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my all !

390. C. M.

- 1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
And did my Sovereign die ?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God the mighty Maker died  
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve mine heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes in tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.

### 391. L. M.

- 1 NOW to the power of God supreme  
Be everlasting honors given;  
He saves from hell — we bless his name —  
He calls our wand'ring feet to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,  
But of his own abounding grace,  
He works salvation in our hearts,  
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'T was his own purpose that begun  
To rescue rebels doomed to die;  
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,  
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,  
And makes his Father's counsels known,  
Declares the great transactions past,  
And brings immortal blessings down.

## 392. S. M.

- 1 GOD'S holy law, transgressed,  
Speaks nothing but despair ;  
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed  
We find no comfort there
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,  
Nor works which we have done,  
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,  
Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found  
In Jesus' precious blood ;  
'T is this that heals the mortal wound,  
And reconciles to God.
- 4 High lifted on the cross,  
The spotless Victim dies :  
This is salvation's only source ;  
Hence all our hopes arise.

## 393. L. M.

- 1 HO ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh —  
'T is God invites the fallen race —  
Mercy and free salvation buy ;  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace
- 2 Come to the living waters, come !  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;  
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,  
And find his grace is free for all.
- 3 See from the Rock a fountain rise ;  
For you in healing streams it rolls ;  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye lab'ring, burdened, sin-sick souls.



- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;  
Leave all you have, and are, behind :  
Frankly the gift of God receive ;  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

394. L. M.

- 1 NATURE with open volume stands,  
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;  
And every labor of his hands  
Shows something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescued man  
His brightest form of glory shines ;  
Here, on the cross, 't is fairest drawn,  
In precious blood and crimson lines.
- 3 O, the sweet wonders of that cross,  
Where Christ, the Saviour, loved and died  
Her noblest life my spirit draws  
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

395. C. M.

- 1 MY grateful soul, forever praise,  
Forever love his name,  
Who turned thee from the fatal paths  
Of folly, sin and shame.
- 2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust  
Which in our works we place ;  
Salvation from a higher source  
Flows to our fallen race.
- 3 'T is from the love of God through Christ  
That all our hopes begin ;  
His mercy saved our souls from death,  
And washed us from our sin.

- 4 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,  
His sacred fire imparts,  
Removes our dross, and love divine  
Enkindles in our hearts.
- 5 Thus raised from death, we live anew ;  
And, justified by grace,  
We hope in glory to appear,  
And see our Father's face.

### 396. S. M.

- 1 LIKE sheep we went astray,  
And broke the fold of God,  
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,  
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour  
When God our wand'rings laid,  
And did at once his vengeance pour  
Upon the Shepherd's head !
- 3 How glorious was the grace,  
When Christ sustained the stroke !  
His life and blood the Shepherd pay'd  
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 But God shall raise his head  
O'er all the sons of men,  
And let him see a num'rous seed,  
To recompense his pain.

### 397. S. M.

- 1 TO God, the only wise,  
Our Saviour, and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.

INVITATION, EXPOSTULATION AND WARNING.

- 2 'T is his almighty love,  
His counsel, and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And every hurtful snare.
  - 3 He will present our souls,  
Unblemished and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.
  - 4 Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne ;  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.
- 

XVI. INVITATION, EXPOSTULATION  
AND WARNING.

398. C. M.

- 1 REPENT ! the voice celestial cries ;  
No longer dare delay :  
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,  
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God  
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;  
His heralds now are sent abroad  
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 O sinners, in his presence bow,  
And all your guilt confess :  
Accept the offered Saviour now,  
Nor trifle with his grace !
- 4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,  
And call you to his bar ,

His mercy knows th' appointed bound,  
And yields to justice there.

- 5 Amazing love, that yet will call,  
And yet prolong our days !  
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,  
And weep, and love, and praise.

399. 6s & 4s.

1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls !  
Ye wand'ers, come !  
O ye benighted souls,  
Why longer roam ?

2 To-day the Saviour calls !  
O, hear him now !  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls !  
For refuge fly ;  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day !  
Yield to his power ;  
O grieve him not away !  
'T is mercy's hour !

400. 7s.

1 BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,  
Jesus Christ can make you clean ;  
Contrite souls, with guilt opprest,  
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn o'er follies past,  
Precious hours and years laid waste,

Turn to God, O turn and live !  
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

- 3 Souls benighted and forlorn,  
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,  
Now in Israel's Rock confide :  
Jesus Christ for man has died.
- 4 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,  
Yield not to the tempter's power ;  
On the risen Lord rely :  
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

### 401. L. M.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word,  
Haste to the supper of your Lord ;  
Be wise to know your gracious day ;  
All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own  
And welcome his returning son ;  
Ready the gracious Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit from above  
To fill the broken heart with love ;  
T' apply and witness Jesus' blood,  
And wash and seal you sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest estate ;  
Tuning their harps, by which they praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

### 402. 8s & 7s

- 1 TELL me, wand'rer, wildly roving  
From the path that leads to peace,  
Pleasure's false enchantment loving,  
When will thy delusion cease ?

- 2 Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,  
I could kneel at pleasure's shrine ;  
Then my brightest hopes were bounded  
By delights as false as thine.
- 3 But those visions scarce had blest me  
When that fleeting day was o'er ;  
Then the world, that had caressed me,  
Charmed me with its smiles no more.
- 4 Such is pleasure's transient story ;  
Lasting happiness is known  
Only in the path to glory,  
In the Saviour's love alone.

403. 7s.

- 1 SINNER, art thou still secure ?  
Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?  
Can thy heart or hand endure  
In the Lord's avenging day ?
- 2 See, his mighty arm is bared ;  
Awful terrors clothe his brow !  
For his judgment stand prepared ;  
Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 Who his advent may abide ?  
You, who glory in your shame,  
Will you find a place to hide  
When the world is wrapped in flame ?

404. C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour calls ! let every ear  
Attend the heavenly sound ;  
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear ;  
Hope smiles reviving round.

INVITATION, EXPOSTULATION AND WARNING.

- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,  
Here streams of bounty flow,  
And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come ; 't is mercy's voice ;  
That gracious voice obey ;  
'T is Jesus calls to heavenly joys ;  
And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;  
To thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
And drink, and never die.

405. H. M.

- 1 YE dying sons of men,  
Immersed in sin and woe,  
The gospel calls again ;  
Its message is to you ;  
Ye perishing and guilty, come ;  
In mercy's arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,  
Nor vain excuses frame ;  
Christ bids you come to-day,  
The poor, and blind, and lame :  
All things are ready, sinners, come ;  
In mercy's arms there yet is room
- 3 Compelled by bleeding love,  
Ye wand'ring souls, draw near ;  
He calls you from above ;  
His melting accents hear :  
O, whosoever will, may come !  
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

406. L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,  
The Saviour offers heavenly rest ;  
The kind, the gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,  
O, come and spread your woes abroad !  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes ;  
Pardon, and life, and endless peace —  
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,  
The hopes thy gracious words impart ;  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,  
And sweetly influence every breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

407. 11s.

- 1 DELAY not, delay not ; O sinner, draw near ,  
The waters of life are now flowing for thee ;  
No price is demanded ; the Saviour is here ;  
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not ; why longer abuse  
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God ?  
A fountain is opened ; how canst thou refuse  
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood ?



- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come !  
 For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day ;  
 Her voice is not heard in the shades of the tomb ;  
 Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not ; the hour is at hand ;  
 The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall  
 fade ;  
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall  
 stand ;  
 What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid ?

408. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 HEAR, O sinner ! Mercy hails you ;  
 Now with sweetest voice she calls ;  
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,  
 Ere the hand of justice falls ;  
 Trust in Jesus ;  
 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

- 2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour !  
 Seek his mercy while you may ;  
 Soon the day of grace is over ;  
 Soon your life will pass away ;  
 Haste to Jesus ;  
 You must perish if you stay.

409. 7s. 6l.

- 1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent !  
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;  
 See his body mangled, rent,  
 Stained and covered with his blood.  
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?  
 Crucified th' eternal Son.

- 2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed ;  
 Driven the nails that fixed him there ;  
 Crowned with thorns his sacred head ;  
 Plunged into his side the spear ;  
 Made his soul a sacrifice,  
 While for sinful man he dies.
- 3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain ?  
 Still to death thy Lord pursue ?  
 Open all his wounds again,  
 And the shameful cross renew ?  
 No ; with all my sins I'll part ;  
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

410. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched ;  
 This is your accepted hour ;  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity, love, and power ;  
 He is able,  
 He is willing ; doubt no more !
- 2 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Lost and ruined by the fall ;  
 If you tarry till you 're better,  
 You will never come at all :  
 Not the righteous —  
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
 All the fitness he requireth  
 Is to feel your need of him ;  
 This he gives you ;  
 'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

- 4 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies !  
 On the bloody tree behold him !  
 Hear him cry, before he dies,  
 " It is finished ! "  
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 5 Lo, the Son of God ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of his blood !  
 Venture on him, venture wholly ;  
 Let no other trust intrude :  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

411. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,  
 Sent in mercy from above ?  
 Every sentence, O, how tender !  
 Every line is full of love ;  
 Listen to it ;  
 Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel  
 News from Zion's King proclaim ;  
 Pardon to each rebel sinner ;  
 Free forgiveness in his name :  
 How important !  
 Free forgiveness in his name.
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor ;  
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,  
 And with news of consolation  
 Chase away the falling tears ;  
 Tender heralds !  
 Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 Who hath our report believ'd ?  
 Who received the joyful word ?

Who embraced the news of pardon  
Offered to you by the Lord?  
Can you slight it?  
Offered to you by the Lord.

412. P. M.

- 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,  
Sinners ruined by the fall;  
Here a pure and healing fountain  
Flows for every thirsty soul,  
In a full perpetual tide,  
Opened when the Saviour died.
- 2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,  
Wounded, impotent, and blind,  
Here the guilty, free remission,  
Here the lost, a refuge find.  
Health this fountain will restore;  
He that drinks need thirst no more.
- 3 Come, ye dying, live forever;  
'T is a soul-reviving flood;  
God is faithful, he will never  
Break his cov'nant sealed in blood;  
Signed when our Redeemer died;  
By the Spirit ratified.

413. L. M.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul! whose plaintive moan  
Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe;  
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,  
And let thy tears forget to flow;  
Behold, the precious balm is found,  
Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,  
Unburden here the weighty load;

Here find thy refuge and thy rest,  
 And trust the mercy of thy God :  
 Thy God 's thy Father, — glorious word !  
 Forever love and praise the Lord.

414. C. M.

- 1 YE trembling souls, confession make  
     Of all your sins to God ;  
 There 's pardon for the Saviour's sake,  
     And cleansing in his blood.
- 2 E'en justice smiles on penitence,  
     And lays its anger by ;  
 It looks on Christ, his sure defence,  
     Nor lets the sinner die.
- 3 The Lord, in justice to his Son,  
     Will keep the oaths he sware ;  
 Will pardon for his sake alone,  
     Will hear the Saviour's prayer.

415. 7s.

- 1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep ;  
 Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;  
 Raise thy spirit, dark and dead ;  
 Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Leave thy folly ; cease from crime ;  
 From this hour redeem thy time ;  
 Life secure without delay ;  
 Evil is thy mortal day.
- 3 O, then, rouse thee from thy sleep !  
 Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;  
 Jesus calls from death and night ;  
 Jesus waits to shed his light

## 416. S. M.

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,  
Is whispering, Sinner, come !  
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaim  
To all his children, Come !
- 2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, Come !  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O, let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life !  
'T is Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, I quickly come !  
Lord, even so ; I wait thy hour :  
Jesus, my Saviour, come !

## 417. C. M.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast !  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store  
For every humble guest.
- 2 Here Jesus stands with open arms ;  
He calls, he bids you come ;  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;  
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;  
There love and pity meet ;  
Nor will he bid the soul depart  
That trembles at his feet.

## 418. 7s.

- 1 SINNERS, seek the narrow gate ;  
Enter ere it be too late ;  
Many ask to enter there  
When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,  
And forever bar the skies :  
Then, though sinners cry without,  
He will say, " I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim ;  
" Lord, we have professed thy name ;  
We have ate with thee, and heard  
Heavenly teaching in thy word."
- 4 Vain, alas, will be their plea,  
Workers of iniquity ;  
Sad their everlasting lot ;  
Christ will say, " I know you not."

## 419. L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour at thy door !  
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;  
Has waited long, is waiting still ;  
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O lovely attitude ! he stands  
With melting heart, and outstretched hands .  
O matchless kindness ! and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 3 Admit him, for the human breast  
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;  
Admit him, or the hour 's at hand  
When at his door denied you 'll stand

- 4 Open my heart, Lord, enter in ;  
 Slay every foe, and conquer sin ;  
 I now to thee my all resign ;  
 My body, soul, and all are thine.

420. 11s & 5s.

- 1 **AH!** guilty sinner, ruined by transgression,  
 What shall thy doom be, when, arrayed in terror  
 God shall command thee, covered with pollution.  
 Up to the judgment ?
- 2 Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear  
 him ;  
 Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted ;  
 Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded  
 Waits to embrace you.
- 3 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment  
 Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted ;  
 Come to the fountain open for uncleanness :  
 Jesus invites you.
- 4 But if you trifle with his gracious message,  
 Cleave to the world, and love its guilty pleasures  
 Mercy, grown weary, will, in righteous judgment  
 Quit you forever.
- 5 Then you shall call, but he will not regard you ;  
 Seek for his favor, yet will never find it ;  
 Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence  
 Deep in their caverns.
- 6 O, guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning !  
 Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon ,  
 So shall you meet him, and with joy triumphant  
 Coming to judgment.



421. S. M.

- 1 NOW is th' accepted time ;  
Now is the day of grace ;  
Now, sinners, come, without delay,  
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,  
The Saviour calls to-day ;  
To-morrow it may be too late ;  
Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time ;  
The gospel bids you come ;  
And every promise in his word  
Declares there yet is room.

422. 7s.

- 1 SINNERS, turn ; why will ye die ?  
God, your Maker, asks you why ;  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?  
Christ, your Saviour, asks you why ;  
Will ye not in him believe ?  
He has died that ye might live.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain ?  
Crucify your Lord again ?  
Why, ye guilty sinners, why  
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?
- 4 Will ye not his grace receive ?  
Will ye still refuse to live ?  
O, ye dying sinners, why —  
Why will ye forever die ?

## 423. S. M.

- 1 DARK brood the heavens o'er thee !  
Black clouds are gath'ring fast !  
In awful power thy God has come ;  
Thy days of mirth are past.
- 2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee !  
Red flames are bursting round ;  
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar  
How shakes the trembling ground !
- 3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee !  
Behold, the Judge appears !  
Unnumbered millions throng around,  
Raised from the dust of years.
- 4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee !  
Sinner, behold thy doom !  
Destruction opens wide for thee  
Thy chosen, final home.
- 5 Yet stay — the vision waits ;  
Why, sinner, wilt thou die ?  
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy calls ;  
This hour to Jesus fly.

## 424. 8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 " COME ! " 't is Jesus' invitation,  
Now to mourning souls addressed :  
Why, O why such hesitation ?  
Mourners, he will give you rest.
- 2 Do ye fear your own unfitness,  
Burdened as ye are with sin ?  
'T is the Holy Spirit's witness ;  
Christ invites you, — enter in.

- 3 Stay not, pond'ring on your sorrow ;  
Turn from your own self away ;  
Dare not linger till to-morrow ;  
Come to Christ without delay.
- 4 Jesus, with thy word complying,  
Firm our faith and hope shall be ;  
On thy faithfulness relying,  
We will cast our souls on thee.

425. 7s.

- 1 HASTE, O sinner ! now be wise ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Wisdom if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Haste, and mercy now implore ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Lest thy season should be o'er  
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Haste, O sinner ! now return ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Haste, O, sinner ! now be blest ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Lest perdition thee arrest  
Ere the morrow is begun.

426. L. M.

- 1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within  
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,  
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,  
And yield thy heart to God's control !

- 2 Hath something met thee in the path  
Of worldliness and vanity,  
And pointed to the coming wrath,  
And warned thee from that wrath to flee ?
- 3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice ;  
It was the Spirit's gracious call ;  
It bade thee make the better choice,  
And haste to seek in Christ thine all
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light ;  
Regard in time the warning kind ;  
That call thou may'st not always slight,  
And yet the gate of mercy find.

427. 7s.

- 1 COME, ye weary souls, oppress'd,  
Find in Christ the promised rest ;  
On him all your burdens roll ;  
He can wound, and he make whole
- 2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,  
Come and wash in Jesus' blood ;  
To the Son of David cry ;  
In his word he 's passing by.
- 3 Naked, guilty, poor and blind,  
All your wants in Jesus find :  
This the day of mercy is,  
Now accept the proffered bliss.

428. C. M.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice ;  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.

- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind : —
- 3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die,  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
From springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join ;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day :  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

429. 7s.

- 1 WHEN the world has passed away,  
When draws near the judgment-day,  
When the awful trump shall sound,  
Sinner, where wilt thou be found ?
- 2 When the Judge descends in light,  
Clothed in majesty and might,  
When the wicked quail with fear,  
Where, O, where wilt thou appear ?
- 3 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,  
When the saints and thou must part ?

When the good with joy are crowned,  
Sinner, where wilt thou be found ?

- 4 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,  
Quickly to the Saviour fly ;  
Then shall peace thy Spirit cheer ;  
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

430. S. M.

- 1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight  
The call of love divine ?  
Shall God with tenderness invite,  
And gain no thought of thine ?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve  
The Spirit from thy breast,  
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave  
With all thy sins opprest ?
- 3 To-day, a pard'ning God  
Will hear the suppliant pray ,  
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood  
Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But grace, so dearly bought,  
If yet thou wilt despise,  
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught  
Will fill thee with surprise.

431. 12s & 11s.

- 1 HARK, sinner, while God from on high doth en-  
treat thee,  
And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend  
Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee  
“ The harvest is passing, the summer will end.’
- 2 How oft of thy danger and guilt he hath told thee  
How oft still the message of mercy doth send !

Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to enfold thee ;

“ The harvest is passing, the summer will end.”

3 Despiséd, rejected, at length he may leave thee :

What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend !

Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee ;

“ The harvest is passing, the summer will end.”

4 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in his power ;

Our God will arise with his foes to contend :

Haste, haste thee, O sinner ; prepare for that hour ;

“ The harvest is passing, the summer will end.”

5 The Saviour will call thee in judgment before him :

O, bow to his sceptre, and make him thy Friend !

Now yield him thy heart, and make haste to adore him ;

“ Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end.”

## 432. P. M.

1 'T IS the last call of mercy

That lingers for thee ;

O, sinner, receive it !

To Jesus now flee.

He often has called thee,

But thou hast refused .

His offered salvation

And love is abused

2 If thou slightest this warning.

Now offered at last,

Thine will be the sad mourning :

“ The harvest is past,

Salvation I 've slighted,

The summer is o'er,

And now there is pardon,

Sweet pardon, no more.”

3 'T is the last call of mercy ;  
 O, turn not away !  
 For now swiftly hasteth  
 The dread vengeance day !  
 The Spirit invites you,  
 And pleads with you, **come !**  
 O, come to Life's waters,  
 Nor thirstingly roam !

4 'T is the last call of mercy ;  
 O, steel not thy heart !  
 For now she is rising,  
 From earth to depart.  
 The Bride is now calling,  
 " Ye thirsty souls, come ! "  
 O, come with the ransomed ;  
 In heaven there 's room !

5 'T is the last call of mercy  
 That lingers for thee ;  
 Break away from thy bondage  
 O, sinner, be free !  
 Be not a sad mourner —  
 " The harvest is past,  
 The summer is ended " —  
 And perish at last !

### 433. S. M.

1 MY son, know thou the Lord ;  
 Thy fathers' God obey ;  
 Seek his protecting care by night,  
 His guardian hand by day.

2 Call while he may be found ;  
 O, seek him while he 's near ;  
 Serve him with all thy heart and mind  
 And worship him with fear.



3 If thou wilt seek his face,  
His ear will hear thy cry ;  
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,  
His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,  
Nor choose the path to heaven,  
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,  
And never be forgiven.

434. 11s.

- 1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,  
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh ;  
Since Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,  
And angels are waiting to welcome you home ?
- 2 How vain the delusion, that, while you delay,  
Your hearts may grow better by staying away !  
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be  
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive ;  
O, how can you question, if you will believe !  
If sin is your burden, why will you not come ?  
'Tis you he bids welcome ; he bids you come home
- 4 Why will you be starving and feeding on air ?  
There 's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare ;  
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,  
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

435. C. M

- 1 O, WHAT amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found,  
Suited to every sinner's case,  
Who knows the joyful sound !

- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,  
Are freely welcome here ;  
Salvation, like a river, rolls,  
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds  
Your every burden bring ;  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
A deep, celestial spring.
- 4 Whoever will, O gracious word !  
Shall of this stream partake :  
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,  
And drink for Jesus' sake.
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
Have here found life and peace ;  
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,  
And drink, adore, and bless.

## 436. C. M.

- 1 QUENCH not the Spirit of the Lord,  
The Holy One from heaven ;  
The Comforter, beloved, adored,  
To man in mercy given.
- 2 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord ;  
He will not always strive ;  
O, tremble at that awful word !  
Sinner, awake and live.
- 3 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord ;  
It is thy only hope ;  
O, let his aid be now implored !  
Let prayer be lifted up.

XVII. PENITENTIAL.

437. 7s.

- 1 FATHER, at thy call I come ;  
In thy bosom there is room  
For a guilty soul to hide,  
Pressed with grief on every side.
- 2 Here I 'll make my piteous moan ;  
Thou canst understand a groan ;  
Here my sins and sorrows tell ;  
What I feel thou knowest well.
- 3 Ah, how foolish I have been  
To obey the voice of sin ;  
To forget thy love to me,  
And to break my vows to thee !
- 4 Darkness fills my tremoling soul ;  
Floods of sorrows o'er me roll ;  
Pity, Father, pity me ;  
All my hope 's alone in thee.

438. L. M.

- 1 NO more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done ;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss ;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 The pangs of our expiring Lord  
The honors of thy law restored ;  
His sorrows made thy justice known,  
And paid for follies not his own.

- 4 O, for his sake our guilt forgive,  
And let the mourning sinner live ;  
The Lord will hear us in his name,  
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

439. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, thy tender mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh ;  
Thy hand, indulgent, wipes the tears  
From sorrow's weeping eye.
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,  
A sinful wand'rer mourn ;  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
Hast thou not said, " Return " ?
- 3 O, shine on this benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine ;  
And let thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine !
- 4 Thy presence only can bestow  
Delights which never cloy ;  
Be this my solace here below,  
And my eternal joy.

440. S. M.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry ?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears  
The wond'ring angels see ;  
Be thou astonished, O my soul !  
He shed those tears for thee !

- 3 He wept that we might weep ;  
 Each sin demands a tear ;  
 In heaven alone no sin is found,  
 And there 's no weeping there.

441. L. M.

- 1 THOUGH I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
 Thy help and comfort still afford ;  
 And let a wretch come near thy throne  
 To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 2 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
 Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
 Thou God of grace, wilt thou despise  
 A broken heart for sacrifice ?
- 3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
 And owns the dreadful sentence just ;  
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
 And save a soul condemned to die !

442. L. M.

- 1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,  
 To thee, my God, I raise my cries ;  
 If thou severely mark our faults  
 No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,  
 Dispensing pardons freely there,  
 That sinners may approach thy face,  
 And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,  
 And long and wish for breaking day,  
 So waits my soul before thy gate ;  
 When will my God his face display ?

- 4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,  
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain ;  
Let mourning souls address the Lord,  
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 His love is great, and large his grace,  
Through the redemption of his Son ;  
He turns our feet from sinful ways,  
And pardons what our hands have done.

### 443. 8s & 6s. [Peculiar.]

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O, Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot  
O, Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O, Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in thee to find,  
O, Lamb of God, I come !

### 444. L. M.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin ;  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banished from thy sight ,  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me, that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord.  
His help and comfort still afford,  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.

445. C. M.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God ;  
A calm and heavenly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !  
How sweet their mem'ry still !  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return !  
Sweet messenger of rest !  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known  
Whate'er that idol be,  
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Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

# 446. L. M.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive  
Let a repenting rebel live ;  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace ;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound ;  
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean !  
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,  
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

# 447. 7s.

- 1 LORD, a better heart bestow,  
Hear a sinner's broken prayer ;  
Full of weariness and woe,  
To thy mercies I repair.



- 2 Once I thought I could amend  
All the evil of my ways ;  
To thy throne my steps could bend,  
Do thy will, and gain thy praise.
- 3 But in vain I toiled and prayed ;  
Still I did but sin the more ;  
All the efforts that I made  
Showed me weaker than before.
- 4 Now I find no hand but one  
Can deliver me from guilt ;  
On the merits of thy Son  
All my confidence is built.
- 5 Ruined, helpless, and forlorn,  
To the Saviour's cross I flee ;  
O, since Christ my sins hath borne,  
Let my burdened soul go free !

448. C. M.

- 1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call ;  
My load of guilt remove ;  
Break down this separating wall  
That bars me from thy love !
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace ;  
Then my rejoicing tongue  
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,  
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifers slain,  
For sin could e'er atone ;  
The death of Christ shall still remain  
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppressed with sin's desert  
My God will ne'er despise ;  
An humble groan, a broken heart,  
Is our best sacrifice.

## 449. C. M.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer ;  
There humbly fall before his feet ;  
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea ;  
With this I venture nigh ;  
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I !
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed,  
By war without, and fear within,  
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place ;  
That, sheltered near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him " Thou hast died."
- 5 O, wondrous love, to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious name !

## 450. 8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 JESUS, full of all compassion,  
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;  
Let me know thy great salvation ;  
See, I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
Overwhelmed with helpless grief ·  
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,  
Send, O send me quick relief !

- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,  
But to him who comfort gives ?  
Whither, from the dread of dying,  
But to him who ever lives ?
- 4 On the word thy blood hath sealéd  
Hangs my everlasting all ;  
Let thine arm be now revealéd,  
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall !
- 5 Saved ! — the deed shall spread new glory  
Through the shining realms above ;  
Angels sing the pleasing story,  
All enraptured with thy love.

## 451. S. M

- 1 BESIDE the gospel pool  
Appointed for the poor,  
From day to day my helpless soul  
Hath waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I thought  
Why should I longer lie ?  
Surely the mercy I have sought  
Is not for such as I.
- 3 But whither can I go ?  
There is no other pool  
Where streams of sovereign mercy flow  
To make a sinner whole.
- 4 Still, then, from day to day,  
I'll wait, and hope, and try.  
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,  
Yet suffer him to die ?
- 5 No ; he is full of grace,  
And never will permit  
A soul, that fain would see his face,  
To perish at his feet.

452. C. M.

- 1 GOD is in this and every place ;  
But O, how dark and void  
To me ! — 't is one great wilderness,  
This earth without my God !
- 2 Empty of him who all things fills,  
Till he his light impart,  
Till he his glorious self reveals,  
The veil is on my heart.
- 3 O thou who seest and knowest my grief,  
Thyself unseen, unknown,  
Pity my helpless unbelief,  
And break my heart of stone !
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye ;  
The long-sought blessing give ;  
And bid me, at the point to die,  
Behold thy face and live.

453. C. M.

- 1 I WOULD be thine ; O, take my heart  
And fill it with thy love !  
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,  
And seal it from above !
- 2 I would be thine ; but while I strive  
To give myself away,  
I feel rebellion still alive,  
And wander while I pray.
- 3 I would be thine ; but, Lord, I feel  
Evil still lurks within :  
Do thou thy majesty reveal,  
And overcome my sin.

- 4 I would be thine ; I would embrace  
The Saviour, and adore :  
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,  
And now my soul restore.

454. 8s.

- 1 ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,  
And ready all hope to resign,  
I long for thy light and thy grace :  
O God, will they never be mine ?
- 2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,  
My hold of thy promise to keep,  
The billows more fiercely return,  
And plunge me again in the deep.
- 3 Appear, and my sorrow shall cease ;  
The blood of atonement apply,  
And lead me to Jesus for peace ;  
The rock that is higher than I.
- 4 O enter this desolate heart !  
Then rule o'er the heart thou hast won ,  
Nor again in thine anger depart,  
But make it forever thy throne.

455. S. M.

- 1 PROSTRATE at Jesus' feet  
A guilty rebel lies ;  
And upward to the mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Will justice frown me hence ?  
Stay, Lord, the vengeful storm ;  
Forbid it, that Omnipotence  
Should crush a feeble worm.

- 3 If sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,  
In ceaseless currents flow.
- 4 But tears I will not plead  
To expiate my guilt ;  
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,  
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, Lord,  
And all my sins forgive ;  
Then justice will approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

456. C. M.

- 1 IN evil long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame or fear,  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look ;  
It seemed to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,  
And plunged me in despair ;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And helped to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;  
But now my tears are vain :

Where shall my trembling soul be hid?  
For I the Lord have slain.

- 6 A second look he gave, which said,  
I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid;  
I die that thou may'st live.
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue;  
Such is the mystery of grace,  
It seals my pardon too.

457. 7s.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear,  
And the chief of sinners spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace;  
Long provoked him to his face;  
Would not hear his gracious calls;  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Jesus, answer from above:  
Is not all thy nature love?  
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?  
Lo, I fall before thy feet.
- 4 Now incline me to repent;  
Let me now my fall lament;  
Deeply my revolt deplore;  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

458. S. M.

- 1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,  
As thou wert ever kind;

PENITENTIAL.

Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,  
Thy wonted pardon find.

- 2 Against thee, Lord, alone,  
And only in thy sight,  
Have I transgressed ; and, though condemned,  
Must own thy judgments right.
- 3 Blot out my crying sins,  
Nor me in anger view ;  
Create in me a heart that 's clean ;  
An upright mind renew.

459. C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the friendly voice which speaks  
The words of life and peace ;  
That bids the penitent rejoice,  
And sin and sorrow cease.
- 2 No healing balm on earth, like this,  
Can cheer the contrite heart ;  
No flatt'ring dreams of earthly bliss  
Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Thou still art merciful and kind ;  
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal ;  
The broken heart thy grace can bind,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore  
True peace within my breast ;  
Conduct me in the path that leads  
To everlasting rest.

460. C. M.

- 1 THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,  
From folly just awake,



Reviews his wand'rings with surprise ;  
His heart begins to break.

- 2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear  
The famine in this land,  
While servants of my Father share  
The bounty of his hand.
- 3 With deep repentance I'll return  
And seek my Father's face ;  
Unworthy to be called a son,  
I'll ask a servant's place.
- 4 Far off the Father saw him move,  
In pensive silence mourn,  
And quickly ran, with arms of love,  
To welcome his return.
- 5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,  
And spread the joy around ;  
The angels tuned their harps anew :  
The long-lost son is found !

## 461 C. P. M.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,  
Wilt thou not save a soul from death  
That casts itself on thee ?  
I have no refuge of my own,  
But fly to what my Lord hath done  
And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,  
His spotless righteousness I plead,  
And his availing blood ;  
That righteousness my robe shall be ;  
That merit shall atone for me,  
And bring me near to God.

- 3 Then save me from eternal death ;  
The spirit of adoption breathe ;  
His consolations send ;  
By him some word of life impart,  
And sweetly whisper to my heart,  
“Thy Maker is thy Friend.”
- 

## XVIII. CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND PRACTICE.

Love.

### 462. C. M.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord : he heard my cries,  
And pitied every groan :  
Long as I live, when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord : he bowed his ear,  
And chased my griefs away :  
O, let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray !
- 3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed ;  
He bade my pain remove.  
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest ;  
For thou hast known his love.

### 463. C. M.

- 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast :  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.

- 2 Knowledge — alas ! 't is all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear ;  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign  
If love be absent there.
- 3 This is the grace that lives and sings  
When faith and hope shall cease ;  
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.

## 464. S. M.

- 1 HAD I the gift of tongues,  
Great God, without thy grace,  
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,  
Would be but sounding brass.
- 2 Though thou shouldst give me skill  
Each myst'ry to explain ;  
Without a heart to do thy will  
My knowledge would be vain.
- 3 Had I such faith in God  
As mountains to remove,  
No faith could work effectual good  
That did not work by love.
- 4 Grant, then, this one request,—  
Whatever be denied,—  
That love divine may rule my breast,  
And all my actions guide.

## 465. L. M.

- 1 OF all the joys we mortals know,  
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest ;  
Love, the best blessing here below,  
The highest rapture of the blest

- 2 While we are held in thine embrace  
There 's not a thought attempts to rove ;  
Each smile that 's seen upon thy face  
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 When of thine absence we complain,  
And long, and weep, and humbly pray,  
There 's a strange pleasure in the pain ;  
Those tears are sweet which mourn thy stay

## 466. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace !  
Thy bounties how complete !  
How shall we count the matchless sum ?  
How pay the mighty debt ?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light  
Dost thou exalted shine ;  
What can our poverty bestow,  
When all the worlds are thine ?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,  
The partners of thy grace,  
And wilt confess their humble names  
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou mayst be clothed, and fed,  
And visited, and cheered ;  
And in their accents of distress  
Our Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,  
We in thy poor would see ;  
O, rather let us beg our bread,  
Than hold it back from thee !

## 467. C. M.

- 1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,  
By lane and cell obscure,  
And let our treasures still be spent,  
Like his, upon the poor.
- 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,  
Who bore the world's sad weight,  
We, in their gloomy loneliness,  
Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For thou hast placed us side by side  
In this wide world of ill ;  
And, that thy followers may be tried,  
The poor are with us still.
- 4 Small are the off'rings we can make ,  
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,  
If given for the Saviour's sake,  
They lose not their reward.

## 468. C. M.

- 1 MY God, how wonderful thou art !  
Thy majesty how bright !  
How glorious thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light !
- 2 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord !  
Almighty as thou art ;  
For thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.
- 3 No earthly father loves like thee ;  
No mother, half so mild,  
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done  
With me, thy sinful child.

- 4 My God ! how wonderful thou art,  
 Thou everlasting friend !  
 On thee I stay my trusting heart  
 Till faith in vision end.

469. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name !  
 'Tis music to my ear ;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud  
 That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul !  
 My transport and my trust ;  
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
 And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
 In thee doth richly meet ;  
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
 Or friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
 And shed its fragrance there ;  
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
 The cordial of its care.
- 5 I 'll speak the honors of thy name  
 With my last lab'ring breath ;  
 And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,  
 The antidote of death !

470. L. M.

- 1 THUS saith the first, the great command :  
 " Let all thy inward powers unite  
 To love thy Maker and thy God  
 With utmost vigor and delight.

- 2 Then shall thy neighbor next in place  
Share thine affections and esteem ;  
And let thy kindness to thyself  
Measure and rule thy love to him."
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke ;  
This did the prophets preach and prove .  
For want of this the law is broke ;  
And the whole law 's fulfilled by love.
- 4 But, O, how base our passion's are !  
How cold our charity and zeal !  
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire.  
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

#### 471. L. M.

- 1 THOU God of hope, to thee we bow ,  
Thou art our refuge in distress ;  
The husband of the widow thou ;  
The father of the fatherless.
- 2 The poor are thy peculiar care ;  
To them thy promises are sure ;  
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share ;  
O, may we always thus be poor !
- 3 May we thy law of love fulfil,  
To bear each other's burdens here,  
Endure and do thy righteous will,  
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

#### 472. C. M.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart  
Feels all another's pain ;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Is never raised in vain ;

- 2 Whose breast responds with generous warmth,  
A stranger's woe to feel;  
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound  
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow;  
He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
A brother in a foe.
- 4 To him protection shall be shown:  
And mercy, from above,  
Descend on those who thus fulfil  
The Christian law of love.

Joy.

## 473. L. M.

- 1 THY happy ones a strain begin:  
Dost thou not, Lord, glad souls possess?  
Thy cheerful spirit dwells within;  
We feel thee in our joyfulness.
- 2 Our mirth is not afraid of thee;  
Our life rejoices to be bright;  
We would not from our gladness flee,  
But give full welcome to delight.
- 3 Thou wilt not, Lord, our smiles deny,  
Dost thou not deem them of rich worth?  
Our cheer flows on beneath thine eye:  
We feel accepted in our mirth.
- 4 We turn to thee a smiling face;  
Thou sendest us the smile again;  
Our joy, the richness of thy grace;  
Thine own, the cheer of this glad strain



## 474. 10s &amp; 11s.

- 1 O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise,  
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace ;  
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,  
The weakest believer that hangs upon him !
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free ;  
The people that can be joyful in thee !  
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,  
And still they are talking of Jesus' grace.
- 3 For thou art their boast, their glory and power ,  
And I also trust to see the glad hour,  
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,  
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.
- 4 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence ;  
I trust in his word ; none plucks me from thence ;  
Since I have found favor, he all things will do ;  
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.
- 5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own ;  
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known ;  
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,  
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

## 475. C. M.

- 1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,  
And changed my mournful state,  
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,  
The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,  
And did thy hand confess ;  
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,  
And sung surprising grace.

- 3 "Great is the work ! " my neighbors cried  
 And owned thy power divine ;  
 "Great is the work ! " my heart replied,  
 " And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies ;  
 Can give us day for night ;  
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
 To rivers of delight.

## 476. L. M.

- 1 LORD, how secure and blest are they  
 Who feel the joys of pardoned sin !  
 Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea  
 Their minds have heavenly peace within.
- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,  
 Made up of innocence and love ;  
 And soft and silent as the shades,  
 Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,  
 But fly not half so swift away ;  
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
 And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 They scorn to seek for golden toys,  
 But spend the day, and share the night,  
 In num'ring o'er the richer joys  
 That heaven prepares for their delight.

## 477. C. M.

- 1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow  
 In nature's barren soil ;  
 All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
 Is vanity and toil.

- 2 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,  
A sense of pard'ning love,  
A hope that triumphs over death,  
Give joys like those above.
- 3 These are the joys which satisfy  
And purify the mind ;  
Which make the spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.
- 4 No more, believer, mourn thy lot ;  
O, thou who art the Lord's,  
Resign to those who know him not,  
Such joy as earth affords !

478. P. M.

- 1 O, HOW happy are they  
Who their Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above !  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine  
When the favor divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;  
When my heart it believed,  
What a joy I received,  
What a heaven in Jesus' name !
- 3 'T was a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know,  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song ;  
O that all his salvation might see !  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 O the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood '  
Of my Saviour possessed,  
I was perfectly blest,  
As if filled with the fulness of God.

### 479. C. M.

- 1 YE servants of the living God,  
Let praise your hearts employ ;  
And, as you tread salvation's road,  
Lift up the voice of joy.
- 2 Have they not reason to rejoice,  
Whose sins have been forgiven ;  
Called by a gracious Father's choice  
To be the heirs of heaven ?
- 3 How do the captive's transports flow  
When rescued from his chains !  
And how must sinners joy to know  
Their own Messiah reigns !
- 4 O, grant us, Lord, to feel and own  
The power of love divine ;  
The blood which doth for sin atone,  
The grace which makes us thine.

### 480. C. M.

- 1 O, HAPPY is the man who hears  
Religion's warning voice ;  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early only choice.

- 2 For she has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold ;  
More precious are her bright rewards  
Than gems, or stores of gold.
- 3 Her right hand offers to the just  
Immortal happy days ;  
Her left, imperishable wealth  
And heavenly crowns displays.
- 4 And, as her holy labors rise,  
So her rewards increase ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

Faith.

481. C. M.

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence  
Of things beyond our sight ;  
It pierces through the veil of sense,  
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view,  
Brings distant prospects home,  
Of things a thousand years ago,  
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the world was made  
By God's almighty word ;  
We know the heavens and earth shall fade  
And be again restored.
- 4 Abra'm obeyed the Lord's command,  
From his own country driven ;  
By faith he sought a promised land,  
And waits his crown from heaven.

- 5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we **stray**,  
 The promise in our eye ;  
 By faith we walk the narrow way  
 That leads to joys on high.

482. 6s & 4s.

- 1 MY faith looks up to thee,  
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
 Saviour divine !  
 Now hear me while I pray :  
 Take all my guilt away ;  
 O, let me from this day  
 Be wholly thine !
- 2 May thy rich grace impart  
 Strength to my fainting heart,  
 My zeal inspire ;  
 As thou hast died for me,  
 O, may my love to thee,  
 Pure, warm, and changeless be —  
 A living fire !
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread,  
 Be thou my guide ;  
 Bid darkness turn to day,  
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
 Nor let me ever stray  
 From thee aside.

483. C. M.

- 1 THY promises surpass my thought,  
 But faithful is my Lord ;  
 In unbelief I stagger not,  
 For God hath spoke the word.
- 2 Faith lends her realizing light,  
 And clouds and shadows fly ;

Th' invisible appears in sight,  
Distinct to mortal eye.

- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees  
And looks to that alone ;  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And says, " It shall be done."

484. S. M.

- 1 IF on a quiet sea  
T'ward heaven we calmly sail,  
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,  
We'll own the fav'ring gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,  
And rest delay to come,  
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,  
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
All yield at thy control ;  
Thy tender mercies shall illumine  
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,  
To make thy will our own ;  
And, when the joys of sense depart,  
To live by faith alone.

485. C. M.

- 1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise !  
What snares beset my way !  
To heaven O let me lift my eyes,  
And hourly watch and pray !
- 2 O gracious God, in whom I live,  
My feeble efforts aid !

Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,  
Though trembling and afraid.

- 3 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail ;  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 4 O keep me in thy heavenly way,  
And bid the tempter flee ;  
And let me never, never stray  
From happiness and thee !

## 486. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee ;  
No other help I know ;  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah, whither shall I go ?
- 2 Author of faith, to thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes ;  
O, may I now receive that gift !  
My soul, without it, dies.

## 487. L. M.

- 1 BE still, my heart ! these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns and snares ;  
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,  
And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give way to fear ?  
How canst thou want, if he provide,  
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?
- 3 When first before his mercy-seat  
Thou didst to him thy all commit,



He gave thee warrant from that hour  
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

- 4 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads thee home apace to God ;  
Then count thy present trials small,  
For heaven will make amends for all.

488. C. M.

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,  
Who makes your cause his own ;  
The hope that's built upon his word  
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm,  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Though now unseen by outward sense,  
Faith sees him always near —  
A guide, a glory, a defence ;  
Then what have you to fear ?
- 4 As surely as he overcame,  
And triumphed once for you ;  
So surely you that love his name  
Shall triumph in him too.

489. C. M.

- 1 O LET triumphant faith dispel  
The fears of guilt and woe ;  
If God be for us, God the Lord  
Who, who shall be our foe ?
- 2 He who his only Son gave up  
To death that we might live ;

Shall he not all things freely grant,  
That boundless love can give?

3 Who now his people shall accuse?  
'T is God hath justified :  
Who now his people shall condemn?  
The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And he who died hath ris'n again,  
Triumphant from the grave :  
At God's right hand for us he pleads,  
Omnipotent to save.

## 490. C. M.

1 HOW happy every child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiven !  
This earth, he cries, is not my place —  
I seek my rest in heaven ;  
A country far from mortal sight ;  
Yet, O, by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saint's delight,  
The heaven prepared for me !

2 O, what a blessed hope is ours !  
While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly powers  
And antedate that day ;  
We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ concealed,  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O, would he all of heaven bestow !  
Then like our Lord we 'll rise ;  
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go  
To take the glorious prize.

On him with rapture then I'll gaze,  
 Who bought the bliss for me,  
 And shout and wonder at his grace  
 Though all eternity.

491. L. M.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;  
     He lives, and on the earth shall stand ;  
 And though to worms my flesh he gives,  
     My dust lies numbered in his hand,
- 2 In this reanimated clay  
     I surely shall behold him near ;  
 Shall see him in the latter day  
     In all his majesty appear.
- 3 I feel what then shall raise me up ;  
     Th' eternal Spirit dwells in me ;  
 This is my confidence and hope,  
     That God I face to face shall see.
- 4 Mine own, and not another's eyes,  
     The King shall in his beauty view ;  
 I shall from him receive the prize,  
     The starry crown to victors due.

492. 7s & 6s.

- 1 LORD Jesus. we, believing  
     In thee, have peace with God ;  
 Eternal life receiving,  
     The purchase of thy blood.
- 2 Our curse and condemnation  
     Thou bearest in our stead ;  
 Secure is our salvation,  
     In thee our risen Head.

3 The Holy Ghost, revealing  
 Thy love, hath made us blest ;  
 Thy stripes have giv'n us healing ;  
 Upon thy love we rest.

4 In thee the Father sees us  
 Accepted and complete ;  
 The blood from sin which frees us  
 For glory makes us meet.

# 493. L. M.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear !  
 Fear shall in me no more have place ,  
 My Saviour doth not yet appear ;  
 He hides the brightness of his face  
 But shall I therefore let him go,  
 And basely to the tempter yield ?  
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no !  
 I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,  
 Although the olive yield no oil,  
 The with'ring fig-trees droop and die  
 The fields elude the tiller's toil ;  
 The empty stall no herd afford,  
 And perish all the bleating race ;  
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,  
 The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,  
 And not one bud of grace appear ;  
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,  
 But sin, and only sin, is here ;  
 Although my gifts and comforts lost,  
 My blooming hopes cut off I see ;  
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,  
 And glory that he died for me.

## 494. C. P. M.

- 1 AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry ;  
To thee, who wouldst not have me die,  
But know the truth and live ;  
Open mine eyes to see thy face,  
Work in my heart thy saving grace,  
And life eternal give.
- 2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,  
And blindly serve a God unknown,  
Till thou the veil remove ;  
The gift unspeakable impart,  
And write thy name upon my heart,  
And manifest thy love.
- 3 I know the work is only thine ;  
The gift of faith is all divine ;  
But if on thee we call,  
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,  
And give us hearts to feel and know  
That thou hast died for all.
- 4 Be it according to thy word :  
Now let me find my pard'ning Lord ;  
Let what I ask be given ;  
The bar of unbelief remove,  
Open the door of faith and love,  
Make me a child of heaven.

## 495. L. M.

- 1 THE Christian warrior, see him stand,  
In the whole armor of his God ;  
The Spirit's sword is in his hand ;  
His feet are with the gospel shod.
- 2 In panoply of truth complete,  
Salvation's helmet on his head,

With righteousness, a breastplate meet,  
And faith's broad shield before him spread

- 3 With this omnipotence he moves,  
From this the alien armies flee ;  
Till more than conqueror he proves,  
Through Christ, who gives him victory.
- 4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,  
Sin, death and hell he tramples down ;  
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,  
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

## 496. C. M.

- 1 HEAL us, Immanuel ; here we are,  
Waiting thy power to feel ;  
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair,  
That thou their wounds may'st heal.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess ;  
We faintly trust thy word ;  
But wilt thou pity us the less ? —  
Be that far from thee, Lord !
- 3 Remember him who once applied,  
With trembling, for relief ;  
“ Lord, I believe,” with tears he cried,  
“ Help thou mine unbelief.”
- 4 She, too, who touched thee in the press,  
And healing virtue stole,  
Was answered, “ Daughter, go in peace,  
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”
- 5 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come  
To touch thee, if we may ;  
O, send us not despairing home ;  
Send none unhealed away !

## 497. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, to thee I now can fly,  
On whom my help is laid :  
Oppressed by sins, I lift mine eye,  
And see the shadows fade.
- 2 Believing on my Lord, I find  
A sure and present aid :  
On thee alone my constant mind  
Be ev'ry moment stayed.
- 3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,  
Or strong, I here disclaim ;  
I wash my garments in the blood  
Of the atoning Lamb.
- 4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest  
On thee will I depend,  
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,  
When faith in sight shall end.

## 498. S. M.

- 1 AWAY, my needless fears,  
And doubts, no longer mine ;  
A ray of heavenly light appears, —  
A messenger divine.
- 2 Thrice comfortable hope,  
That calms my troubled breast ;  
My Father's hand prepares the cup,  
And what he wills is best.
- 3 If what I wish is good,  
And suits the will divine ;  
By earth and hell in vain withstood,  
I know it shall be mine.

- 4 Still let them counsel take  
 To frustrate his decree ;  
 They cannot take a blessing back,  
 By Heaven designed for me.
- 5 Here then I doubt no more,  
 But in his pleasure rest ;  
 Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,  
 Engage to make me blest.

499. L. M.

- 1 INTO thy gracious hands I fall,  
 And with the arms of faith embrace ;  
 O, King of glory, hear my call ;  
 O, raise me, heal me by thy grace !  
 Now righteous through thy grace I am ;  
 No condemnation now I dread ;  
 I taste salvation in thy name,  
 Alive in thee, my living Head.
- 2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,  
 Nor take thy flight from me away ;  
 Still with me let thy grace abide,  
 That I from thee may never stray ;  
 Let thy word richly in me dwell,  
 Thy peace and love my portion be ;  
 My joy t' endure and do thy will,  
 Till perfect I am found in thee.

500. C. M.

- 1 LORD, I believe ; thy power I own,  
 Thy word I would obey ;  
 I wander comfortless and lone,  
 When from thy truth I stray.



- 2 Lord, I believe ; but gloomy fears  
Sometimes bedim my sight ;  
I look to thee with prayers and tears,  
And cry for strength and light.
- 3 Lord, I believe ; but oft, I know,  
My faith is cold and weak ;  
Strengthen my weakness, and bestow  
The confidence I seek.
- 4 Yes, I believe ; and only thou  
Canst give my soul relief ;  
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow ;  
Help thou my unbelief.

## 501. C. M.

- 1 'TIS faith that purifies the heart ;  
'Tis faith that works by love ;  
It bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 2 This faith shall every fear control  
By its celestial power :  
With holy triumph fill the soul  
In death's approaching hour.
- 3 By faith, where'er his hand shall lead,  
The darkest path we'll tread ;  
By faith we'll quit these mortal shores,  
And mingle with the dead.

## 502. S. M.

- 1 I LIFT my soul to God ;  
My trust is in his name ;  
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,  
Still triumph in my shame.

- 2 From early dawning light  
Till evening shades arise,  
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,  
With ever-longing eyes.
- 3 Remember all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth ;  
Forgive the sins of riper days,  
And follies of my youth.
- 4 The Lord is just and kind ;  
The meek shall learn his ways,  
And every humble sinner find  
The blessings of his grace.

### 503. L. M.

- 1 IN vain men talk of living faith,  
When all their works exhibit death ;  
When they indulge some sinful view  
In all they say, and all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord,  
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word,  
Commits his works to God alone,  
And seeks God's will before his own.
- 3 Never did men by faith divine  
To selfishness or sloth incline :  
The Christian works with all his power,  
And grieves that he can work no more.

### 504. C. M.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,  
While they are slaves to lust '

- 2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead ;  
None but a living power unites  
To Christ, the living Head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;  
'Tis faith that works by love,  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell  
By a celestial power ;  
This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.

505. 10s & 11s.

- 1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide :  
The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.
- 2 His call we obey, like Abraham of old,  
Not knowing the way ; but faith makes us bold ;  
For, though we are strangers, we have a sure guide  
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide.
- 3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith ;  
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried.  
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.
- 4 He tells us we 're weak, our hope is in vain,  
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain ;  
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,  
This answers all questions,—the Lord will provide

- 6 No strength of our own, or goodness, we claim ;  
 Yet, since we have known the Saviour's great name  
 In this our strong tower for safety we hide —  
 'The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

## 506. L. M.

- 1 'T IS by the faith of joys to come  
 We walk through deserts dark as night ;  
 Till we shall gain our endless home,  
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;  
 She makes the pearly gates appear ;  
 Far into things unseen she pries,  
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray ;  
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.

## 507. C. M.

- 1 'T IS faith that lays the sinner low,  
 And covers him with shame ;  
 Renouncing all self-righteousness,  
 It trusts in Jesus' name.
- 2 Faith works with power, but will not plead  
 The best of works when done ;  
 It knows no other ground of trust  
 But in the Lord alone.
- 3 It gives no title, but receives ;  
 No blessing it procures ;  
 Yet, where it truly lives and reigns,  
 All blessings it insures.

- 4 Its sole dependence and its stay  
Is Jesus' righteousness ;  
'T is thus salvation is by faith,  
And all of sov'reign grace.
- 5 The more this principle prevails,  
The more is grace adored ;  
No glory it assumes, but gives  
All glory to the Lord.

508. C. M.

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink  
Though pressed by many a foe ;  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of poverty or woe ;
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chast'ning rod ;  
But in the hour of grief or pain  
Can lean upon its God ;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without ;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt ;
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frowns  
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;  
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,  
Nor its soft arts beguile ;
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,  
By truth restrained and led,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Lights up a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give me such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,

I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

509. L. M.

- 1 O LORD, I fall before thy face ;  
My only refuge is thy grace ;  
No outward forms can make me clean ;  
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 2 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 3 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath power sufficient to atone ;  
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;  
No human power could cleanse me so.
- 4 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace  
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;  
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make my broken bones rejoice.

Gentleness and Meekness.

510. C. M.

- 1 THY home is with the humble, Lord ;  
The simplest are the best ;  
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts ;  
Thou makest there thy rest.
- 2 Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !  
If thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways  
I'll build a house for thee.

- 3 Who made this beating heart of mine,  
 But thou, my heavenly Guest?  
 Let no one have it, then, but thee,  
 And let it be thy rest.

## 511. C. M.

- 1 SPEAK gently, — it is better far  
 To rule by love than fear;  
 Speak gently, — let no harsh word mar  
 The good we may do here.
- 2 Speak gently to the young, — for they  
 Will have enough to bear;  
 Pass through this life as best they may,  
 'T is full of anxious care.
- 3 Speak gently to the aged one,  
 Grieve not the careworn heart;  
 The sands of life are nearly run,  
 Let them in peace depart.
- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones,  
 They must have toiled in vain;  
 Perchance unkindness made them so;  
 O, win them back again!
- 5 Speak gently, — 't is a little thing,  
 Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
 The good, the joy that it may bring,  
 Eternity shall tell.

## 512. L. M.

- 1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,  
 Clear as the summer evening's ray,  
 Calm as the regions of the blest,  
 Enjoys on earth celestial day.

- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting :  
No jars his peaceful tent invade ;  
He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing,  
Hostile to none, — of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of Grace ! all meek and mild,  
Inspire our hearts, — our souls possess ,  
Repel each passion rude and wild,  
And bless us as we aim to bless.

### 513. L. M.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay  
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,  
Lives but the insect of a day, —  
O, why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,  
With trembling step he seeks his way ;  
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !  
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray
- 3 Follies and sins, a countless sum,  
Are crowded in life's little span :  
How ill, alas, does pride become  
That erring, guilty creature, man !
- 4 God of my life ! Father divine !  
Give me a meek and lowly mind ;  
In modest worth, O, let me shine,  
And peace in humble virtue find !

### 514. 7s.

- 1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart,  
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
We shall, as our Master, be  
Rooted in humility ;



- 2 Simple, teachable and mild,  
Like unto a little child ;  
Pleased with all the Lord provides ;  
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix our souls on thee ;  
Every evil let us flee ;  
Nothing want, beneath, above,  
Happy in thy precious love.
- 4 O, that all may seek and find  
Every good in Jesus joined !  
Him let every soul adore,  
Trust him, praise him, evermore.

Gratitude.

## 515. C. M.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I 'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O, how can words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravished heart ? —  
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned  
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.

- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,  
It gently cleared my way ;  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be feared than they.
- 6 Through all eternity to thee  
A grateful song I 'll raise ;  
But, O, eternity 's too short  
To utter all thy praise !

516. S. M.

- 1 MY Maker and my King,  
To thee my all I owe ;  
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring  
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 The creature of thy hand,  
On thee alone I live ;  
My God, thy benefits demand  
More praise than I can give.
- 3 Lord, what can I impart,  
When all is thine before ?  
Thy love demands a thankful heart, —  
The gift, alas, how poor !
- 4 Shall I withhold thy due ?  
And shall my passions rove ?  
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,  
And fill it with thy love.
- 5 O, let thy grace inspire  
My soul with strength divine ;  
Let all my powers to thee aspire,  
And all my days be thine !

517. C. P. M.

- 1 BE it my only wisdom here,  
To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
With loving gratitude ;

Superior sense may I display, .  
By shunning every evil way,  
And walking in the good.

- 2 O may I still from sin depart ;  
A wise and understanding heart,  
Jesus, to me be given ;  
And let me through thy Spirit know  
To glorify my God below,  
And find my way to heaven.

518. C. M.

- 1 SINCE we, and all our treasures too,  
Are his who reigns above ;  
Then is there nothing we can do  
To prove our grateful love ?
- 2 A broken heart he 'll not despise ;  
It is his chief delight ;  
This is a humble sacrifice,  
Well pleasing in his sight.
- 3 Though treasures brought before his throne  
Would no acceptance find ;  
He kindly condescends to own  
A meek and lowly mind.
- 4 This is an off 'ring we may bring,  
However mean our store ;  
The poorest child, the greatest king,  
Can give him nothing more.

519. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee  
Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;  
With humbled heart and bending knee,  
We offer thee our song of praise.

- 2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,  
For all the kindness thou hast shown  
To this fair land the pilgrims trod, —  
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,  
And casts her soft and hallowed ray ;  
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide  
In safety through their dang'rous way.
- 4 We praise thee that the gospel's light  
Through all our land its radiance sheds,  
Dispels the shades of error's night,  
And heavenly blessings round us spreads
- 5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear ;  
In dangers still our Guardian be ;  
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here ;  
Let all the people worship thee !

Hope.

520. 7s.

- 1 HOPE, though slow she be, and late,  
Yet outruns swift time and fate ;  
And beforehand loves to be  
With remote futurity.
- 2 Hope is comfort in distress ;  
Hope is in misfortune bliss ;  
Hope, in sorrow, is delight ;  
Hope is day in darkest night.
- 3 Hope casts anchor upward, where  
Storms durst never domineer ;  
Trust, and hope will welcome thee  
Home to full security.

521. C. P. M.

- 1 O GLORIOUS hope of heavenly love !  
It lifts me up to things above ;  
It bears on eagles' wings ;  
It gives my ravished soul a taste,  
And makes me for some moments feast  
With Jesus, priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and from the mountain top  
See all the land below :  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of Paradise  
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favored with God's peculiar smile ;  
With every blessing blest ;  
There dwells the Lord our righteousness  
And keeps his own in perfect peace  
And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up ;  
No more on this side Jordan stop,  
But now the land possess !  
This moment end my toilsome years,  
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears, —  
A howling wilderness !

Prayer.

522. C. M.

- 1 A THRONE of grace ! then let us go  
And offer up our prayer ;  
A gracious God will mercy show  
To all that worship there.

- 2 A throne of grace ! O, at that throne  
Our knees have often bent !  
And God has showered his blessings down  
As often as we went.
- 3 A throne of grace ! rejoice, ye saints ;  
That throne is open still ;  
To God unbosom your complaints,  
And then inquire his will.

## 523. S. M.

- 1 COME, praying souls, rejoice,  
And bless your Father's name ;  
With joy to him lift up your voice,  
And all his love proclaim.
- 2 Your mournful cry he hears ;  
He marks your feeblest groan,  
Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,  
And makes his mercy known.
- 3 To all his praying saints  
He ever will attend,  
And to their sorrows and complaints  
His ear in mercy bend.
- 4 Then blessed be the Lord,  
Who has not turned away  
His mercy, nor his precious word,  
From those who love to pray.
- 5 No ; still he bows his ear  
In gentle pity down ;  
For praying breath he loves to hear,  
And praying souls he 'll crown.
- 6 Then let us still go on  
In his appointed ways,  
Rejoicing in his name alone,  
In prayer and humble praise.

524. L. M.

- 1 PRAYER is appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give :  
Long as they live should Christians pray :  
For 't is by earnest prayer they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress ;  
If cares distract, or fears dismay ;  
If guilt deject, if sin distress, —  
In every case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'T is prayer supports the soul that 's weak :  
Though thought be broken, language lame  
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak ;  
But pray with faith in Jesus' name

525. S. M.

- 1 JESUS, who knows full well  
The heart of every saint,  
Invites us all our griefs to tell,  
To pray, and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear, —  
We never plead in vain ;  
Then let us wait till he appear,  
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear  
His chosen when they cry ;  
Yes, though he may a while forbear,  
He 'll help them from on high.
- 4 Then let us earnest cry,  
And never faint in prayer ;  
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,  
Will make our cause his care.

526. P. M. [Without chorus, C. M

- 1 OUR Father, who in heaven art,  
Hallowed be thy name ;  
Thy kingdom come ; thy will be done  
In heaven and earth the same.  
Come, my Saviour ! O, my Saviour !  
Come and bless thy people now,  
While at thy feet we humbly bow ;  
O come and save us now !  
Then will we sing, our suff'rings o'er,  
And praise thee evermore.
  
- 2 Give us this day our daily bread ;  
Our trespasses forgive ;  
As we forgive our fellow-men,  
May we thy grace receive.  
Come, my Saviour, &c.
  
- 3 And in temptation leave us not ;  
From evil us defend :  
For thine, O Lord, the kingdom is,  
Forever, without end.  
Come, my Saviour, &c.
  
- 4 Thine is the power, O Lord, to bring  
The kingdom down to men ;  
Thine is the glory evermore,  
And kingdom without end.  
Come, my Saviour, &c.
  
- 5 In that glad day shall all thy saints  
A joyful tribute bring,  
Of praise and power, of joy and song,  
To their exalted King.  
Come, my Saviour, &c



## 527. L. M.

- 1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires  
To hold communion with his God ;  
To send to heaven his warm desires,  
And listen to the sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh  
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,  
To hush the penitential sigh,  
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 3 Blest hour ; for, where the Lord resorts,  
Foretastes of future bliss are given ;  
And mortals find his earthly courts  
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

## 528. S. M.

- 1 AND shall not Jesus hear  
His children when they cry ?  
Yes, — though he may a while forbear,  
He 'll help them from on high.
- 2 His nature, truth, and love,  
Engage him on their side ;  
When they are grieved, his bowels move ;  
And can they be denied ?
- 3 Then let us earnest be,  
And never faint in prayer ;  
He loves our importunity,  
And makes our cause his care.

## 529. 7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, at thy feet we bow ;  
O, vouchsafe to meet us now !  
At thy people's earnest cry  
Bring thy loving mercies nigh.

- 2 Thou hast said, where two or three  
In thy worship shall agree,  
That thou wilt be present there, :  
Answering their faithful prayer. .
- 3 Lord, we plead thy promise here ;  
Let thy presence now appear ;  
On our souls thy Spirit pour ;  
Light, and life, and peace restore ;
- 4 Raise our thoughts from things below  
Faith's discerning eye bestow ;  
Let our hearts, from sin made free,  
Hold sweet intercourse with thee.
- 5 With a beam of living fire,  
Purify each low desire ;  
Be thou, Lord, our aim and end,  
Our best hope, and dearest friend.

530. 7s & 6s.

- 1 GO when the morning shineth,  
Go when the noon is bright,  
Go when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night ;  
Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thought away,  
And, in thy closet kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee ;  
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be ;  
Then for thyself, in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And blend with each petition  
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 't is e'er denied thee  
 In solitude to pray,  
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee  
 When friends are round thy way,  
 E'en then the silent breathing,  
 Thy spirit raised above,  
 Will reach his throne of glory,  
 Where dwells eternal love.

4 O, not a joy or blessing  
 With this can we compare,  
 The grace our Father gave us  
 To pour our souls in prayer !  
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
 Before his footstool fall ;  
 Remember, in thy gladness,  
 His love who gave thee all.

## 531. C. M.

- 1 WHEN fainting in the sultry waste,  
 And parched with thirst extreme,  
 The weary pilgrim longs to taste  
 The cool, refreshing stream.
- 2 So longs the weary, fainting mind,  
 Oppressed with sins and woes,  
 Some soul-reviving spring to find,  
 Whence heavenly comfort flows.
- 3 O, may I thirst for thee, my God,  
 With ardent, strong desire ;  
 And still, through all this desert road  
 To taste thy grace aspire !
- 4 Then shall my prayer to thee ascend,  
 A grateful sacrifice ;  
 My mourning voice thou wilt attend.  
 And grant me full supplies.

## 532. C. M.

- 1 TO thee, before the dawning light,  
My gracious God, I pray ;  
I meditate thy name by night,  
And keep thy law by day.
- 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace ;  
Thy promise bears me up ;  
And, while salvation long delays,  
Thy word supports my hope.
- 3 When midnight darkness veils the skies,  
I call thy works to mind ;  
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,  
And sweet acceptance find.

## 533. L. M.

- 1 WHERE is my God ? does he retire  
Beyond the reach of humble sighs ?  
Are these weak breathings of desire  
Too languid to ascend the skies ?
- 2 He hears the breathings of desire ;  
The weak petition, if sincere,  
Is not forbidden to aspire,  
And hope to reach his gracious ear.
- 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye ;  
See where the great Redeemer stands,  
The glorious Advocate on high,  
With precious incense in his hands.
- 4 He sweetens every humble groan ;  
He recommends each broken prayer ;  
Recline thy hope on him alone,  
Whose power and love forbid despair.

534. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,  
I humbly seek thy face ;  
Encouraged by the Saviour's word  
To ask thy pard'ning grace.
- 2 Ent'ring into my closet, I  
The busy world exclude ;  
In secret prayer for mercy cry,  
And groan to be renewed.
- 3 Far from the paths of men, to thee  
I solemnly retire ;  
See, thou who dost in secret see,  
And grant my heart's desire.
- 4 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,  
And know my sins forgiven ;  
And do on earth thy perfect will,  
As angels do in heaven.

535. S. M.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father, hear  
The prayer we offer now :  
Thy name be hallowed far and near ;  
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will  
On earth be done in love,  
As saints and seraphim fulfil  
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,  
While by thy word we live ;  
The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive, as we forgive.

- 4 From dark temptation's power,  
From Satan's wiles, defend ;  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine shall forever be  
Glory and power divine ;  
The sceptre, throne, and majesty  
Of heaven and earth are thine.

536. L. M.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;  
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads ;  
A place of all on earth most sweet ;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle's wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more ;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

537. L. M.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to the mercy-seat !  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer  
But wishes to be often there ?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;  
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright ;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have we no words ? ah ! think again ;  
Words flow apace when we complain,  
And fill our fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all our care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful song would oft'ner be,  
“ Hear what the Lord hath done for me ! ”

538. 8s & 7s.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend ;  
Life and health and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.  
Here I 'll sit, forever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before his cross to lie,  
While I see divine compassion  
Beaming in his gracious eye ;  
Here it is I find my heaven  
While upon the Lamb I gaze.  
Love I much ? I 've much forgiven ;  
I 'm a miracle of grace.

- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death;  
May I still enjoy this feeling;  
In all need to Jesus go;  
Prove his wounds each day more healing,  
And himself more deeply know.

### 539. L. M.

- 1 HEAR, gracious Sov'reign, from thy throne  
And send thy various blessings down;  
While by thy children thou art sought,  
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
- 2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,  
And fill the coldest heart with love;  
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,  
And let thy gracious power be known.
- 3 O, let the joyful converts wait  
Num'rous around thy temple-gate;  
Each pressing on with zeal, to be  
A living sacrifice to thee!

### 540. C. M.

- 1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,  
In this our evil day;  
To all thy tempted followers give  
The heart to trust and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,  
Long as the cross we bear,  
O, let our souls on thee be cast  
In never-ceasing prayer!



- 3 Thy Holy Spirit's praying grace  
Give us in faith to claim,  
To wrestle till we see thy face,  
And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou the Father's love impart,  
Till thou thyself bestow,  
Be this the cry of every heart,  
"I will not let thee go."

541. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,  
O, hear an humble suppliant's cry,  
Bend from thy lofty seat above,  
Thy throne of glorious majesty :  
O, deign to listen to my voice,  
And bid my drooping heart rejoice !
- 2 I urge no merits of my own,  
No worth, to claim thy gracious smile,  
And when I bow before the throne,  
Dare to converse with God a while,  
Thy name, blest Saviour, is my plea, —  
Dearest and sweetest name to me.
- 3 Father of mercies, God of love,  
Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;  
Bend from thy lofty seat above,  
Thy throne of glorious majesty :  
One pard'ning word can make me whole,  
And soothe the anguish of my soul.

542. C. M.

- 1 SHINE forth, eternal Source of light,  
And make thy glories known ;  
Fill our enlarged adoring sight  
With lustre all thine own.

- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,  
The brightest creatures boast ;  
And all their grandeur and their praise  
Are in thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the Author of our frame  
Is our sublimest skill ;  
True science is to read thy name,  
True life t' obey thy will.
- 4 For this we long, for this we pray,  
And following on pursue,  
Till visions of eternal day  
Fix and complete the view.

543. 7s.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;  
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;  
He himself has bid thee pray ;  
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King ;  
Large petitions with thee bring ;  
For his grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin ;  
Lord, remove this load of sin ;  
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest ;  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;

As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

544. S. M.

- 1 YE praying souls, rejoice,  
And bless your Father's name ;  
With joy to him lift up your voice,  
And all his love proclaim.
- 2 Your mournful cry he hears ;  
He marks your feeblest groan,  
Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,  
And makes his mercy known.
- 3 To all his praying saints  
He ever will attend,  
And to their sorrows and complaints  
His ear in mercy bend.
- 4 Then let us still go on  
In his appointed ways,  
Rejoicing in his name alone,  
In prayer and humble praise.

545. C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream  
In earnest pleading flows ;  
Devotion dwells upon the theme,  
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires ;  
Hope points the upward gaze ;  
And Love, celestial Love, inspires  
The eloquence of praise.

- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,  
Unheard by human ear,  
When God has made the heart rejoice,  
And dried the bitter tear.
- 4 No accents flow, no words ascend ;  
All utt'rance faileth there ;  
But God himself doth comprehend,  
And answer, silent prayer.

### 546. S. M.

- 1 O LORD, thy work revive,  
In Zion's gloomy hour ;  
And let our dying graces live  
By thy restoring power !
- 2 O let thy chosen few  
Awake to earnest prayer ;  
Their sacred vows again renew  
And walk in filial fear !
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak  
Through lips of feeble clay,  
Till hearts of adamant shall break,  
Till rebels shall obey.
- 4 Now lend thy gracious ear ;  
Now listen to our cry ;  
O, come, and bring salvation near !  
Our souls on thee rely.

### 547. S. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the melting lay  
Which breaks upon the ear,  
When, at the hour of rising day,  
Christians unite in prayer.

2 The breezes waft their cries  
Up to Jehovah's throne ;  
He listens to their heaving sighs,  
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray  
Before the morning light ;  
Or on the chilling mount did stay  
And wrestle all the night.

548. 11s & 10s.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,  
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel ;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
anguish ;  
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure ;  
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,  
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the tree of life—see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above  
Come to the mercy-seat—come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove

549. P. M.

1 COME, let us pray : 't is sweet to feel  
That God himself is near ;  
That, while we at his footstool kneel,  
His mercy deigns to hear.  
Though sorrows crowd life's dreary way,  
This is our solace—let us pray

- 2 Come, let us pray ; the burning brow,  
The heart oppressed with care,  
And all the woes that throng us now,  
Will be relieved by prayer.  
Our God will smile our griefs away ;  
O, glorious thought ! — come, let us pray !
- 3 Come, let us pray ; the sin-sick soul  
Her weight of guilt must feel ;  
But, hark ! the glorious tidings roll,  
While here we humbly kneel :  
Jesus will wash that guilt away,  
And pardon grant — then let us pray !
- 4 Come, let us pray ; the mercy-seat  
Invites the fervent prayer ;  
Our heavenly Father waits to greet  
The contrite spirit there :  
Then loiter not, nor longer stay  
From him who loves us — let us pray !

Consecration.

550. L. M.

- 1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,  
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;  
Henceforth my chief desire shall be  
To dedicate myself to thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy :  
That silent, secret thought shall be  
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;  
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place ,  
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,  
And safe beneath thy shelt'ring wing,  
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,  
That all I want I find in thee.

551. C. M.

- 1 I WANT a principle within  
Of jealous, godly fear ;  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to find it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride or fond desire ;  
To catch the wand'ring of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From thee that I no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience, give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of the eye,  
O God, my conscience make !  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

552. S. M.

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King,  
In all things thee to see ;  
And what I do in anything,  
To do it as for thee.
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,  
While still to thee I tend ;  
In all I do be thou the way ;  
In all, be thou the end.

- 3 All may of thee partake ;  
Nothing so small can be,  
But draws, when acted for thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws,  
E'en servile labors shine ;  
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,  
The meanest work divine.

### 553. S. M.

- 1 WHEN shall thy love constrain  
And force me to thy breast ?  
When shall my soul return again  
To God, her only rest ?
- 2 Ah, what avails my strife,  
My wand'ring to and fro !  
Thou giv'st the words of endless life ;  
Ah, whither should I go ?
- 3 Thy condescending grace  
To me did freely move ;  
It calls me still to seek thy face,  
And stoops to ask my love.
- 4 Here at thy feet I fall ;  
I long to be made free ;  
I fain would now obey the call,  
And give up all for thee.

### 554. 8s & 7s.

- 1 TAKE my heart, O Father, take it,  
Make and keep it all thine own ;  
Let thy Spirit melt and break it,  
This proud heart of sin and stone.



- 2 Father, make it pure and lovely,  
Fond of peace and far from strife,  
Turning from the paths unholy  
Of this vain and sinful life.
- 3 Ever let thy grace surround it,  
Strengthen it with power divine,  
Till thy cords of love have bound it ;  
Make it to be wholly thine.
- 4 May the blood of Jesus heal it,  
And its sins be all forgiven ;  
Holy Spirit, take and seal it ;  
Guide it in the path to heaven.

555. 7s.

- 1 FATHER, they who thee receive,  
And in thee begin to live,  
Day and night they cry to thee,  
As thou art, so let us be.
- 2 Fix, O, fix my wav'ring mind ;  
To the cross my spirit bind ;  
Earthly passions far remove ;  
Fill the soul with perfect love !
- 3 Who in heart on thee believes,  
He the promise now receives ;  
He with joy beholds thy face,  
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.
- 4 Boundless wisdom, power divine,  
Love unspeakable, are thine ;  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven

556. S. M.

- 1 O LORD, thou art my Lord,  
My portion and delight ;  
All other lords I now reject,  
And cast them from my sight.
- 2 Thy sovereign right I own,  
'Thy glorious power confess ;  
'Thy law shall ever rule my heart,  
While I adore thy grace.
- 3 Too long my feet have strayed  
In sin's forbidden way ;  
But since thou hast my soul reclaimed  
To thee my vows I 'll pay.
- 4 Accept, O Lord, my heart ;  
To thee myself I give ;  
Nor suffer me from hence to stray,  
Or cause thy saints to grieve.

557. S. M.

- 1 LORD, I would come to thee,  
A sinner all defiled ;  
O, take the stain of guilt away,  
And own me as thy child !
- 2 I cannot live in sin,  
And feel a Saviour's love ;  
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,  
And write my name above.
- 3 Among thy little flock  
I need the Shepherd's care :  
Pour waters from the smitten rock,  
And pastures green prepare.

- 4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine ;  
Still keep me in thy fear ;  
Now fill my heart with grace divine ;  
Bring thy salvation near.

558. L. M.

- 1 EMPTIED of earth I fain would be,  
Of sin, of self, of all but thee ;  
Reserved for Christ that bled and died  
Surrendered to the Crucified.
- 2 Sequestered from the noise and strife,  
The lust, the pomp, the pride of life ;  
Prepared for heaven, my noblest care,  
And have my conversation there.
- 3 Nothing save Jesus would I know ;  
My friend and my companion thou ;  
Constrain my soul thy sway to own ;  
Self-will, self-righteousness dethrone.
- 4 Detach from sublunary joys  
One that would only hear thy voice,  
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,  
Nor glow but with celestial fire.

559. C. M.

- 1 JESUS! to thy celestial light  
My dawn of hope I owe ;  
Once wand'ring in the gloom of night,  
And lost in shades of woe.
- 2 Thy gracious hand redeemed the slave,  
And set the pris'ner free ;  
Be all I am, and all I have,  
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

- 3 Here at thy feet I wait thy will,  
And live upon thy word ;  
O, give me warmer love and zeal,  
To serve my dearest Lord !

560. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, spotless Lamb of God,  
Thou hast bought us with thy blood ;  
We would value naught beside  
Jesus, Jesus crucified.
- 2 We are thine, and thine alone ;  
This we gladly, fully own ;  
And in all our works and ways,  
Only now would seek thy praise.
- 3 Help us to confess thy name,  
Bear with joy thy cross and shame ;  
Only seek to follow thee,  
Though reproach our portion be.
- 4 When thou shalt in glory come,  
And we reach our heavenly home,  
Louder still each lip shall own  
We are thine, and thine alone.

561. L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;  
Then I am dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

562. C. M.

- 1 DIDST thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame,  
And bear the cross for me ?  
And shall I fear to own thy name,  
Or thy disciple be ?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,  
And make me truly bold ;  
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,  
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.
- 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,  
And treat me with disdain ;  
Still may I glory in thy name,  
And count reproach my gain.
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,  
And all my powers resign ;  
Let wisdom point out what is fit,  
And I 'll no more repine

## 563. C. M.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, welcome to my heart ;  
Possess thy humble throne ;  
Bid every rival hence depart,  
And claim me for thy own !
- 2 The world and Satan I forsake ;  
To thee I all resign ;  
My longing heart, O Jesus, take,  
And fill with love divine !
- 3 O, may I never turn aside,  
Nor from thy bosom flee !  
Let nothing here my heart divide ;  
I give it all to thee.

## 564. C. M.

- 1 IN vain I trace creation o'er,  
In search of solid rest ;  
The whole creation is too poor  
To make me truly blest.
- 2 Let earth and all her charms depart,  
Unworthy of the mind ;  
In God alone this restless heart  
Enduring bliss can find.
- 3 Thy favor, Lord, is all I want ;  
Here would my spirit rest ;  
O, seal the rich, the boundless grant,  
And make me fully blest !

## 565. C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Father, God of love,  
To thee our hearts we raise ;

Thy all-sustaining power we prove,  
And gladly sing thy praise.

- 2 Thine, wholly thine, O let us be!  
Our sacrifice receive;  
Made, and preserved, and saved, by thee,  
To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love  
Shed in our hearts abroad;  
So shall we ever live, and move,  
And be, with Christ in God.

## 566. C. M.

- 1 HOLY and good I own the law,  
And all its precepts right;  
The sinner's soul it fills with awe,  
The saint's with pure delight.
- 2 I cannot reach its vast extent,  
For 't is exceeding broad;  
But give the whole my full consent,  
And own my righteous God.
- 3 Its holiness my soul desires;  
My failings I bemoan;  
But the perfection it requires  
I find in Christ alone.
- 4 Jesus the holy law fulfilled,  
To be our righteousness;  
And we to him obedience yield,  
Who is our life and peace.
- 5 His bright example shows the way;  
His grace the power imparts;  
His love constrains us to obey;  
His law is in our hearts

567. 7s

- 1 BLESSÉD Jesus, heavenly Lamb,  
Thine and only thine I am ;  
Take me, body, spirit, soul ;  
Only thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be ;  
Let me ever cleave to thee ;  
Let me choose the better part ;  
Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men !  
Do not let me turn again ;  
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,  
Stoop to creature happiness.
- 4 All my treasure is above ;  
All my riches is thy love ;  
Who thy depth of love can tell,  
Infinite, unsearchable ?

568. C. M.

- 1 YE earthly vanities, depart ;  
Forever hence remove ;  
For Christ alone deserves my heart,  
And every thought of love.
- 2 His heart, where love and pity dwelt  
In all their softest forms,  
Sustained the heavy load of guilt  
For lost, rebellious worms.
- 3 Can I my bleeding Saviour view,  
And yet ungrateful prove ;  
And pierce his wounded heart anew,  
And grieve his injured love ?



- 4 Great God, forbid ! O, bind this heart,  
This roving heart of mine,  
So firm that it may ne'er depart,  
In chains of love divine.

569. L. M.

- 1 O THOU, who hast at thy command  
The hearts of all men in thy hand,  
Our wayward, erring hearts incline  
To have no other will but thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control ;  
Mould every purpose of the soul ;  
O'er all may we victorious prove  
That stands between us and thy love.
- 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be  
When we can look through them to thee  
When each glad heart its tribute pays  
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 And while we to thy glory live,  
May we to thee all glory give,  
Until the final summons come,  
That calls thy willing servants home.

570. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, into thy hands alone  
I have my all restored ;  
My all, thy property I own,  
The steward of the Lord.
- 2 Confiding wholly in thy love,  
Through Jesus strength'ning me,  
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,  
And give back all to thee.

- 3 Determined all thy will t' obey,  
Thy blessings I restore ;  
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,  
I praise thee evermore

571. L. M.

- 1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine ;  
With full consent thine I would be,  
And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
Among the children of thy grace ;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood
- 3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God ;  
Thee, my new Master, now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all.
- 4 Do thou assist a feeble worm  
The great engagement to perform ;  
Thy grace can full assistance lend,  
And on that grace I dare depend.

572. L. M.

- 1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right  
To every service I can pay,  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee ;  
Its sure support, its noblest end ?  
'T is my delight thy face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

- 3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good ;  
Nor future days nor powers employ,  
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live ;  
To him who for my ransom died ;  
Nor could all worldly honor give  
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

### 573. L. M.

- 1 O LOVE, thy sovereign aid impart,  
And guard the gift thyself hast given ;  
My portion, thou, my treasure art,  
My life, my happiness, and heaven.
- 2 Would aught on earth my wishes share ?  
Though dear as life the idol be,  
The idol from my breast I 'll tear,  
Resolved to seek my all in thee.
- 3 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,  
To thee, my Lord, I here restore ;  
Gladly I all to thee resign ;  
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

### 574. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 WATCHED by the world's malignant eye,  
Who load us with reproach and shame,  
As servants of the Lord most high,  
As zealous for his glorious name ;  
We ought in all his paths to move  
With holy fear and humble love.
- 2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,  
From every evil to depart ;

To stop the mouth of every foe,  
While, upright both in life and heart,  
The proofs of godly fear we give,  
And show them how the Christians live.

575. S. M.

1 LORD, in the strength of grace,  
With a glad heart and free,  
Myself, my residue of days,  
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I  
Restore to thee thine own ;  
And, from this moment, live or die  
To serve my God alone.

576. L. M. 6l.

1 HUMBLE, and teachable, and mild,  
O may I, as a little child,  
My lowly Master's steps pursue !  
Be anger to my soul unknown ;  
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone ;  
In love create thou all things new.

2 Let earth no more my heart divide ;  
With Christ may I be crucified ;  
To thee with my whole heart **aspire** ;  
Dead to the world and all its toys,  
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,  
Be thou alone my one desire.

3 My will be swallowed up in thee ,  
Light in thy light still may I see,  
Beholding thee with open face :

Called the full power of faith to prove,  
Let all my hallowed heart be love,  
And all my spotless life be praise.

- 4 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,  
My consecrated heart inspire,  
Sprinkled with the atoning blood ;  
Still to my soul thyself reveal ;  
Thy mighty working may I feel,  
And know that I am one with God.

577. P. M.

- 1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,  
With all of creature good ;  
Only Jesus I pursue,  
Who bought me with his blood.  
All thy pleasures I forego,  
I trample on thy wealth and pride ;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain ;  
'T is all but vanity ;  
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain ;  
He tasted death for me.  
Me to save from future woe  
The sin-atoning victim died ;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Here will I set up my rest ;  
My fluctuating heart  
From the haven of his breast  
Shall never more depart.  
Whither should a sinner go ?  
His wounds for me stand open wide ;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

## 578. C. M.

- 1 HOW vain are all things here below,  
How false, and yet how fair!  
Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flatt'ring light ;  
We should suspect some danger nigh,  
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but half for God !
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense ;  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 My Saviour, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food ;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

## 579. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 MASTER, I own thy lawful claim ;  
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be ;  
Thou seest at last I willing am,  
Where'er thou go'st, to follow thee ;  
Myself in all things to deny ;  
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.
- 2 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more  
Shall lead my captive soul astray ;

My fond pursuits I all give o'er,  
Thee, only thee, resolved t' obey ;  
My own in all things to resign,  
And know no other will but thine.

580. 5s & 6s.

- 1 O TELL me no more  
Of this world's vain store !  
The time for such trifles  
With me now is o'er.
- 2 A city I've found,  
Where true joys abound ;  
To dwell I'm determined  
On this happy ground.
- 3 My soul, don't delay ;  
He calls thee away ;  
Rise, follow thy Saviour,  
And bless the glad day.

Assurance and Confidence.

581. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim ;  
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
The glories that compose thy name  
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God ;  
And I am thine by sacred ties, —  
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood
- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look ;

As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

- 4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise,  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And fill the remnant of my days.

582. C. M.

- 1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord,  
With whom he deigns to dwell!  
He feeds and cheers them with his word,  
His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them, in each distressing hour,  
His throne of grace is near;  
And when they plead his love and power  
He stands engaged to hear.
- 3 He helped his saints in ancient days,  
Who trusted in his name;  
And we can witness to his praise;  
His love is still the same.
- 4 His presence sweetens all our cares,  
And makes our burdens light;  
A word from him dispels our fears,  
And gilds the gloom of night.
- 5 Lord, we expect to suffer here,  
Nor would we dare repine;  
But give us still to find thee near,  
And own us still for thine.

583. L. M.

- 1 MY soul, with humble fervor raise  
To God the voice of grateful praise,



And all my ransomed powers combine  
To bless his attributes divine.

- 2 Deep on my heart let mem'ry trace  
His acts of mercy and of grace,  
Who, with a Father's tender care,  
Saved me when sinking in despair ;
- 3 Gave my repentant soul to prove  
The joy of his forgiving love ;  
Poured balm into my bleeding breast,  
And led my weary feet to rest.

584. C. M.

- 1 BLEST is the man who fears the Lord ;  
His well established mind,  
In every varying scene of life  
Shall true composure find.
- 2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea  
The heavenly footsteps lie ;  
But on a glorious world beyond  
His faith can fix its eye.
- 3 Though dark his present prospects be,  
And sorrows round him dwell,  
Yet hope can whisper to the soul  
That all shall issue well.
- 4 Full in the presence of his God,  
Through every scene he goes ;  
And, fearing him, no other fear  
His steadfast bosom knows.

585. L. M.

- 1 SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,  
I dare approach thy throne, O God !

Thy face no frowning aspect wears,  
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears '

2 Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign,  
Doth with refulgent brightness shine ;  
And while my faith beholds it near,  
I bid farewell to every fear.

3 Let me my grateful homage pay ;  
With courage sing, with fervor pray ;  
And, though myself a wretch undone,  
Hope for acceptance through thy Son ;

4 Thy Son, who on th' accursed tree  
Expired to set the vilest free :  
On this I build my only claim,  
And all I ask is in his name.

## 586. C. M.

1 **THROUGH** all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

2 O, magnify the Lord with me ;  
With me exalt his name !  
When, in distress, to him I called,  
He to my succor came.

3 O, make but trial of his love !  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear ;  
Make you his service your delight,  
He'll make your wants his care.

587. L. M.

- 1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,  
 "Strength shall be equal to thy day;"  
 Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
 Upheld by all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I can do all things, or can bear  
 All suffer'ing, if my Lord be there;  
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
 While he my sinking head sustains.
- 3 I glory in infirmity,  
 That Christ's own power may rest on me  
 When I am weak, then am I strong;  
 Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

588. L. M.

- 1 IN vain the world's alluring smile  
 Would my unwary heart beguile;  
 Deluding world! its brightest day —  
 Dream of a moment — flits away.
- 2 To nobler bliss my soul aspires;  
 Come, Lord, and fill these large desires  
 With power, and light, and love divine,  
 O, speak, and tell me thou art mine!
- 3 The blissful word, with joy replete,  
 Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat;  
 And heavenly hope, serenely bright,  
 Illume and cheer my darkest night.

589. C. P. M.

- 1 HAD we ten thousand gifts beside,  
 We 'd cleave to Jesus crucified,  
 And build on him alone;

For no foundation is there given,  
On which to place our hopes of heaven,  
But Christ, the corner-stone.

- 2 Possessing Christ, we all possess ;  
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,  
And sanctity complete.  
Bold in his name, we dare draw nigh  
Before the Ruler of the sky,  
And all his justice meet.

590. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 WHO was saved when heaven's vast fountains  
Did their flood of death begin,  
And all flesh on plains and mountains  
Perished in its awful sin ?  
Only Noah,  
In the ark by God " shut in."
- 2 Who was saved from direst horror  
At that unexpected hour,  
When both Sodom and Gomorrah  
Sunk o'erwhelmed to rise no more ?  
Lot, the faithful,  
Was alone removed to Zoar.
- 3 Who was saved when desolation  
Fell on Salem's guilty head ;  
When th' accursed " abomination "   
All " the holy place " o'erspread ?  
Church of Jesus,  
Ye alone to Pella fled !
- 4 Christians, fear not, then, nor tremble,  
When the last dread trump shall sound ;  
Swift as lightning ye 'll assemble,  
Gath'ring your Redeemer round ;  
And, in safety,  
Will at last with Christ be found.

591. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?  
Fully, through thee, absolved I am  
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruined nature sinks in years ;  
No age can change its glorious hue ;  
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 4 O, let the dead now hear thy voice !  
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice !  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
" Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness."

592. C. M.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense.  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

### 593. S. M.

- 1 MY God, permit my tongue  
This joy, — to call thee mine ;  
And let my early cries prevail  
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 For life, without thy love,  
No relish can afford ;  
No joy can be compared with this,  
To serve and please the Lord.
- 3 In wakeful hours of night,  
I call my God to mind ;  
I think how wise thy counsels are,  
And all thy dealings kind.
- 4 Since thou hast been my help,  
To thee my spirit flies ;  
And on thy watchful providence  
My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps ;

I follow where my Father leads,  
And he supports my steps.

594. L. M.

- 1 POWER from on high, O God, impart ·  
Power in thy gospel to believe,  
Power to surrender our whole heart,  
Power all thy mercy to receive.
- 2 Convinced, and humbled in the dust,  
Beneath the burden of our guilt,  
We own thy law's dread sentence just,  
But plead the blood of pardon spilt.
- 3 Thy Spirit witness with that blood,  
And Christ our Saviour glorify ;  
While we, as children born of God,  
With rapture " Abba, Father," cry.

595. 8s & 7s.

- 1 " ABBA," Father, — Lord, we call thee, —  
Hallowed name ! — from day to day ;  
'T is thy children's right to know thee ;  
None but children " Abba " say.  
This high glory we inherit,  
Thy free gift through Jesus' blood ;  
God, the Spirit, with our spirit  
Witnesseth we 're sons of God.
- 2 Though our nature's fall in Adam  
Seemed to shut us out from God,  
Thus it was his counsel brought us  
Nearer still through Jesus' blood ;  
For in him we found redemption,  
Grace and glory in the Son ;  
O, the height and depth of mercy !  
" Christ and the elect are one."

Watchfulness.

596. S. M.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait;  
With joy obey his heavenly word,  
And watch before his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
His coming thus proclaim.
- 3 Watch! — 't is your Lord's command:  
And while we speak, he 's near;  
Mark every signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

597. S. M.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have;  
A God to glorify;  
Who life and all its blessings gave,  
My love for him to try.
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil;  
O, may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;



And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give !

- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely ;  
Assured if I my trust betray  
I shall forever die.

598. S. M.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard ;  
Ten thousand foes arise ;  
And hosts of sin are pressing hard,  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O, watch, and fight, and pray ;  
The battle ne'er give o'er ;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore !
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor once at ease sit down ;  
Thy arduous work will not be done,  
Till thou hast gained thy crown.

599. C. P. M.

- 1 TO wait for that important day  
When Jesus will his power display,  
Be this our one great care ;  
To do his will, our business here ;  
No toil to shun, no danger fear ;  
Resolved his cross to share.
- 2 And though he should prolong his stay  
And sinners mock at the delay,  
His people need not fear ;

The man who wore the crown of thorns,  
Whose claim the world rejects and scorns,  
In glory will appear.

Temptations.

600. L. M.

- 1 **THUS** far my God hath led me on,  
And made his truth and mercy known ;  
My hopes and fears alternate rise,  
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Temptations everywhere annoy,  
And sins and snares my peace destroy ;  
My earthly joys are from me torn,  
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 3 My soul, with various tempests tossed,  
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed,  
Sees every day new straits attend,  
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 4 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road  
Which leads us to the mount of God ?  
Are these the toils thy people know,  
While in the wilderness below ?
- 5 'T is even so ; thy faithful love  
Doth all thy children's graces prove ;  
'T is thus our pride and self must fall,  
That Jesus may be all in all.

601. 7s.

- 1 **GO** to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel temptation's power ;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;  
Watch with him one bitter hour :  
Turn not from his griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;  
View the Lord of life arraigned ;  
O, the wormwood and the gall !  
O, the pangs his soul sustained !  
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss.  
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb ;  
There, admiring at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete ;  
" It is finished ! " hear him cry ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,  
Where they laid his breathless clay ;  
All is solitude and gloom ;  
Who has taken him away ?  
Christ is risen, he meets our eyes ;  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

Patience and Resignation.

602. L. M.

- 1 WAIT, O, my soul, thy Maker's will ;  
Tumultuous passions, all be still ;  
Nor let a murmur'ing thought arise ;  
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,  
He executes his firm decrees ;  
And by his saints it stands confessed  
That what he does is ever best.
- 3 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,  
Prostrate before his awful seat ;  
Beneath the terrors of his rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

## 603. C. M.

- 1 AUTHOR of good, to thee we turn ;  
Thine ever wakeful eye  
Alone can all our wants discern ;  
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O, let thy love within us dwell,  
Thy fear our footsteps guide !  
That love shall vainer loves expel ;  
That fear all fears beside.
- 3 And O, by error's force subdued,  
Since oft, with stubborn will,  
We blindly shun the latent good,  
And grasp the specious ill ;
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,  
Let mercy still supply ;  
The good we ask not, Father, grant ;  
The ill we ask, deny.

## 604. 7s.

- 1 LORD, my times are in thy hand ;  
All my fondest hopes have planned,  
To thy wisdom I resign,  
And would make thy purpose mine.
- 2 Thou my daily task shalt give ;  
Day by day to thee I live ;  
So shall added years fulfil,  
Not my own, my Father's will.
- 3 Fond ambition, whisper not ;  
Happy is my humble lot ;  
Anxious, busy cares, away ;  
I 'm provided for to-day.

- 4 O, to live exempt from care,  
By the energy of prayer ;  
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,  
Yet elate with gratitude !

605. C. M.

- 1 THOU boundless Source of every good,  
Our best desires fulfil ;  
We would adore thy wondrous grace,  
And mark thy sovereign will.
- 2 In all thy mercies may our souls  
Thy bounteous goodness see ;  
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts  
Estrange our hearts from thee.
- 3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,  
To own thy hand, O God,  
And in submissive silence learn  
The lessons of thy rod !
- 4 In every changing scene of life,  
Whate'er that scene may be,  
Give us a meek and humble mind,  
A mind at peace with thee.
- 5 Do thou direct our steps aright ;  
Help us thy name to fear ;  
And give us grace to watch and pray,  
And strength to persevere.

606. L. M.

- 1 MY God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home on life's rough way,  
O, teach me from my heart to say,  
" Thy will, thy will, my God, be done ! "

- 2 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh;  
Submissive still would I reply,  
"Thy will, thy will, my God, be done!"
- 3 If thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —  
I only yield thee what is thine;  
"Thy will, thy will, my God, be done!"
- 4 Renew my will from day to day;  
Blend it with thine, and take away  
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will, thy will, my God, be done!"

## 607. L. M.

- 1 **THY** will be done! In devious way  
The hurrying stream of life may run;  
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,  
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!
- 2 Thy will be done! If o'er us shine  
A glad'ning and a prosp'rous sun,  
This prayer shall make it more divine;  
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!
- 3 Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er  
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one,  
Is ours, — to breathe, while we adore,  
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

## 608. C. P. M.

- 1 "**FATHER**, thy will, not mine, be done!"  
So prayed on earth thy suff'ring Son,  
So, in his name, I pray;

The spirit faints, the flesh is weak,  
Thy help in agony I seek ;  
O, take this cup away !

- 2 If such be not the sovereign will  
Thy wiser purpose then fulfil ;  
My wishes I resign ;  
Into thy hands my soul commend,  
On thee for life or death depend ;  
Thy will be done, not mine !

609. 7s.

- 1 THROUGH the furnace, through the heat,  
There beneath the hammer's beat,  
Through temptations manifold,  
Comes my soul like burnished gold.
- 2 Through the fires that purge the dross,  
Through the anguish to the cross,  
Buried with my Saviour slain,  
So with him I live again.
- 3 Lord, through furnace or through flood,  
Still I come to thee, my God ;  
'Mid afflictions' burning flame,  
Yet I glory in thy name.
- 4 When my soul is purified,  
Saviour, take me to thy side ;  
There, from every trial free,  
May I sweetly rest with thee.

610. C. M.

- 1 O THOU, who driest the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,

If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to thee !

- 2 The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes are flown ;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 4 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not his wing of love  
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,  
Our peace-branch from above.
- 5 Then sorrow, touched by him, grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray ;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.

## 611. S. M.

- 1 THOU refuge of my soul,  
On thee, when sorrows rise,  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell my grief,  
For thou alone canst heal ;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O, when doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine ;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.



- 4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?  
Thou art my only trust;  
And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.

612. S. M.

- 1 AS strangers here below,  
With various woes oppressed,  
We must through tribulation go  
To our eternal rest.
- 2 Thus Christ, our glorious Head,  
Ascended to his throne;  
Why should his servants fear to tread  
The way their Lord has gone?
- 3 The path to glory lies  
Through conflict and distress;  
But joyful we at length shall rise,  
The kingdom to possess.

613. 7s.

- 1 SON of God, thy blessing grant,  
Still supply my every want;  
Tree of life, thine influence shed;  
From thy fulness I am fed.
- 2 Tend'rest branch, alas, am I!  
Without thee should droop and die,  
Weak as helpless infancy,  
O confirm my soul in thee!
- 3 Unsustained by thee, I fall;  
Send the help for which I call;  
Weaker than a bruised reed,  
Help I every moment need.

- 4 All my hopes on thee depend ;  
Love me, save me to the end ;  
Give me persevering grace ;  
Take the everlasting praise.

614. S. M.

- 1 IN every trying hour  
My soul to Jesus flies ;  
I trust in his almighty power  
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear me up ;  
I trust a faithful God ;  
The sure foundation of my hope  
Is in my Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing  
To our Redeemer's name ;  
In joy or sorrow, life or death,  
His love is still the same.

615. L. M.

- 1 WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,  
And let his word support each soul ;  
Well can he bear your courage up,  
And all your foes and fears control.
- 2 He waits his own well-chosen hour  
Th' intended mercy to display ;  
And his paternal pities move,  
While wisdom dictates the delay.
- 3 Blest are the humble souls that wait  
With sweet submission to his will ;  
Harmonious all their passions move,  
And in the midst of storms are still.

- 4 Still, till their Father's well-known voice  
Wakens their silence into songs ;  
Then earth grows vocal with his praise,  
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs

616. C. M.

- 1 LORD, through the dubious paths of life  
Thy feeble servant guide ;  
Supported by thy powerful arm,  
My footsteps shall not slide.
- 2 To thee, O my unerring Guide,  
I would myself resign ;  
In all my ways acknowledge thee,  
And form my will by thine
- 3 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand  
Be doubly sweet to me ;  
And in new griefs I still shall have  
A refuge, Lord, in thee.
- 4 Lord, by thy counsel while I live  
Guide thou my wand'ring feet ;  
And when my course on earth is run  
Conduct me to thy seat

617. 7s.

- 1 'T IS my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross ;  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all,  
This is happiness to me.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
No chastisement by the way,  
Might I not with reason fear  
I should be a cast-away?
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;  
Trials give new life to prayer,  
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

## 618. L. M.

- 1 GOD of my life, to thee I call ;  
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall :  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?  
Where, but with thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?  
Does not the word still fixed, remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead

## 619. C. M.

- 1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,  
And thy deliv'rance send ;  
My soul for thy salvation faints ;  
When will my troubles end ?

- 2 Yet I have found 't is good for me  
To bear my Father's rod ;  
Affliction made me learn thy law,  
And live upon my God.
- 3 Had not thy word been my delight,  
When earthly joys were fled,  
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,  
Had sunk among the dead.
- 4 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,  
My feet were apt to stray ;  
But now I learn to keep thy word,  
Nor wander from thy way.

620. S. M.

- 1 HOW tender is thy hand,  
O thou most gracious Lord !  
Afflictions come at thy command,  
And leave us at thy word !
- 2 How gentle was the rod  
That chastened us for sin !  
How soon we found a smiling God  
Where deep distress had been !
- 3 A Father's hand we felt,  
A Father's heart we knew ;  
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,  
And found his word was true.
- 4 Now we will bless the Lord,  
And in his strength confide ;  
Forever be his name adored,  
For there is none beside.

## 621. 8s.

- 1 HOW sweet on thy bosom to rest,  
When nature's affliction is near !  
The soul that can trust thee is blest ;  
Thy smiles bring me freedom from fear
- 2 The Lord has in kindness declared  
That those who will trust in his name  
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,  
His mercy and love to proclaim.
- 3 This promise shall be to my soul  
A messenger sent from the skies,  
An anchor when billows shall roll,  
A refuge when tempests arise.
- 4 O Saviour, the promise fulfil ;  
Its comfort impart to my mind ;  
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will,  
To the cup of affliction resigned.

## 622. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will deniēs,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise :
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

## 623. . L. M.

- 1 AS the chased hart, midst sultry beams,  
Pants for the brook's refreshing streams,  
So thirst our souls, O Lord, for thee ;  
So long thy gracious face to see.
- 2 For, exiled from our heavenly home,  
We here as weary pilgrims roam ;  
With toilsome step, and progress slow,  
Oft doomed to tread the path of woe.
- 3 Yet why, with anxious cares oppressed,  
Should doubt or sorrow fill the breast ?  
What dangers can the Christian fear,  
With thee, his Saviour, ever near ?
- 4 Not only in the noon of joy  
Thy praise shall be our sweet employ ;  
But e'en affliction's darkest night  
Shall humble gratitude excite.
- 5 Yes, we will bless thee, gracious God,  
And grateful kiss the chast'ning rod ;  
Assured its heaviest strokes but prove  
A Father's care, a Father's love.

## 624. . C. M.

- 1 O GOD, to thee my sinking soul  
In deep distress doth fly !  
Thy love can all my griefs control,  
And all my wants supply.
- 2 How oft, when dark misfortune's band  
Around their victim stood,  
The seeming ill, at thy command,  
Hath changed to real good !

- 3 The tempest that obscured the sky  
Hath set my bosom free  
From earthly care and sensual joy,  
And turned my thoughts to thee.
- 4 Affliction's blast hath made me learn  
To feel for others' woe ;  
And humbly seek, with deep concern,  
My own defects to know.
- 5 Then rage, ye storms : ye billows, roar ;  
My heart defies your shock ;  
Ye make me cling to God the more —  
To God, my sheltring Rock.

## 625. C. M.

- 1 AND can my heart aspire so high  
To say " My Father," God ?  
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,  
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,  
For thou art good and wise ;  
Let each rebellious thought be still,  
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,  
And bid me wait serene,  
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,  
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 " My Father, God," permit my heart  
To plead her humble claim,  
And ask the bliss those words impart,  
In my Redeemer's name.



## 626. 8s.

- 1 O THOU, whose compassionate care  
Forbids my sad heart to complain,  
Now graciously teach me to bear  
The weight of affliction and pain.
- 2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,  
Though weary and wakeful my nights  
What comfort it gives me to know  
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites !
- 3 A tender physician thou art,  
Who woundest in order to heal,  
And comfort divine dost impart  
To soften the anguish we feel.
- 4 O, let this correction be blest,  
And answer thy gracious design !  
Then grant that my soul may find rest  
In comforts so healing as thine.

## 627. H. M.

- 1 I'LL think upon the woes,  
Most spotless Lamb of God,  
To which thou didst expose,  
Upon th' accurséd wood,  
Thyself for mine iniquity,  
And bless thee still in chast'ning me.
- 2 Why should my will complain,  
When all he means is kind ?  
Though great my grief and pain,  
To him I'll be resigned ;  
Yes, wait and hope, as me behoves ;  
The Father chastens whom he loves.

- 3 I cannot take amiss  
 These suff'rings as too great ;  
 Thou 'rt good, though they increase ;  
 Still patiently I 'll wait ;  
 Ill it becomes me to repine ;  
 Make me in life and spirit thine.
- 4 My heart shall envy none  
 Who seem to prosper more ;  
 Only may I be one  
 Of thine who so endure,  
 That here in piety they thrive,  
 Till heavenly perfectness arrive.
- 5 Thou fount of all delight,  
 And secret of my joy,  
 Though many a tearful night  
 May still my heart employ,  
 Yet will I hope one day to see  
 A blest eternity with thee.

Warfare.

628. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my King, proclaims the war ;  
 " Awake ! the powers of hell are near ;  
 To arms ! to arms ! " I hear him cry ;  
 " 'T is yours to conquer or to die ! "
- 2 Roused by the animating sound,  
 I cast my eager eyes around ;  
 I haste to gird my armor on,  
 And bid each trembling fear be gone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield ;  
 The word of God the sword I wield ;  
 With sacred truth my loins are girt,  
 And holy zeal inspires my heart.

- 4 Thus armed, I venture on the fight,  
Resolved to put my foes to flight,  
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread  
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope, in him I trust ;  
His bleeding cross is all my boast ;  
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on  
To victory, and the victor's crown.

629. C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,  
And view the threat'ning scene !  
Legions of foes encamp thee round,  
And treason lurks within.
- 2 'Tis not this mortal life alone  
These enemies assail ;  
All thine eternal hopes are lost  
If their attempts prevail.
- 3 Now to the work of God awake ;  
Thy Master never sleeps,  
But holds thy deeds in full survey ;  
His hand the record keeps.
- 4 Tremendous thought ! how it should urge  
My soul to watch and pray ;  
The slumber from my spirit shake,  
And onward speed my way !

630. C. M.

- 1 O, SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,  
And to thy armor cling ;  
With girded loins the call obey,  
That grace and mercy bring.

- 2 There is a battle to be fought,  
An upward race to run,  
A crown of glory to be sought,  
A vict'ry to be won.
- 3 The shield of faith repels the dart  
That Satan's hand may throw ;  
His arrow cannot reach thy heart  
If Christ control the bow.
- 4 O, faint not, Christian ! for thy sighs  
Are heard before his throne :  
The race must come before the prize,  
The cross before the crown.

## 631. L. M.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears  
And gird the gospel armor on ;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where Jesus, thy great Captain 's gone
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;  
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to th' heavenly gate ;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glitt'ring robes for conq'rors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace ;  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

## 632. 7s &amp; 6s.

- 1 GOD is my strong salvation ;  
     What foe have I to fear ?  
     In darkness and temptation,  
     My light, my help, is near.  
     Though hosts encamp around me,  
     Firm in the fight I stand ;  
     What terror can confound me,  
     With God at my right hand ?
- 2 Place on the Lord reliance ;  
     My soul, with courage wait ;  
     His truth be thine affiance  
     When faint and desolate ;  
     His might thy heart shall strengthen,  
     His love thy joy increase ;  
     Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;  
     The Lord will give thee peace.

## 633. C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
     To mansions in the skies,  
     I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
     And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
     And fiery darts be hurled,  
     Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
     And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
     Let storms of sorrow fall,  
     So I but safely reach my home,  
     My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
     In seas of heavenly rest,  
     And not a wave of trouble roll  
     Across my peaceful breast

634. S. M.

- 1 ARISE, ye saints, arise !  
The Lord our leader is ;  
The foe before his banner flies,  
And victory is his.
- 2 We follow thee, our Guide,  
Our Saviour, and our King ;  
We follow thee, through grace supplied  
From heaven's eternal spring.
- 3 We soon shall see the day  
When all our toils shall cease ;  
When we shall cast our arms away,  
And dwell in endless peace.
- 4 This hope supports us here ;  
It makes our burdens light ;  
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer  
Till faith shall end in sight.
- 5 Till, of the prize possessed,  
We hear of war no more ;  
And ever with our Leader rest  
On yonder peaceful shore.

635. 8s & 4s. [Repeat last line. L. M.]

- 1 HARK ! how the gospel trumpet sounds  
As through the world the echo bounds,  
Proclaiming to a ruined race,  
That, through the riches of his grace,  
Sinners may see the Saviour's face  
In endless day.
- 2 Hail, Jesus ! all-victorious Lord !  
Be thou by all mankind adored ;  
For us didst thou the fight maintain,

And o'er our foes the vict'ry gain,  
That we with thee might ever reign  
In endless day.

3 And when, through grace, our course is run  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,  
Then crowns unfading we shall wear,  
The glory of thy kingdom share,  
With thee, our glorious Leader, there,  
In endless day.

4 Then, in thy presence, heavenly King,  
In loftier strains thy praise we'll sing,  
When with the blood-bought hosts we meet  
Triumphant there, in bliss complete,  
And cast our crowns before thy feet,  
In endless day.

## 636. S. M.

1 HARK, how the watchmen cry !  
Attend the trumpet's sound ;  
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh ;  
The powers of hell surround.  
Who bow to Christ's command,  
Your arms and hearts prepare ;  
The day of battle is at hand ;  
Go forth to glorious war.

2 See on the mountain top  
The standard of your God  
In Jesus' name 't is lifted up,  
All stained with hallowed blood.  
His standard-bearers now  
To all the nations call  
To Jesus' cross ye nations bow ,  
He bore the cross for all.

- 3 Go up with Christ your Head  
 Your Captain's footsteps see,  
 Follow your Captain, and be led  
 To certain victory.  
 All power to him is given:  
 He ever reigns the same;  
 Salvation, happiness, and heaven,  
 Are all in Jesus' name.

637. S. M.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
 And put your armor on,  
 Strong in the strength which God supplies  
 Through his eternal Son;  
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
 And in his mighty power;  
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
 Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand then in his great might,  
 With all his strength endued;  
 But take, to arm you for the fight,  
 The panoply of God;  
 That having all things done,  
 And all your conflicts past,  
 Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
 And stand entire at last.

638. S. M.

- 1 EQUIP me for the war,  
 And teach my hands to fight;  
 My simple, upright heart prepare,  
 And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my every thought;  
 My whole of sin remove;



Let all my works in thee be wrought  
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O, arm me with the mind,  
Meek Lamb, that was in thee ;  
And let my knowing zeal be joined  
With perfect charity !

4 With calm and tempered zeal  
Let me enforce thy call ;  
And vindicate thy gracious will,  
Which offers life to all.

5 O, may I love like thee,  
In all thy footsteps tread !  
Thou hatest all iniquity,  
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O, may I learn the art,  
With meekness to reprove ;  
To hate the sin with all my heart,  
But still the sinner love !

## 639. S. M.

1 PRAY, without ceasing, pray ;  
Your Captain gives the word ;  
His summons cheerfully obey,  
And call upon the Lord.  
To God your every want  
In instant prayer display ;  
Pray always, pray, and never faint ;  
Pray, without ceasing, pray

2 In fellowship, — alone,  
To God with faith draw near ;  
Approach his courts, besiege his throne  
With all the power of prayer ,

His mercy now implore,  
And now show forth his praise ;  
In shouts, or silent awe, adore  
His miracles of grace.

- 3 From strength to strength go on ;  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day ;  
Still let the Spirit cry,  
In all his soldiers, Come,  
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,  
And take the conq'rors home.

## 640. C. M.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb ?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
Must I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign :  
Increase my courage, Lord ;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer, though they die ;

They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye

- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

641. 8s & 7s.

- 1 GIRD thy loins up, Christian soldier ;  
Lo, thy Captain calls thee out ;  
Let the danger make thee bolder ;  
War in weakness, dare in doubt ;  
Buckle on thy heavenly armor ;  
Yield to no inglorious peace ;  
Let thy courage wax the warmer  
As thy foes and fears increase.
- 2 Bind thy golden girdle round thee,  
Truth, to keep thee firm and right ;  
Never shall the foe confound thee  
While the truth maintains thy fight.  
Righteousness within thee rooted  
Cannot be thy confidence ;  
For Christ's righteousness imputed,  
Is thy breastplate and defence.
- 3 Shod with gospel preparation,  
In the paths of promise tread ;  
Let the hope of free salvation  
As a helmet guard thy head.  
When beset with various evils,  
Wield the Spirit's two-edged sword ;  
It prevails o'er men and devils ;  
They shall fall before the word.
- 4 But if dangers closer threaten,  
And thy soul draws near to death,

When assaulted sore by Satan,  
 Then present the shield of faith;  
 Fiery darts of fierce temptations,  
 Intercepted by thy God.  
 There shall lose their force in patience,  
 Sheathed in love, and quenched in blood.

- 5 Though to speak thou be not able,  
 Always pray, and never rest;  
 Prayer 's a weapon for the feeble;  
 Weakest souls can wield it best.  
 Ever on thy Captain calling,  
 Make thy worst condition known;  
 He shall hold thee up when falling,  
 Or shall lift thee up when down.

## 642. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes;  
 See where thy foes against thee rise,  
 In long array, a num'rous host;  
 Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
- 2 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;  
 Perils and snares beset thee round;  
 Beware of all, guard every part,  
 But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 3 Come then, my soul, now learn to wield  
 The weight of thine immortal shield;  
 Put on the armor, from above,  
 Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.
- 4 The terror and the charm repel,  
 And powers of earth, and powers of hell;  
 The man of Calv'ry triumphed here;  
 Why should his faithful followers fear?

643. S. M.

- 1 OUR Captain leads us on ;  
He beckons from the skies ;  
He reaches out a starry crown,  
And bids us take the prize.
- 2 " Be faithful unto death,  
Partake my victory,  
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,  
And thou shalt reign with me."
- 3 'T is thus the righteous Lord  
To every soldier saith ;  
Eternal life is the reward  
Of all victorious faith.
- 4 Who conquer in his might,  
The victor's meed receive ;  
They claim a kingdom in his right,  
Which God will freely give.

644. 7s.

- 1 OFT in sorrow and in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go ,  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go ;  
Join the war and face the foe ;  
Tremble not in danger's hour,  
Trusting in your Captain's power.
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;  
March in heavenly armor clad ;  
In your very weakness strong,  
Fight, nor think the battle long

- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye ;  
 Soon shall every tear be dry ;  
 Onward still in battle move,  
 More than conq'rors shall ye prove.

645. 11s.

- 1 BE firm and be faithful,  
 Desert not the right ;  
 The brave become bolder  
 The darker the night ;  
 Then up and be doing,  
 Though cowards may fail ;  
 Thy duty pursuing,  
 Dare all, and prevail.
- 2 If scorn be thy portion,  
 If hatred and loss,  
 If stripes and if prisons,  
 Remember the cross ;  
 Desert life or treasure,  
 But never the right ;  
 The pain shall give pleasure,  
 And God shall requite.

646. 7s & 5s.

- 1 SOLDIERS of the cross, arise !  
 Lo, your leader, from the skies,  
 Waves before you glory's prize.  
 Prize of victory !  
 Seize your armor, gird it on ;  
 Now the battle will be won ;  
 See, the strife will soon be done '  
 Struggle manfully !
- 2 Jesus conquered when he fell :  
 Met and vanquished earth and hell :

Now he leads you on, to swell  
 Triumphs of the cross,  
 Though all earth and hell appear,  
 Who will doubt, or who can fear?  
 God our strength and shield is near:  
 We shall gain our cause.

- 3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!  
 Jesus points the victor's rod;  
 Follow where your Leader trod;  
 Till you see his face.  
 Soon, your enemies all slain,  
 Crowns of glory you shall gain,  
 Rise to join that glorious train,  
 Who their Saviour praise.

Zeal.

## 647. S. M.

- 1 SOW in the morn thy seed;  
 At eve hold not thy hand;  
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed;  
 Broadcast it o'er the land:  
 Beside all waters sow,  
 The highway furrows stock,  
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
 Drop it upon the rock.
- 2 The good, the fruitful ground  
 Expect not here nor there;  
 O'er hill and dale and plain 't is found;  
 Go forth, then, everywhere:  
 And duly shall appear,  
 In verdure, beauty, strength,  
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
 And the full corn at length.

- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garnerers in the sky ;  
Then, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, shall come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend  
At heaven's great harvest-home.

## 648. S. M.

- 1 MAKE haste, O man, to do  
Whatever must be done ;  
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth ;  
Thy day will soon be gone.
- 2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep ;  
To smile, to sigh, to grieve ;  
To move in idleness through earth, —  
This, this is not to live !
- 3 Up then with speed, and work,  
Fling ease and self away ;  
This is no time for thee to sleep ;  
Up, watch, and work and pray !
- 4 The useful, not the great ;  
The thing that never dies ;  
The silent toil that is not lost, —  
Set these before thine eyes.
- 5 The seed, whose leaf and flower,  
Though poor in human sight,  
Brings forth at last th' eternal fruit,  
Sow thou by day and night.



- 6 Make haste, O man, to live ;  
Thy time is almost o'er ;  
O, sleep not, dream not, but arise —  
The Judge is at the door.

649. C. M.

- 1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,  
To worship at thy feet ;  
O, pour thy Holy Spirit down  
On all that now shall meet !
- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,  
To hear the Saviour's voice :  
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek ;  
Now make our hearts rejoice.
- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,  
And understand thy word ;  
To feel thy blissful presence near,  
And trust our living Lord.

650. L. M.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time t' insure the great reward ;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn  
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the season God has given  
To fit us for the joys of heaven :  
That day of grace fleets fast away,  
And none its rapid course can stay.

- 3 Then what our thoughts design to do  
 Let us with all our might pursue ;  
 And wisely every hour employ,  
 That faith and hope may turn to joy.

Unfaithfulness Deprecated.

651. L M. 61.

- 1 O GOD, how often hath thine ear  
 To me in willing mercy bowed ;  
 While, worshipping thine altar near,  
 Lowly I wept, and strongly vowed ;  
 But, ah, the feebleness of man !  
 Have I not vowed and wept in vain ?
- 2 Return, O Lord of hosts, return !  
 Behold thy servant in distress ;  
 My faithlessness again I mourn ;  
 Again forgive my faithlessness ;  
 And to thine arms of mercy take,  
 And bless me for the Saviour's sake.

652. L. M.

- 1 O THOU, who all things canst control,  
 Chase this dread slumber from my soul ;  
 With joy and fear, with love and awe,  
 Give me to keep thy perfect law
- 2 O, may one beam of thy blest sight  
 Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night ;  
 Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire ;  
 With holy, conq'ring zeal inspire !
- 3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant ;  
 Yet heavy is my soul, and faint :  
 With steps unwav'ring, undismayed,  
 Give me in all thy paths to tread

- 4 With outstretched hands, and streaming eyes,  
Oft I begin to grasp the prize ;  
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray ;  
But, ah, my zeal soon dies away !
- 5 The deadly slumber then I feel  
Afresh upon my spirit steal :  
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quick'ning power,  
And wake me that I sleep no more.

### 653. C. M.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt  
The Saviour's pard'ning blood  
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
His praises tuned my tongue ;  
And when the evening shades prevailed,  
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine ;  
And when I read his holy word,  
I called each promise mine.
- 4 But now, when evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns ;  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.
- 5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail ;  
O make my soul thy care !  
I know thy mercy cannot fail ;  
Let me that mercy share.

## 654. C. M.

- 1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?  
Awake, my sluggish soul ;  
Nothing has half thy work to do,  
Yet nothing 's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants : for one poor grain  
See how they toil and strive !  
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,  
How negligent we live !
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move ;  
We, for whose guard the angel bands  
Come flying from above ;
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And labored for our good ;  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchased with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts ?  
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,  
And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,  
With vig'rous souls to rise ;  
With hands of faith, and wings of love,  
To fly and take the prize.

## 655. L. M.

- 1 WHEN, O my Saviour, shall it be,  
That I no more shall break with thee ?  
When will this war of passion cease,  
And I enjoy a lasting peace ?

- 2 Now I repent ; now sin again ;  
Now I revive ; and now am slain ;  
Slain with the same malignant dart  
Which, O, too often wounds thy heart .
- 3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be  
That I shall find my all in thee ;  
The fulness of thy promise prove,  
And feast on thine eternal love ?

### 656. C. M.

- 1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase,  
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,  
And thy refreshing grace !
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine ;  
O, when shall I behold thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine ?
- 3 I sigh to think of happier days,  
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh ;  
When every heart was tuned to praise,  
And none more blest than I .
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The praise of him who is thy God,  
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

### 657. S. M.

- 1 AND wilt thou yet be found,  
And may I still draw near ?  
Then listen to the plaintive sound  
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

- 2 Jesus, thine aid afford,  
If still the same thou art :  
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,  
I lift my helpless heart.
- 3 Thou seest my troubled breast,  
The strugglings of my will,  
The foes that interrupt my rest,  
The agonies I feel.
- 4 O, my offended Lord;  
Restore my inward peace !  
I know thou canst ; pronounce the word,  
And bid the tempest cease.
- 5 I long to see thy face ;  
Thy Spirit I implore, —  
The living water of thy grace,  
That I may thirst no more.

## 658. C. M.

- 1 O THAT I were as heretofore,  
When, warm in my first love,  
I only lived my God t' adore,  
And seek the things above !
- 2 Upon my head his candle shone,  
And, lavish of his grace,  
With cords of love he drew me on,  
And half unveiled his face.
- 3 Far, far above all earthly things  
Triumphantly I rode ;  
I soared to heaven on eagles' wings.  
And found and talked with God.
- 4 Where am I now ? from what a height  
Of happiness cast down !

The glory swallowed up in night,  
And faded is the crown.

659. L. M.

- 1 MY God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee ;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
One sov'reign word can draw me thence ;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;  
Let noise and vanity be gone ;  
In secret silence of the mind,  
My Saviour and my heaven I find.

Aspiration.

660. 7s.

- 1 AS the hart, with eager looks,  
Panteth for the water-brooks,  
So my soul, athirst for thee,  
Pants the living God to see ;  
When, O when, with filial fear,  
Lord, shall I to thee draw near ?
- 2 Why art thou cast down, my soul ?  
God, thy God, shall make thee whole ;

Why art thou disquieted ?  
 God shall lift thy fallen head,  
 And his countenance benign  
 Be the saving health of thine.

## 661. C. M.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest  
     Till thou art formed within ;  
 Till thou hast calmed our troubled breast,  
     And crushed the power of sin !
- 2 O, may we gaze upon thy cross,  
     Until the wondrous sight  
 Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,  
     And earthly sorrows light ;
- 3 Until, released from carnal ties,  
     Our spirit upward springs,  
 And sees, when earthly glory dies,  
     True joy in heavenly things.
- 4 There as we gaze may we become  
     United, Lord, to thee ;  
 And in a fairer, happier home  
     Thy perfect beauty see.

## 662. L. M.

- 1 O LOVE, of pure and heavenly birth !  
 O simple Truth, scarce known on earth !  
 Whom men resist with stubborn will,  
 And, more perverse and daring still,  
 Smother and quench with reasonings vain,  
 While error and deception reign ;
- 2 Whence comes it that, your power the same  
 As his on high, from whom you came



Ye rarely find a list'ning ear,  
Or heart, that makes you welcome here ?  
Because ye bring reproach and pain,  
Where'er ye visit, in your train.

- 3 Then, let the price be what it may,  
Though poor, I am prepared to pay ;  
Come shame, come sorrow ; spite of tears,  
Weakness, and heart-oppressing fears ;  
One soul, at least, shall not repine  
To give you room : come, reign in mine !

### 663. P. M.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee ;  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song would be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee.  
Nearer to thee !

- 2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I 'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

- 3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

664. C. M.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God ;  
A heart from sin set free ;  
A heart that 's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me .
- 2 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within ;
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And filled with love divine ;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good ;  
A copy, Lord, of thine !
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new best name of love.

665. 7s.

- 1 KING of mercy, King of love,  
Source of life, in whom I move,  
Perfect what thou hast begun,  
Let no night put out the sun.
- 2 Grant I may, my chief Desire,  
Long for thee, to thee aspire ;  
Let my youth, my bloom of days,  
Be my comfort and thy praise ;
- 3 That hereafter, when I look  
O'er the sullied, sinful book,  
I may find thy hand therein  
Wiping out my shame and sin.

666. 6s.

- 1 I FEEL within a want  
Forever burning there ;  
What I so thirst for, grant,  
O thou who hearest prayer !
- 2 This is the thing I crave,  
A likeness to thy Son :  
This would I rather have  
Than call the world my own.
- 3 'T is my most fervent prayer ;  
Be it more fervent still ;  
Be it my highest care,  
Be it my settled will.

667. L. M.

- 1 SPRING up, my soul, with ardent flight  
Nor let this earth delude thy sight  
With glitt'ring trifles gay and vain .  
Wisdom divine directs thy view  
To objects ever grand and new,  
And faith displays the shining train.
- 2 Be dead, my hopes, to all below ;  
Nor let unbounded torrents flow,  
When mourning o'er my withered joy  
So this deceitful world is known ;  
Possessed, I call it not my own,  
Nor glory in its painted toys.
- 3 The empty pageant rolls along ;  
The giddy, inexperienced throng  
Pursue it with enchanted eyes :  
It passeth in swift march away ;  
Still more and more its charms decay  
Till the last gaudy color dies.

- 4 My God, to thee my soul shall turn,  
 For thee my noblest passions burn,  
 And drink in bliss from thee alone .  
 I fix on that unchanging home,  
 Where never-fading pleasures bloom,  
 Fresh springing round thy radiant throne

668. C. M.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my way  
 To keep his statutes still ;  
 O that my God would grant me grace  
 To know and do his will !
- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write  
 Thy law upon my heart ;  
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
 Nor act the liar's part !
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;  
 Let no corrupt design  
 Nor covetous desires arise  
 Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
 And make my heart sincere ;  
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray ;  
 My feet too often slip ;  
 Yet, since I 've not forgot thy way,  
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands ,  
 'T is a delightful road ;  
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,  
 Offend against my God.

669. C. M.

- 1 WITH my whole heart I 've sought thy face,  
O, let me never stray  
From thy commands, O God of grace,  
Nor tread the sinner's way !
- 2 Thy word I 've hid within my heart,  
To keep my conscience clean,  
And be an everlasting guard  
From every rising sin.
- 3 I 'm a companion of the saints,  
Who fear and love the Lord ;  
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,  
When men transgress thy word.
- 4 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears  
The threat'nings of thy word ;  
My flesh with holy trembling fears  
The judgments of the Lord.
- 5 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,  
For thy salvation still ;  
Thy holy law is my delight,  
And I obey thy will.

670. C. P. M.

- 1 TELL me no more of earthly toys,  
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,  
The things I loved before ;  
Let me but view my Saviour's face,  
And feel his animating grace,  
And I desire no more.
- 2 Tell me no more of fame and wealth,  
Of careless ease and blooming health  
For they have all their snares

Let me but know my sins forgiven,  
And see my name enrolled in heaven,  
And I am free from cares.

- 3 Give me a Bible in my hand,  
A heart to read and understand  
That sure unerring word ;  
I 'd urge no company to stay,  
But sit alone from day to day,  
And converse with the Lord.

671. C. M.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high  
Allow my humble claim ;  
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,  
Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 My Father, God ! how sweet the sound !  
How tender and how dear !  
Not all the melody of heaven  
Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name  
On my expanding heart,  
And show that in Jehovah's grace  
I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheered by a signal so divine,  
Unwav'ring I believe ;  
Thou know'st I Abba, Father, cry,  
Nor can the sign deceive.

672. C. M.

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my soul to thee ;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Jesus, remember me !

- 2 When with an aching, burdened heart,  
I seek relief of thee,  
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;  
O Lord, remember me!
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
O, let my strength be as my day!  
O Lord, remember me!
- 4 If, for thy sake, upon my name  
Reproach and shame shall be,  
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
O Lord, remember me!
- 5 And when before thy throne I stand,  
And lift my soul to thee,  
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,  
O Lord, remember me!
- 6 And when thy glorious day shall come,  
And earth and heaven shall flee,  
O, let me find a peaceful home!  
Yes, then remember me!

673. 8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrims through this barren land;  
We are weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold us with thy powerful hand;  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed us now and evermore.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead us all our journey through;  
Strong Deliv'rer,  
Be thou still our strength and shield.

- 3 Musing on our habitation,  
 Looking to our heavenly home,  
 Fills our souls with holy longing ;  
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !  
 Hard the conflict,  
 Till we find our rest with thee.

674. L. M.

- 1 I WANT not India's pearly shore ;  
 I want the joys of earth no more ;  
 I want to quit each vain delight ;  
 I want to walk with Christ in white.
- 2 I want to know my Saviour's love ;  
 I want to fix my heart above ;  
 I want more grace to conquer sin ;  
 I want to feel new life within
- 3 I want Christ's robe of righteousness ;  
 I want that bright and glorious dress ;  
 I want to lay my own aside ;  
 I want to fly from legal pride.
- 4 I want to lean on Jesus' breast,  
 And feel him my eternal rest ;  
 I want the Spirit's purging fire,  
 More faith, more love, to raise me higher.
- 5 I want with Jesus to sit down ;  
 I want to wear my heavenly crown ;  
 I want the kingdom promised me ;  
 I want, O Christ, to live with thee !

675. 11s.

- 1 I'M weary of staying ; O, when shall I rest  
 In that promised land of the good and the blest,  
 Where sin shall no longer her blandishments spread  
 And tears and temptations forever are fled '



- 2 I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,  
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their birth,  
O'er the pangs of the loved that we cannot assuage  
The blightings of youth, and the weakness of age
- 3 I'm weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,  
As fair but as fleeting as bright morning dew;  
I long for that land whose blest promise alone  
Is changeless, and sure as eternity's throne.
- 4 I'm weary of loving, where all pass away;  
The brightest and fairest, alas! cannot stay;  
I look to the place where these partings are o'er,  
Where death and the tomb can divide us no more.

676. S. M.

- 1 FAR down the ages now,  
Her journey well nigh done,  
The pilgrim church pursues her way,  
In haste to reach the crown.  
No wider is the gate,  
No broader is the way,  
No smoother is the ancient path  
That leads to light and day.
- 2 'Tis the old sorrow still —  
The brier and the thorn;  
And 'tis the same old solace yet —  
The hope of coming morn.  
Dawn lingers on yon cliff;  
But, O, how slow to spring!  
Morning still nestles on yon wave,  
Afraid to try its wing.

- 3 No slacker grows the fight,  
 No feeble is the foe,  
 No less the need of armor tried,  
 Of shield, and spear, and bow  
 Nor less we feel the blank  
 Of earth's still absent King,  
 Whose presence is of all our bliss  
 The everlasting Spring.
- 4 Thus onward still we press,  
 Through evil and through good,  
 Through pain, and poverty, and want,  
 Through peril, and through blood.  
 Still faithful to our God,  
 And to our Captain true ;  
 We follow where he leads the way —  
 The kingdom in our view.

677. C. P. M.

- 1 HEAR us, O God, for vengeance cry !  
 Let Satan quickly prostrate lie,  
 And we be freed from sin ;  
 Made holy, like our blessed Lord,  
 And then, without one jarring chord,  
 Thy praises we will sing.
- 2 O, let that glorious period rise,  
 When all on earth, with glad surprise,  
 Will see the heavens rend,  
 And Christ, who was for sinners slain,  
 In triumph with his holy train  
 A second time descend.

678. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, come, thy saints are waiting,  
Waiting for the nuptial day;  
Thence their promised glory dating;  
Come, and bear thy saints away:  
Come, Lord Jesus!  
Thus thy waiting people pray.
- 2 Base the wish, and vain th' endeavor,  
While on earth to find our rest;  
Till we see thy face, we never  
Shall or can be fully blest;  
In thy presence  
Nothing shall our peace molest.
- 3 Lord, we wait for thine appearing,  
"Tarry not," thy people say:  
Bright the prospect is, and cheering,  
Of beholding thee that day;  
When our sorrow  
Shall forever pass away.

679. C. M

- 1 THY sympathies and hopes are ours;  
Dear Lord, we wait to see  
Creation, all below, above,  
Redeemed and blest by thee.
- 2 Our longing eyes would fain behold  
That bright and blessed brow,  
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear  
Its crown of glory now.
- 3 Why linger, then? come, Saviour, come,  
Responsive to our call;  
Come, claim thine ancient power, and reign  
The Heir and Lord of all.

680. L. M.

- 1 THY kingdom come ; thus, day by day,  
We lift our hands to God and pray ;  
But who has ever duly weighed  
The meaning of the words he said ?
- 2 Thy kingdom come ; O day of joy,  
When praise shall every tongue employ ;  
When hate, and strife, and war shall cease,  
And man with man shall be at peace !
- 3 Jesus shall reign on Zion's hill,  
And all the earth with glory fill ;  
His word shall Paradise restore,  
And sin and death afflict no more.
- 4 Then bears and wolves, no longer wild,  
Obey the leading of a child ;  
The lions with the oxen eat,  
And dust shall be the serpent's meat.
- 5 God's holy will shall then be done  
By all who live beneath the sun ;  
For saints shall then as angels be,  
All changed to immortality.

681. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, haste ; our souls are waiting  
For the long expected day,  
When, new heavens and earth creating,  
Thou shalt banish grief away ;  
All the sorrow  
Caused by sin and Satan's sway.

- 2 Haste, O hasten thine appearing !  
     Take thy mourning people home ;  
   'T is this hope our spirits cheering,  
     While we in the desert roam,  
         Makes thy people  
     Strangers here till thou dost come.
- 3 Lord, how long shall the creation  
     Groan and travail, sore in pain ;  
   Waiting for its sure salvation,  
     When thou shalt in glory reign,  
         And, like Eden,  
     This sad earth shall bloom again ?

682. C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold  
     A world by sin destroyed ;  
   Creator-spirit, as of old,  
     Move on the formless void.
- 2 Give thou the word ; that healing sound  
     Shall quell the deadly strife ;  
   And earth again, like Eden crowned,  
     Produce the tree of life.
- 3 If sang the morning-stars for joy  
     When nature rose to view,  
   What strains shall angel-hearts employ  
     When thou shalt all renew ?
- 4 And if the sons of God rejoice  
     To hear a Saviour's name,  
   How will the ransomed raise their voice,  
     To whom that Saviour came !
- 5 So every kindred, tongue and tribe,  
     Assembling round the throne,  
   Thy new creation shall ascribe  
     To grace and love alone

683. 7s. 6 l.

- 1 LORD, how long wilt thou remain  
Far from us, thy scattered flock?  
Hasten, Lord, thy promised reign,  
For we prize, while others mock,  
Thy command, though wide we roam,  
“ Occupy until I come.”
- 2 Lord, how long ere thy return  
To thine own who watch and pray;  
Gladd’ning hearts that silent mourn,  
Longing for thy glory’s day;  
Thy command fulfilling here,  
“ Occupy till I appear?”
- 3 Lord, how long ere thou shalt call  
Us, thy servants, to declare  
Where are now those talents all,  
Once committed to our care?  
Thy behest we dared not spurn,  
“ Occupy till I return.”

684. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the raging billows roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past!  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone!  
Still support and comfort me;

All my trust on thee is stayed,  
 All my help from thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
 All in all in thee I find ;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness ;  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

## 685. C. M.

- 1 THE triumphs of the martyred saints  
 The joyous lay demand ;  
 The heart delights in song to dwell  
 On that victorious band ;  
 Those whom the senseless world abhorred,  
 Who cast the world aside,  
 Deeming it worthless, for the sake  
 Of Christ, their Lord and Guide.
- 2 For him they braved the tyrant's rage,  
 The scourge's cruel smart ;  
 The wild beast's fang their bodies tore,  
 But vanquished not the heart ;  
 Like lambs before the sword they fell,  
 Nor cry, nor plaint expressed ;  
 For patience kept the conscious mind,  
 And armed the fearless breast.
- 3 What tongue can tell the crown prepared  
 The martyr's brow to grace ?  
 His shining robe, his joys unknown,  
 Before thy glorious face ?

Vouchsafe us, Lord, if such thy will,  
Clear skies and seasons calm ;  
If not, the martyr's cross to bear,  
And win the martyr's palm.

686. 7s & 6s.

- 1 FROM every earthly pleasure,  
From every transient joy,  
From every mortal treasure,  
That soon will fade and die ;  
No longer these desiring,  
Upward our wishes tend,  
To nobler bliss aspiring,  
And joys that never end.
- 2 From every piercing sorrow,  
That leaves our breast to-day,  
Or threatens us to-morrow,  
Hope turns our eyes away.  
On wings of faith ascending,  
We see the land of light,  
And feel our sorrows ending  
In infinite delight.
- 3 'Tis true we are but strangers,  
We sojourn here below ;  
And countless snares and dangers  
Surround the path we go ;  
Though painful and distressing,  
Yet there 's a rest to come,  
And onward still we 're pressing  
To our eternal home.

687. L. M.

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,



Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;  
O, burst these bonds, and set it free!

- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;  
Nail my affections to the cross;  
Hallow each thought; let all within  
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my light, be thou my way;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;  
O, let thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to thy holy hill!

688. C. M.

- 1 LORD, in the winds, and waves, and sky,  
I see thee present here;  
And looking at thyself I cry,  
Can I be still thy care?
- 2 I think of days and dangers past,  
When I have found thee nigh;  
And wonder how thy love can last  
To one so vile as I.
- 3 I think of terrors near at hand,  
Of judgment yet to come,  
When I before thy face must stand,  
And hear my final doom.

- 4 The sense of all I've been and done  
 Would fill me with despair ;  
 But to my Saviour's cross I run,  
 And find a refuge there.
- 5 I know he has the power to aid ;  
 I know he has the will ;  
 And he who once for sinners bled  
 Can rescue sinners still.

689. 7s & 6s.

- 1 O, WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
 And in his kingdom dwell ;  
 Partake its rest eternal,  
 Its songs triumphant swell ?  
 When shall I be delivered  
 From this vain world of sin,  
 And, with my blessed Jesus,  
 Drink endless pleasures in ?
- 2 But now I am a soldier ;  
 My Captain's gone before ;  
 He's given me my orders,  
 And bids me not give o'er :  
 If I continue faithful,  
 A righteous crown he'll give,  
 And all his valiant soldiers  
 Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Our eyes shall then, with rapture,  
 The Saviour's face behold ;  
 Our feet, no more diverted,  
 Shall walk the streets of gold ;  
 Our ears shall hear with transport  
 The hosts celestial sing ;  
 Our tongues shall chant the glory  
 Of our immortal King.

690. S. M.

- 1 O, CEASE, my wand'ring soul,  
On restless wing to roam !  
All this wide world, to either pole,  
Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the ark of God !  
Behold the open door !  
O, haste to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more !
- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide,  
There, sweet shall be thy rest,  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.

691. 10s.

- 1 LONELY and weary, by sorrows oppress'd,  
Onward we hasten with longings for rest ;  
Bidding adieu to the world with its pride,  
Longing to dwell by Immanuel's side.  
But 'mid our pilgrimage, lo, on our eyes  
Visions of beauty and glory arise ;  
Visions of crowns which we hope soon to wear  
Visions of heaven, — O, we long to be there !
- 2 There is the city, in splendor sublime,  
O, how its turrets and battlements shine !  
Pearls are its portals, surpassingly bright,  
Jasper its walls, and the Lamb is its light.  
Pathways of gold that fair city adorn,  
Glitt'ring with glory far brighter than morn ;  
Angels stand beck'ning us onward to share  
Glory unfading, — we long to be there.
- 3 Rivers are gliding 'mid unfading trees,  
Songs of the blesséd are borne on the breeze ;

Glory-gilt mountains, resplendent are seen,  
Valleys and hills clad in Eden-like green :  
There shall the glory of God ever be,  
Filling the earth as the waves fill the sea ;  
There shall the ransomed, immortal, and fair,  
Evermore dwell, — O, we long to be there !

- 4 There is the home of the pure and the blest ;  
There shall the weary be ever at rest ;  
There shall life's trials and sorrows be o'er ;  
There shall the gathered ones part nevermore ;  
There shall the blest be from death ever free ;  
There their Redeemer in beauty they 'll see ;  
Crowns of bright glory forever they 'll wear ;  
O, to be with them ! — we long to be there !

## 692. 7s & 6s.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong ;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong ;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall descend like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,

And love, and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth ;  
Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go ;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

693. 8s.

- 1 THE church in her militant state  
Is weary, and cannot forbear ;  
The saints in an agony wait,  
To see him again in the air.
- 2 The Spirit invites, in the bride,  
Her heavenly Lord to descend ;  
And place her, enthroned at his side,  
In glory that never shall end.
- 3 The news of his coming I hear,  
And gladly I join in the cry ;  
O Jesus, in triumph appear !  
Appear on the clouds of the sky.
- 4 Come, Lord, to the bride of thy love,  
In fulness of majesty come ;  
And give me the mansion above,  
Prepared in thy heavenly home.

694. S. M.

- 1 THE church has waited long  
Her absent Lord to see ;  
And still in loneliness she waits,  
A friendless stranger she.  
Age after age has gone,

Sun after sun has set,  
And still in weeds of widowhood,  
She weeps a mourner yet.  
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

2 Saint after saint on earth  
Has lived, and loved, and died,  
And as they left us one by one,  
We laid them side by side;  
We laid them down to sleep,  
But not in hope forlorn;  
We laid them but to ripen there  
Till the last glorious morn.  
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

## 695. L. M.

- 1 O, WHAT a bright and blesséd world  
This groaning earth of ours will be,  
When from its throne the tempter hurled,  
Shall leave it all, O Lord, to thee!
- 2 O blesséd Lord, with weeping eyes,  
That blissful hour we wait to see;  
While every worm or leaf that dies  
Tells of the curse, and calls for thee.
- 3 Come, Saviour, then o'er all below  
Shine brightly from thy throne above;  
Bid heaven and earth thy glory know,  
And all creation feel thy love.

## 696. C. M.

- 1 HOW long shall death the tyrant reign,  
And triumph o'er the just;  
While the rich blood of martyrs slain  
Lies mingled with the dust?

- 2 When shall the tedious night be gone?  
When will our Lord appear?  
Our fond desires would pray him down,  
Our love embrace him here.
- 3 Let faith arise and climb the hills,  
And from afar descry  
How distant are his chariot wheels,  
And tell how fast they fly.
- 4 We hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise.  
And, lo, the graves obey!  
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,  
Salute th' expected day.
- 5 O may our now vile bodies stand  
Among them clothed in white!  
The meanest place at his right hand  
Is infinite delight.
- 6 How shall our joy and wonder rise,  
When our returning King  
Shall bear us upward to the skies  
On love's triumphant wing!

697. 8s.

- 1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone;  
O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to his throne!
- 2 My Saviour, whom, absent, I love;  
Whom, not having seen, I adore;  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and power;
- 3 When that happy era begins,  
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,

- Nor grieve any more, by my sins,  
The bosom on which I recline ;
- 4 O, then shall the veil be removed,  
And round me thy brightness be poured .  
I shall meet him whom, absent, I loved,  
I shall see whom, unseen, I adored.
- 5 And then never more shall the fears,  
The trials, temptations and woes,  
Which darken the valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose.

698. L. M.

- 1 SIX thousand years are nearly past  
Since Adam from thy sight was cast ;  
And ever since his fallen race  
From age to age are void of grace.
- 2 When will the happy trump proclaim  
The judgment of the martyred Lamb ?  
When shall the captive ones be free,  
And keep th' eternal Jubilee ?
- 3 Hasten it, Lord, in every land ;  
Send thou thine angels, and command :  
“ Go, sound deliverance, and show  
Salvation to the saints below.”
- 4 We want to have the day appear,  
The promised great sabbatic year ;  
When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,  
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.
- 5 Till then we will not let thee rest ;  
Thou still shalt hear our strong request ;  
And this our daily prayer shall be,  
Lord, sound the trump of Jubilee !



699. C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, our heavenly home,  
Name to us ever dear,  
When will the Saviour come, and thou  
To us, his saints, appear?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy jasper walls  
And gates of pearl survey;  
The fabric reared on precious stones  
Of every brilliant ray?
- 3 Transparent as the crystal glass,  
And formed of purest gold;  
Perfection's height art thou, of all  
That man can e'er behold.
- 4 In thee the myriads of the saints  
Shall in one song unite,  
And each the bliss of all shall see  
With infinite delight.
- 5 O when, thou city of our God,  
Shalt thou for us descend,  
And our eternal sabbath come,  
When praise shall never end?

700. C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my glorious home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labors have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold;  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?

- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom  
Nor sin nor sorrow know ;  
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you !
- 4 Jerusalem, my glorious home,  
My soul still pants for thee ;  
Then shall my labors have an end  
When I thy joys shall see.

## 701. C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
O, how I long for thee !  
When will my sorrows have an end ?  
Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,  
Most glorious to behold ;  
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks  
My study long have been ;  
Such dazzling views by human sight  
Have never yet been seen.
- 4 If such thy holy city, Lord,  
Why should we linger here,  
Still cleaving to this vile abode,  
Nor wish thee to appear ?
- 5 Lord, help us by thy mighty grace  
To keep in view the prize,  
Till thou dost come to take us home  
To that blest paradise.
- 6 When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,

We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first began.

702. C. M.

- 1 O, LAND of rest, for thee I sigh !  
When will the moment come  
When I shall lay my armor by,  
And dwell with Christ at home ?
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful shelt'ring dome ;  
This world 's a wilderness of woe ;  
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest ;  
He bade me cease to roam,  
And fly for succor to his breast,  
And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 I would at once have quit this place,  
Where foes in fury roam, •  
But, ah ! my passport was not sealed ;  
I could not yet go home.
- 5 Weary of wand'ring round and round  
This vale of sin and gloom,  
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,  
And dwell with Christ at home.

703. P. M.

- 1 O, SPARE thy people, Lord,  
And bring them full salvation ;  
Fulfil thy faithful word ;  
Rescue the sleeping nation !  
Thou voice of God, shout from on high ;  
The signal give for reaping ;

Come thou and reap the harvest dry ;  
 O, gather all the sleeping !  
 Spare now the " remnant," Lord ;  
 The foe doth yet pursue them ;  
 O, for thy blessed word,  
 Do thou with strength endue them !

- 2 O, may thy kingdom come,  
 All power and dominion ;  
 Bring now the faithful home  
 On bright seraphic pinion !  
 We're " tired," O, come and take us home,  
 And give us crowns of glory !  
 We feel like those who weary roam  
 About some ruin hoary.  
 O, may thy will be done  
 On earth as 't is in heaven !  
 May now the glorious Sun  
 Of Righteousness be given !
- 3 O, may the " city " come  
 Down from the opening heaven !  
 The New Jerusalem,  
 O, may it now be given !  
 Its gates of pearl, its streets of gold,  
 Blaze with thy brightest glory ;  
 The holy seers have, raptured, told  
 The New Creation's story ;  
 O, may it now descend,  
 The city of foundations !  
 In triumph ne'er to end  
 Rule thou the angry nations.

## 704. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway  
 All heaven reveres, all worlds obey,  
 Now make the Saviour's glory known,  
 Extend his power, exalt his throne.

- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands;  
Angels submit to his commands;  
His justice shall protect the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,  
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;  
His righteous government shall last  
Till days, and years, and time be **past**

## 705. P. M.

- 1 WHEN shall I see the day  
That ends my woes?  
When shall I vict'ry gain  
O'er all my foes?  
When will the trumpet sound  
That calls an exile home;  
The grand, sabbatic year,  
When will it come?
- 2 A crown of glory bright,  
By faith I see,  
In yonder realms of light,  
Prepared for me.  
O, may I faithful prove,  
And keep the prize in view,  
And through the storms of life  
My way pursue!
- 3 Jesus, be now my guide;  
My steps attend;  
O, keep me near thy side!  
Be thou my friend;  
Be thou my shield and sun,  
My Saviour and my guard;  
And, when my work is done,  
My great reward.

4 O, how I long to see  
 That happy day,  
 When sorrow, sin and pain,  
 Shall flee away.  
 When all th' heavenly tribes  
 Shall find their long sought-home!  
 The Jubilee of heaven,  
 When will it come?

706. L. M.

- 1 THOU only sovereign of my heart,  
 My refuge, my almighty Friend,  
 And can my soul from thee depart  
 On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,  
 A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?  
 Can this dark world of sin and woe  
 One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart;  
 On these my fainting spirit lives;  
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart  
 Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;  
 While thou art near, in vain they call;  
 One smile, one blissful smile of thine,  
 My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie.  
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine;  
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,  
 For life, eternal life, is thine.

707. C. M.

- 1 MY song shall always be of him  
Who gave himself for me ;  
Who died a sinner to redeem,  
And bled upon the tree.
- 2 I never can his love forget,  
Who suffered for my good ;  
His wounded head, hands, side, and feet  
Poured forth the sacred flood.
- 3 Like him, on earth, I wish to be,  
That, when he doth appear,  
I may rejoice his face to see,  
And his blest voice to hear.
- 4 For time to come I would fulfil  
The wishes of my Lord ;  
Obey his precepts, do his will,  
And magnify his word.

708. 8s.

- 1 I LONG to behold him arrayed  
With glory and light from above ;  
The King in his beauty displayed,  
His beauty of holiest love.  
I languish and sigh to be there,  
Where Jesus shall fix his abode ;  
O, when shall we meet in the air,  
And fly to the mountain of God ?
- 2 With him I on Sion shall stand,  
For Jesus has spoken the word ;  
The breadth of Immanuel's land  
Survey by the side of my Lord.

But when, on thy bosom reclined,  
Thy face I am strengthened to see,  
My fulness of rapture I find,  
My heaven of heavens in thee

- 3 How happy the people whose home  
Is found in the city of God !  
As pilgrims no more they shall roam,  
Nor travel a dangerous road.  
Physician divine, unto me  
Thy soul-healing blessing now give,  
And keep me while waiting for thee,  
And then to that city receive.

## 709. C. M.

- 1 FAR fairer is the land we seek,  
A land without a tomb,  
An everlasting resting-place,  
A sure and quiet home.
- 2 Far sunnier than the hills of time  
Are its eternal hills ;  
Far fresher than the rills of earth  
Are its eternal rills.
- 3 No blight can fall upon its flowers,  
No darkness fill its air ;  
It has a day forever bright,  
For Christ, its sun, is there.
- 4 O Sun of love and peace, arise !  
Thy light upon us beam ;  
For all this life is but a sleep,  
And all this world a dream.



710. C. M.

- 1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone  
     Around thy steps below ;  
     What patient love was seen in all  
     Thy life and death of woe !
- 2 Forever on thy burdened heart  
     A weight of sorrow hung ;  
     Yet no ungentle murm'ring word  
     Escaped thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile  
     Thy friends unfaithful prove ;  
     Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
     Thy heart could only love.
- 4 O, give us hearts to love like thee .  
     Like thee, O Lord, to grieve  
     Far more for others' sins than all  
     The wrongs that we receive !
- 5 One with thyself, may every eye  
     In us, thy brethren, see  
     That gentleness and grace that spring  
     From union, Lord, with thee

711. 8s & 7s.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
     Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;  
     Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;  
     All thy faithful mercies crown.  
     Jesus, thou art all compassion ;  
     Pure, unbounded love thou art ;  
     Visit us with thy salvation ;  
     Enter every trembling heart.

- 2 Breathe, O, breathe thy Holy Spirit  
Into every troubled breast ;  
Let us all thy grace inherit ;  
Let us find thy promised rest :  
Take away the love of sinning ;  
Take our load of guilt away ;  
End the work of thy beginning ;  
Bring us to eternal day.

712. 7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,  
Give me faith to make me whole ;  
Finish thy great work of grace,  
Cut it short in righteousness.
- 2 Speak the second time, " Be clean ! "  
Take away my inbred sin ;  
Every stumbling-block remove ;  
Cast it out by perfect love.
- 3 Nothing less will I require ;  
Nothing more can I desire ;  
None but Christ to me be given ;  
None but Christ in earth or heaven.
- 4 O that I might now decrease !  
O that all I am might cease !  
Let me into nothing fall ;  
Let my Lord be all in all.

713. C. M.

- 1 O, COULD I find, from day to day,  
A nearness to my God,  
Then would my hours glide sweet away  
While leaning on his word !

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND PRACTICE.

- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live  
Anew from day to day,  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may nevermore depart,  
Nor grieve thy love divine.

714. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 GENTLY, Lord, O, gently lead us  
Through this lowly vale of tears !  
And, O Lord, in mercy give us  
Thy rich grace in all our fears !  
O, refresh us,  
O, refresh us with thy grace !
- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset us  
From without and from within,  
Jesus says he 'll ne'er forget us,  
But will save from every sin ;  
Therefore praise him,  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Though distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread'st the thorny road,  
His right hand shall still defend thee ;  
Soon he 'll bring thee home to God ;  
Therefore praise him,  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

Anticipation.

715. C. M.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 O, the transporting, rapt'rous scene  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,  
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

716. S. M.

- 1 TO watch the morning's dawn  
I'll get me to the hill;  
And, till the shadows flee away,  
I'll keep the watch-tower still.

- 2 For morning surely comes,  
With everlasting light ;  
The glorious day-star is at hand,  
To chase the dreary night.
- 3 Our journey has been long,  
And dark our desert-day ;  
The promised glory yet to come,  
Chief solace of our way.
- 4 And, though it lingers, yet  
It cheers the failing eye  
To mark, amid surrounding gloom,  
The star of prophecy.
- 5 I'll trim my lamp the while,  
And chant a midnight lay,  
Till perfect light and gladness come  
In glory's endless day.

717. L. M.

- 1 LOOK up, my soul, and hail the home  
The Lord thy God prepares for thee ;  
Jerusalem from heaven will come,  
Bride of the Lamb, in majesty.
- 2 Look up, my soul ; for, bright as gold,  
The sacred city's jasper walls  
Shine like the noonday sun ; behold,  
God's glory gilds her radiant halls !
- 3 Look up, my soul ; the " First, the Last,"  
Hath bade all pain and mourning cease ;  
The griefs of former years are past ;  
All there is light, and joy, and peace.
- 4 Look up, my soul ; and still rejoice,  
Though tempests dark thy path bedim ;  
No " fearful, unbelieving " voice  
Can sing the Bridegroom's choral hymn

- 5 Look up, my soul ; and keep that word,  
That solemn word which Christ hath given :  
Blesséd are ye who wait your Lord,  
The “ bright, the Morning Star ” of heaven
- 6 Look up, my soul ; and join that cry,  
“ The Spirit and the bride say, Come ! ”  
Lord, haste, fulfil thy prophecy ;  
Lord, take thy sealéd people home !

718. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of calm delight,  
To sorrowing mortals given ;  
There rapt'rous scenes enchant the sight,  
And all to soothe their souls unite ;  
Sweet is their rest in heaven.
- 2 There glory beams on all the plains,  
And joy for hope is given ;  
There music swells in sweetest strains,  
And spotless beauty ever reigns,  
And all is love in heaven.
- 3 There cloudless skies are ever bright ;  
Thence gloomy scenes are driven ;  
There suns dispense unsullied light,  
And planets, beaming on the sight,  
Illume the fields of heaven.
- 4 There is a stream that ever flows,  
To passing pilgrims given ;  
There fairest fruit immortal grows .  
The verdant flower eternal blows  
Amid the fields of heaven.
- 5 There is a great and glorious prize,  
For those with sin who 've striven ;

'T is bright as star of evening skies,  
And far above it glitt'ring lies  
A golden crown in heaven.

719. 8s & 7s.

- 1 THIS is not my place of resting,  
Mine 's a city yet to come;  
Onwards to it I am hasting,  
On to my eternal home.
- 2 In it all is light and glory,  
O'er it shines a nightless day;  
Every trace of sin's sad story,  
All the curse has passed away.
- 3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us  
By the streams of life along;  
On the freshest pastures feeds us,  
Turns our sighing into song.
- 4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
Soon we bid farewell to pain;  
Nevermore be sad or weary,  
Never, never sin again.

720. S. M.

- 1 "FOREVER with the Lord!"  
Amen, so let it be;  
Life for the dead is in that word.  
'T is immortality.
- 2 Here, in the body pent,  
Absent from him I roam;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home

- 3 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near,  
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,  
Thy golden gates appear !
- 4 Ah, then my spirit faints  
To reach the home I love ,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above !
- 5 And, though there intervene  
Rough roads and stormy skies,  
Faith will not suffer aught to screen  
Thy glory from my eyes.
- 6 There shall all clouds depart,  
The wilderness shall cease ;  
And sweetly shall each gladdened heart  
Enjoy eternal peace.

721. C. M.

- 1 BLEST hour when virtuous friends shall meet,  
Their earthly sorrows o'er,  
And with celestial welcome greet,  
On an immortal shore !
- 2 The parent finds his long-lost child ;  
Brothers on brothers gaze ;  
The tear of resignation mild  
Is changed to joy and praise.
- 3 Each tender tie, dissolved with pain,  
With endless bliss is crowned ;  
All that was dead revives again ;  
All that was lost is found.
- 4 And while remembrance, lingering still,  
Draws joy from sorrowing hours ;



New prospects rise, new pleasures fill  
The soul's expanding powers.

- 5 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,  
High thoughts shall interchange;  
Nor cease with ever-new delight  
On wings of love to range.

722. C. P. M.

- 1 WHAT sound is this salutes my ear?  
'T is Gabriel's trump methinks I hear;  
Th' expected day has come.  
Behold the heavens, the earth, the sea,  
Proclaim the year of Jubilee!  
Return, ye exiles, home.
- 2 Behold, the fair Jerusalem,  
Illuminated by the Lamb,  
In glory doth appear!  
Fair Zion, rising from the tombs,  
To meet the Bridegroom; lo! he comes  
And hails the festive year.
- 3 My soul is striving to be there;  
I long to rise and wing the air,  
And trace the sacred road.  
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things!  
O, that I had an angel's wings,  
I'd quickly see my God!
- 4 Fly, ling'ring moments, fly, O fly!  
I thirst, I pant, I long, to try,  
Angelic joys to prove;  
Soon shall I change this house of clay,  
Clap my glad wings and soar away,  
And shout redeeming love!

723. C. M.

- 1 O, WHAT hath Jesus bought for me !  
Before my ravished eyes  
Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of paradise.
- 2 I see the blessed saints in light,  
Who taste the pleasure there ;  
They are all robed in spotless white,  
And conq'ring palms they bear.
- 3 In hope of that immortal crown  
I now the cross sustain ;  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain.
- 4 O, what are all my suff'rings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host t' appear,  
And worship at thy feet ?
- 5 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away ;  
But let me find them all again  
In that eventful day.

724. 9s & 8s.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee  
And all the midnight shadows flee ;  
Tinged are the distant skies with glory ;  
A beacon light hangs out for thee.  
Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee ;  
Thy name is graven on the throne ;  
Thy home is in that world of glory  
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,  
 Calmly composed and dauntless stand ;  
 For, lo ! beyond those scenes emerges  
 The heights that bound the promised land  
 Christian, behold, the land is nearing  
 Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er !  
 Hark ! how the heavenly hosts are cheering !  
 See in what throngs they range the shore !

3 Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee  
 Bright as the summer's noontide ray !  
 The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory  
 Invite thy happy soul away.  
 Away, away, leave all for glory !  
 Thy name is graven on the throne ;  
 Thy home is in that world of glory  
 Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

725. 11s.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness ;  
 Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ;  
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness.  
 Arise, for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.

Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued  
 them,

And scattered their legions, was mightier far ;  
 They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pur-  
 sued them ;

Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee  
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel shall be ;  
 Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,  
 Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free !

726. 8s & 6s.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest  
To mourning wand'ers given ;  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast ;  
'T is found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed,  
As fair as breath of even ;  
A couch for weary mortals spread,  
Where they may rest the aching head,  
And find repose, — in heaven.
- 3 There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven ;  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear, but heaven.
- 4 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,  
To brighter prospects given ;  
It views the tempest passing by,  
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene, in heaven.
- 5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given ;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom :  
Beyond the dark, the narrow tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

727. C. M.

- 1 LO, what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes !  
The earth and seas are passed away,  
And the old rolling skies !

- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,  
That holy, happy place,  
The New Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing :  
“ Mortals, behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King !
- 4 The God of glory down to men  
Removes his blest abode ;  
Men are the objects of his love,  
And he their gracious God.
- 5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye ;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears  
And death itself, shall die.”
- 6 How bright the vision ! O, how long  
Shall this glad hour delay !  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day !

728. 7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey sweetly sing ;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.  
We are travelling home to God.  
In the way the fathers trod ;  
They are resting now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

- 2 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,  
 You near Jesus' throne shall rest ;  
 There your seats are now prepared,  
 There your kingdom and reward.  
 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
 On the borders of your land :  
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
 Bids you undismayed go on.

729. L. M.

- 1 " WE 'VE no abiding city here ;"  
 This may distress the worldly mind,  
 But should not cost the saint a tear,  
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 " We 've no abiding city here ;"  
 Sad truth, were this to be our home .  
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
 " We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 " We 've no abiding city here ;"  
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
 Let not the world our rest appear,  
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 " We 've no abiding city here ;"  
 We seek a city out of sight ;  
 Jerusalem — the Lord is there —  
 It shines with everlasting light.

730. C. M.

- 1 BRIGHT flowing fountains now I see,  
 From Beulah's peaceful land ;  
 Were I a wandering dove I 'd flee,  
 And by those waters stand.

- 2 O, angel-pinions, come to me,  
And bear me soon away ;  
For I would dwell by Life's fair tree,  
Whence I shall never stray !
- 3 Fair Eden bowers glad I see,  
There sweetly I would rest ;  
I'm longing, longing there to be  
With all the white-robed blest.
- 4 My Saviour's love I would explore,  
That overflowing sea ;  
O, I would dwell for evermore,  
Fast by life's verdant tree !

731. 7s. 8 l.

- 1 LIFT your eyes of faith, and see  
Saints and angels joined in one ;  
What a countless company  
Stand before yon dazzling throne !  
Each before his Saviour stands,  
All in whitest robes arrayed ;  
Palms they carry in their hands,  
Crowns of glory on their head.
- 2 Saints, begin the endless song,  
Cry aloud, in heavenly lays ;  
Glory doth to God belong,  
God the glorious Saviour praise ;  
All salvation from him came,  
Him who reigns enthroned on high ,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,  
Let the morning stars reply.
- 3 Angel powers the throne surround ;  
Next the saints in glory they ;  
Lulled with the transporting sound,  
They their silent homage pay ;

Prostrate on their face, before  
God and his Messiah, fall ;  
Then in hymns of praise adore,  
Shout the Lamb that died for all.

732. P. M.

- 1 O, JOIN ye the anthems of triumph that rise  
From the throng of the blest, from the hosts of the  
skies ;  
Alleluia, they sing, in rapturous strains,  
Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigns !
- 2 He gave to the light its beneficent wings ;  
He controlleth the councils of senates and kings ;  
From his throne in the clouds the lightnings are  
hurled,  
And he ruleth the factions that rage thro' the world.
- 3 Rejoice, ye that love him ; his power cannot fail ;  
His omnipotent goodness shall surely prevail ;  
The triumph of evil will shortly be past,  
And the omnipotent King shall conquer at last.
- 4 Though Satan now maketh the nations his prey,  
The dominion of darkness shall soon pass away ;  
Exulting, we join heaven's rapturous strains,  
Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigns !

733. L. M.

- 1 'T IS night ; but O, the joyful morn  
Will soon our waiting spirits cheer ;  
Yon gleams of coming glory warn  
Thy saints, O Lord, that thou art near.
- 2 Lord of our hearts, beloved of thee,  
Weary of earth, we sigh to rest,



Supremely happy, safe and free,  
Forever on thy tender breast.

- 3 To see thee, love thee, feel thee near,  
Nor dread, as now, thy transient stay  
To dwell beyond the reach of fear,  
Lest joy should wane, or pass away.
- 4 Children of hope, beloved Lord,  
In thee we live, we glory now,  
Our joy, our rest, our great reward,  
Our diadem of beauty, thou.
- 5 And when exalted, Lord, with thee,  
Thy royal throne at last we share :  
To everlasting thou shalt be  
Our diadem, our glory, there.

### 734. L. M.

- 1 LO, round the throne a glorious band,  
The saints in countless myriads stand ;  
Of every tongue redeemed to God,  
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came ;  
They bore the cross, despised the shame ,  
But now from all their labors rest,  
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 They see the Saviour face to face :  
They sing the triumph of his grace ;  
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,  
To him their loud hosannas raise.
- 4 O, may we tread the sacred road  
That holy saints and martyrs trod ;  
Wage to the end the glorious strife.  
And win at last a crown of life.

735. 7s & 6s.

- 1 WHEN shall the voice of singing  
Flow joyfully along ?  
When hill and valley, ringing  
With one triumphant song,  
Proclaim the contest ended,  
And him who once was slain,  
Again to earth descended,  
In righteousness to reign.
- 2 Then from the craggy mountains  
The sacred shout shall fly ;  
And shady vales and fountains  
Shall echo the reply.  
High tower and lowly dwelling  
Shall send the chorus round,  
All hallelujahs swelling  
In one eternal sound !

736. C. M.

- 1 A STRANGER in the world below,  
I calmly sojourn here ;  
Nor can its happiness or woe  
Provoke my hope or fear ;  
Its evils in a moment end,  
Its joys as soon are past ;  
But O, the bliss to which I tend  
Eternally shall last !

Expectation.

737. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy church, with longing eyes,  
For thine expected coming waits ;  
When will the promised light arise,  
And glory beam on Zion's gates ?

- 2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,  
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,  
Thy words with pleasure we recall,  
And deem that our redemption's nigh
- 3 O, come and reign o'er every land ;  
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,  
All nations bow to thy command,  
And grace revive a dying world.
- 4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,  
To wait for thine appointed hour ;  
And fit us, by thy grace, to share  
The triumphs of thy conqu'ring power.

738. 8s.

- 1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear ;  
We soon shall recover our home ;  
The city of saints shall appear ;  
The day of eternity come.
- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,  
When, raised by the life-giving word,  
We see the new city descend,  
Adorned as a bride for her Lord.
- 3 By faith we already behold  
That lovely Jerusalem here ;  
Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
As crystal her buildings are clear.
- 4 The saints in God's presence receive  
Their great and eternal reward ;  
With Jesus forever they live,  
And reign on the earth with their Lord.

739. L. M.

- 1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound  
And spread the joyful tidings round ;  
Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,  
And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 The rich inheritance once lost,  
Freely restored through Christ we boast ,  
Eternal rest, and glorious peace,  
In mansions builded by his grace.
- 3 How blessed, who know the gospel sound,  
That spreads these joyful tidings round,  
And speaks a Jubilee begun,  
Which through eternal years shall run !

740. L. M.

- 1 WHAT sinners value I resign ;  
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine ;  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life 's a dream, an empty show ;  
But that bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere :  
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 3 O, joyful hour ! O, blest abode !  
I shall be near and like my God,  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,  
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

741. S. M.

- 1 IN expectation sweet,  
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,  
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,  
And see an endless day.
- 2 He comes, the Cong'rour comes ;  
Death falls beneath his sword ;  
The joyful pris'ners burst the tombs,  
And rise to meet their Lord.
- 3 The trumpet sounds, " Awake !  
Ye dead, to judgment come ! "   
The pillars of creation shake,  
While man receives his doom.
- 4 Thrice happy morn for those  
Who love the ways of peace !  
No night of sorrow e'er shall close ;  
Or shade their perfect bliss.

742. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, our hope, our life, our heaven  
The ling'ring times have flown ;  
To thee the kingdom now is given ;  
Return and claim thine own.
- 2 And, as we wait, along the skies  
Unearthly glory steals ;  
And our glad spirits seem to rise  
To haste thy chariot wheels.
- 3 Although they seem to linger, still  
Thy retinue on high  
Is marshalled, and awaits the will  
That bids their myriads fly

- 4 Then we will wait, nor deem too long  
The closing hours of grace,  
But trim our lamps with cheerful song,  
Till we shall see thy face.

## 743. C. M.

- 1 WITH heavenly weapons I have fought  
The battles of the Lord,  
Finished my course, and kept the faith,  
And wait the sure reward.
- 2 God has laid up in heaven for me  
A crown which cannot fade ;  
The righteous Judge, at that great day,  
Shall place it on my head.
- 3 Nor hath the King of grace decreed  
This prize for me alone ;  
But all that love and long to see  
Th' appearance of his Son.

## 744. P. M.

- 1 JESUS, faithful to his word,  
Shall with a shout descend ;  
All heaven's host their glorious Lord  
Shall joyfully attend.  
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,  
Lightnings swift and thunders loud ;  
With the great archangel's voice,  
And with the trump of God.
- 2 First the dead in Christ shall rise ;  
Then we that yet remain  
Shall be caught up to the skies,  
And see our Lord again.

We shall meet him in the air,  
 All caught up to heaven shall be;  
 Find, and love, and praise him there.  
 From death forever free.

- 3 Who can tell the happiness  
 This glorious hope affords?  
 Joy unuttered we possess  
 In those reviving words;  
 Happy while on earth we live;  
 Higher bliss ordained to know;  
 When our King to his shall give  
 The kingdom here below.

## 745. P. M

- 1 THERE is a King of glory,  
 Ere long on earth to rise,  
 Sung in prophetic story,  
 Descending from the skies;  
 The babe of Bethlehem, 't is he,  
 It is the man of Calvary;  
 Not crowned with thorns and gory,  
 But crowned with glory now:  
 Not crowned with thorns to-day,  
 Not mocked and led away,  
 But crowned with everlasting glory now
- 2 He cometh, cometh speedy,  
 To save his suff'ring saints,  
 Saints groaning, waiting, ready,  
 And endeth their complaints.  
 With joy they meet him in the air,  
 And shout the swelling triumph there:  
 No longer poor and needy,  
 But crowned with glory now:  
 Not one's reviled to-day,

None stumble in the way,  
All crowned with everlasting glory now.

- 3 O, tears, and sin, and sighing,  
Now let your prisoner go ;  
Discharged from pain and dying,  
And from a world of woe !  
I go to Christ, he comes to me,  
We meet in bright eternity :  
On clouds he cometh flying,  
On clouds of glory now ;  
Victorious in his wars,  
Full many a palm he bears,  
And crowns of everlasting glory now.
- 4 O, what are tribulation,  
And all the ills I bear,  
Compared with this salvation  
And all the glory there ?  
Behold, a city fair and high,  
Bright capital of earth and sky,  
That dureth with duration,  
All filled with glory now !  
The armies of his grace  
Triumphant reach the place :  
'T is glory, everlasting glory, now.
- 5 There every sight that pleases,  
There every sound that cheers,  
There sweet immortal breezes,  
Inspire the palmy years ;  
There all the just join in a band,  
From every age, from every land ;  
While o'er them reigns King Jesus,  
With crowns of glory now ;  
The people of his grace  
Have reached the heavenly place ;  
'T is glory, everlasting glory now.



# XIX. SAINTS AND SINNERS CONTRASTED.

746. L. M.

- 1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious feet  
Shun the broad way that sinners go ;  
Who hates the place where atheists meet  
And fears to talk as scoffers do.
- 2 He loves t' employ his morning light  
Among the statutes of the Lord,  
And spends the wakeful hours of night  
With pleasure pond'ring o'er his word.
- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,  
Shall flourish in immortal green ;  
And heaven will shine, with kindest beams  
On every work his hands begin.
- 4 But sinners find their counsels crossed ;  
As chaff before the tempest flies,  
So shall their hopes be blown and lost  
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

747. L. M.

- 1 THRICE happy he who shuns the way  
That leads ungodly men astray ;  
Who fears to stand where sinners meet,  
Nor with the scorner takes his seat.
- 2 The law of God is his delight ;  
That cloud by day, that fire by night,  
Shall be his comfort in distress,  
And guide him through life's wilderness.

- 3 His works shall prosper ; he shall be  
A fruitful, fair, unwith'ring tree,  
That, planted where the river flows,  
Nor drought, nor frost, nor mildew knows.
- 4 Not so the wicked ; they are cast  
Like chaff upon the whirlwind's blast ;  
In judgment they shall quake for dread,  
Nor with the righteous lift their head.

748. L. M.

- 1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,  
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,  
To see the wicked, placed on high,  
In pride and robes of honor shine !
- 2 But, O, their end, their dreadful end !  
Thy faithful word hath taught me so ;  
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,  
And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 Now I esteem their mirth and wine  
Too dear to purchase with my blood :  
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine,  
My life, my portion, and my God.

749. S. M.

- 1 THE man is ever blest  
Who shuns the sinner's ways ;  
Among their councils never stands,  
Nor takes the scorner's place ;
- 2 But makes the law of God  
His study and delight,  
Amidst the labors of the day,  
And watches of the night.

SAINTS AND SINNERS CONTRASTED.

- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,  
With waters near the root ;  
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live.  
His works are heavenly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race ;  
They no such blessings find ;  
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff  
Before the driving wind.
- 5 How will they bear to stand  
Before that judgment-seat,  
Where all the saints, at Christ's right hand  
In full assembly meet ?
- 6 He knows, and he approves,  
The way the righteous go ;  
But sinners and their works shall meet  
A dreadful overthrow.

750. L. M.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there ;  
But wisdom shows a narrower path,  
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 " Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command ;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more.  
Is but esteemed almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.

- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;  
 Create my heart entirely new ;  
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
 Which false apostates never knew.

751. C. M.

- 1 THE haughty sinner I have seen,  
 Not fearing man, or God,  
 Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,  
 Spreading his arms abroad.
- 2 And, lo ! he vanished from the ground,  
 Destroyed by hands unseen ;  
 Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,  
 Where all that pride had been.
- 3 But mark the man of righteousness ;  
 His several steps attend ;  
 True pleasure runs through all his ways,  
 And peaceful is his end.
- 4 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,  
 Preserved from every snare ;  
 They shall possess the promised land  
 And dwell forever there

752. S. M.

- 1 LET sinners take their course,  
 And choose the road to death ;  
 But in the worship of my God  
 I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne  
 When morning brings the light :  
 I seek his blessing every noon,  
 And pay my vows at night.

- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,  
O my eternal God !  
While sinners perish in surprise,  
Beneath thy holy rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,  
And no sad changes feel,  
They neither fear nor trust thy name,  
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I, with all my cares,  
Will lean upon the Lord ;  
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,  
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain  
The children of his love ;  
The ground on which their safety stands  
No earthly power can move.

## 753. L. M.

- 1 LORD, I am thine, but thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love ;  
When wicked men against me join,  
They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lie below ;  
'T is all the happiness they know ;  
'T is all they seek ; they take their shares,  
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign :  
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine ;  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 This life 's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere :  
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 

XX. THE CHURCH.

754. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone,  
Which God in Zion lays,  
To build our heavenly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise !
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
Let saints adore the name ;  
They trust their whole salvation here,  
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,  
Reject it with disdain ;  
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,  
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood ;  
Yet must this building rise ;  
'T is thine own work, almighty God,  
And wondrous in our eyes.

755. S. M.

- 1 I LOVE thy church, O God !  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 For her my tears shall fall ;  
For her my prayers ascend ;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 3 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 4 Jesus, thou Friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

756. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 ZION stands with hills surrounded, —  
Zion, kept by power divine ;  
All her foes shall be confounded,  
Though the world in arms combine :  
Happy Zion,  
What a favored lot is thine !
- 2 Every human tie may perish ;  
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;  
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;  
Heaven and earth at last remove ;  
But no changes  
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
Thence to bring thee forth more bright ;  
But can never cease to love thee ;  
Thou art precious in his sight :  
God is with thee,  
God, thine everlasting light !

757. C. M.

- 1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
“In Zion let us all appear,  
And keep the solemn day!”
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;  
The church, adorned with grace,  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To show his milder face.
- 3 Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest ;  
With holy gifts and heavenly grace  
Be her attendants blest.
- 4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains ;  
There my best friends, my kindred dwell ;  
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

758. C. M.

- 1 WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,  
Unrivalled and alone,  
Loved theme of many a sacred song,  
God's holy city shone.
- 2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,  
The glory of all lands ;  
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,  
The Christian temple stands.
- 3 The faithful of each clime and age  
This glorious church compose ;  
Built on a Rock, with idle rage  
The threatening tempest blows.



THE CHURCH.

- 4 Fear not ; though hostile bands alarm,  
Thy God is thy defence ;  
And weak and powerless every arm  
Against Omnipotence.

759. S. M.

- 1 WHERE is the Hebrews' God,  
Who kept them night and day ?  
Where is the heavenly fire and cloud,  
Which showed thy church their way ?
- 2 No symbol visible  
We of thy presence find ;  
Yet all who would obey thy will  
Shall know their Father's mind.
- 3 Yes, Lord, thou still dost lead  
The children of thy grace,  
The chosen, the believing seed,  
Through this vast wilderness.
- 4 Our chart, thy written word ;  
The Holy Ghost, our guide ;  
And Christ, our glorious risen Lord,  
Doth in our hearts reside.

760. L. M.

- 1 AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face,  
For all who feel thy work begun ;  
Confirm and strengthen them in grace.  
And bring thy feeblest children on.
- 2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their names ;  
Be mindful of thy youngest care ;  
Be tender of the new-born lambs,  
And gently in thy bosom bear

- 3 The lion roaring for his prey,  
With ravening wolves on every side,  
Watch over them to tear and slay,  
If found one moment from their Guide
- 4 Satan his thousand arts essays ;  
His agents all their powers employ,  
To blast the blooming work of grace,  
The heavenly offspring to destroy.
- 5 In safety lead thy little flock,  
From hell, the world, and sin secure ,  
And set their feet upon the rock,  
And make in thee their goings sure.

761. 8s & 7s.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God ;  
He whose word can ne'er be broken  
Chose thee for his own abode.
- 2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,  
Still is precious in thy sight ;  
Judah's temple far excelling,  
Beaming with the gospel's light.
- 3 On the Rock of ages founded,  
What can shake her sure repose ?  
With salvation's walls sarrounded,  
She can smile at all her foes.
- 4 See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply her sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.
- 5 Round her habitation hov'ring,  
See the cloud and fire appear,

For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near.

762. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo, the sacred herald stands,  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
Zion, long in hostile lands :  
Mourning captive,  
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?  
Cease thy mourning :  
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;  
He himself appears thy Friend ;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;  
Here their boasts and triumphs end :  
Great deliv'rance  
Zion's King will surely send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee ;  
All thy warfare now be past ;  
God thy Saviour will defend thee :  
Victory is thine at last :  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest.

763. S. M.

- 1 FAR as thy name is known,  
The world declares thy praise ;  
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne  
Their songs of honor raise.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 With joy thy people stand  
On Zion's chosen hill ;  
Proclaim the wonders\* of thy hand,  
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell,  
Survey with care thine holy ground,  
And mark the building well.
- 4 The order of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,  
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent, and how wise !  
How glorious to behold !  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorned with gold.

764. L. M.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT Zion ! lift thy head  
From dust, and darkness, and the dead ;  
Though humbled long, awake at length,  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy excellence be known ;  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed halls with dread ;  
No more shall hell's insulting host  
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,  
His hands thy ruins shall repair ;  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Dedication.

765. II. M.

- 1 GREAT King of glory, come,  
And with thy favor crown  
This temple as thy home,  
This people as thine own :  
Beneath this roof, O deign to show  
How God can dwell with men below !
- 2 Here may thine ears attend  
Our interceding cries,  
And grateful praise ascend,  
Like incense, to the skies :  
Here may thy soul-converting word  
In faith be preached, with faith be heard
- 3 Here may the list'ning throng  
Receive thy truth in love ;  
Here Christians join the song  
Of angel choirs above :  
Till all who humbly seek thy face,  
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

766. 7s.

- 1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise  
Here a house of prayer and praise ;  
Thou thy people's hearts prepare  
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed  
With thy word, the heavenly bread ;

THE CHURCH.

Here, in hope of glory blessed,  
May the dead be laid to rest.

- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,  
While the sea shall gird the land ;  
Here reveal thy mercy sure,  
While probation shall endure.
- 4 Hallelujah ! earth and sky  
To the joyful sound reply ;  
Hallelujah ! hence ascend  
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

767. C. M.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear ;  
Thy presence now display ;  
As thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Show us some token of thy love,  
Our feeble hope to raise ;  
And pour thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,  
The contrite heart bestow ;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith address our prayers ;  
And in the presence of the Lord  
Unbosom all our cares.

THE CHURCH.

- 6 And may thy gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by grace divine,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
And bend their wills to thine.

768. L. M.

- 1 AND will the great, eternal God,  
On earth establish his abode?  
And will he, from his radiant throne,  
Avow our temple for his own?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise;  
And sing that condescending grace,  
Which to our notes will lend an ear,  
And call us sinful mortals near.
- 3 These walls we to thy honor raise;  
Long may they echo to thy praise;  
And thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the glories of his train;  
While power divine his word attends,  
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear  
That crowds were born to glory here.

769. C. M.

- 1 O GOD, though countless worlds of light  
Thy power and glory show;  
Though round thy throne, above all height  
Immortal seraphs glow, --

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Yet, Lord, where'er thy saints apart  
Are met for praise and prayer ;  
Wherever sighs a contrite heart,  
Thou, gracious God, art there.
- 3 With grateful joy, thy children rear  
This temple, Lord, to thee ;  
And may they sing thy praises here,  
And here thy beauty see.
- 4 Here, Saviour, deign thy saints to meet,  
With peace their hearts to fill ;  
And here, like Sharon's odors sweet,  
May grace divine distil.
- 5 Here may thy truths fresh triumphs win :  
Eternal Spirit, here,  
In many a heart now dead in sin,  
A living temple rear.

770. L. M.

- 1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,  
Was the first temple, built by God ;  
His fiat laid the corner-stone,  
He spake, and lo, the work was done !
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high,  
The broad expanse of azure sky ;  
He spread its pavement, green and bright,  
And curtained it with morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood,  
The sea, the sky, and all was good ;  
And when its first pure praises rung,  
The morning stars together sung.
- 4 Lord, 't is not ours to make the sea,  
And earth, and sky, a house for thee :



## THE CHURCH

But in thy sight our off'ring stands,  
An humble temple, built with hands.

### 771. L. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy constant care  
Hath been our sure support and stay,  
And hither gladly we repair,  
Our early sacrifice to pay.
- 2 Accept our vows; in humble trust  
This house we consecrate to thee;  
O, may thy promise to the just  
Forever, Lord, our portion be!
- 3 And may that stream that maketh glad  
The city of our God below,  
Revive the drooping, cheer the sad,  
As still its healing waters flow.
- 4 So let thy people here enjoy  
The blessings which thy grace hath given  
That they may hail, with purer joy,  
The unseen, perfect bliss of heaven.

## Ordination.

### 772. L. M.

- 1 LORD, let thy presence now attend  
Him whom we to thy grace commend;  
Nor let him as a pilgrim rove,  
Without the conduct of thy love.
- 2 Thy promise stands upon record  
To be with those who preach thy word;  
Be with him, Lord, the work is thine;  
Support him with thy strength divine

THE CHURCH.

- 3 In flame his zeal, enlarge his heart  
Courage and utterance impart ;  
His love be ardent, pure his aim,  
The great salvation be his theme.
- 4 While thronging multitudes around  
Hear from his lips the joyful sound,  
Thy power impart, thy gospel bless,  
And crown his labors with success.
- 5 O may his eyes with joy behold  
Thy grace, as in the days of old !  
May sinners tremble at thy word  
Believe and turn unto the Lord.

773. S. M.

- 1 YE messengers of Christ,  
His sovereign voice obey ;  
Arise and follow where he leads,  
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master whom you serve,  
Will needful strength bestow ;  
Depending on his promised aid,  
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,  
And tell his matchless grace  
To the most guilty and depraved  
Of Adam's num'rous race.
- 4 We wish you, in his name,  
The most divine success ;  
Assured that he who sends you forth  
Will your endeavors bless.

774. C. M.

- 1 O GOD, thy children gathered here,  
Thy blessing now we wait;  
Thy servant, girded for his work,  
Stands at the temple's gate
- 2 A holy purpose in his heart  
Has deepened calm and still;  
Now from his childhood's Nazareth  
He comes to do thy will.
- 3 O Father, keep his soul alive  
To every hope of good;  
And may his life of love proclaim  
Man's truest brotherhood.
- 4 O Father, keep his spirit quick  
To every form of wrong;  
And in the ear of sin and self  
May his rebuke be strong.
- 5 And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,  
If e'er his faith grow dim,  
Then, in the dreary wilderness,  
Thine angels strengthen him.

775. L. M.

- 1 O THOU, who art above all height,  
Our God, our Father, and our Friend,  
Beneath thy throne of love and light  
Let thine adoring children bend.
- 2 Since thy young servant now hath given  
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,  
To the great cause of truth and heaven.  
Be thou his guide, O God of truth!

THE CHURCH.

- 3 O, may his doctrines drop like rain,  
His speech like Hermon's dew distil ;  
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,  
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.

776. L. M.

- 1 'T IS done ; th' important act is done ;  
Heaven, earth, its solemn purport know ;  
Its fruits, when time its race has run,  
Shall through eternal ages flow.
- 2 The covenants of this sacred hour,  
Great Shepherd of thy people, seal ;  
Spirit of Grace, diffuse thy power,  
Our vows accept, thy might reveal.
- 3 Behold our guide, and deign to crown  
His toils, O Lamb of God, with love !  
His lips inspire ; each effort own ;  
Breathe, dwell within him, heavenly Dove
- 4 O, when, before the judgment-seat,  
The wicked quake in dread despair,  
May we, all reverent at thy feet,  
Pastor and flock, find mercy there !

777. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant  
To proclaim thy wondrous love ;  
Pour thy grace upon this people,  
That thy truth they may approve.  
Bless, O bless them,  
From thy shining courts above !

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Now, thy messages invite them  
To partake the gospel-feast ;  
Let thy Spirit, Lord, enlight them,  
Every soul be Jesus' guest.  
O, receive us !  
Let us find the promised rest.

778. L. M.

- 1 GO forth, ye heralds, in my name ;  
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound ;  
The glorious jubilee proclaim  
Where'er the human race is found.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,  
And teach them where salvation lies ;  
With care bind up the broken heart,  
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,  
But harmless as the peaceful dove ;  
And let your heaven-taught conduct show  
You are commissioned from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have received.  
Freely, in love, to others give ;  
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,  
And, by your labors, sinners live.

779. L. M.

- 1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim  
Salvation in Immanuel's name ;  
To distant climes the tidings bear,  
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,

THE CHURCH.

Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And calm the savage breast to peace.

- 3 And when our labors all are o'er  
Then shall we meet to part no more ;  
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

780. L. M.

- 1 GO, preach my gospel, saith the Lord,  
Bid the whole world my grace receive,  
He shall be saved who trusts my word,  
And he condemned who won't believe.
- 2 I'll make your great commission known ;  
And ye shall prove my gospel true,  
By all the works that I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 Teach all the nations my commands ;  
I'm with you till the world shall end •  
All power is trusted in my hands ;  
I can destroy, and I defend.

781. S. M.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill ;  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !  
How sweet their tidings are !  
Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;  
He reigns and triumphs here !
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear the joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !

THE CHURCH.

- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light !  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad ;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

782. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, condescend  
To hear our fervent prayer,  
While these, our brethren, we commend  
To thy paternal care.
- 2 Before them set an open door ;  
Their faithful labors bless ;  
On them thy Holy Spirit pour,  
And crown them with success.
- 3 Endow them with a heavenly mind ;  
Supply their every need ;  
Make them in spirit meek, resigned,  
But bold in word and deed.
- 4 In every tempting, trying hour,  
Uphold them by thy grace ;  
And guard them by thy mighty power.  
Till they shall end their race

783. L. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house  
We pay our homage and our vows ;  
While, with a grateful heart, we share  
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose  
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,  
Scattered his gifts on men below,  
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' apostles' honored name,  
Sacred beyond all earthly fame ;  
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,  
Our pastors hence and teachers rise
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,  
And, fed by Christ, their graces live,  
While, guarded by his potent hand,  
Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know ;  
The spring whence all these blessings flow ,  
Pastors and people shout his praise  
Through the long round of endless days.

784. L. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer :  
We plead for those who plead for thee ;  
Successful pleaders may they be.
- 2 How great their work ! how vast their charge  
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge ;  
Their best endowments are our gain ;  
We share the blessings they obtain.



THE CHURCH.

- 3 O, clothe with energy divine  
Their words; and let those words be thine!  
To them thy sacred truth reveal;  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;  
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;  
Teach them immortal life to gain,  
And thus reward their toil and pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,  
In humble strains thy grace implore,  
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

785. 7s.

- 1 WOULD you win a soul to God?  
Tell him of a Saviour's blood,  
Once for dying sinners spilt,  
To atone for all their guilt.
- 2 Tell him how the streams did glide  
From his hands, his feet, his side;  
How his head with thorns was crowned,  
And his heart in sorrow drowned;
- 3 How he yielded up his breath;  
How he agonized in death;  
How he lives to intercede,  
Christ our Advocate and Head.
- 4 Tell him it was sovereign grace  
Led thee first to seek his face;  
Made thee choose the better part,  
Wrought salvation in thy heart.
- 5 Tell him of that liberty  
Wherewith Jesus makes us free:

THE CHURCH.

Sweetly speak of sins forgiven,  
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

786. C. M.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take th' alarm they give ;  
Now let them from the mouth of God  
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'T is not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands ;  
It occupies the Saviour's heart,  
Employs angelic bands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego ;  
For souls which by his grace may live.  
Or perish in their woe.
- 4 May they that Jesus whom they preach  
Their own Redeemer see ;  
And watch thou daily for their souls,  
That they may watch for thee

787. S. M.

- 1 LORD of the harvest, hear  
Thy needy servants' cry :  
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait ;  
Our wants are in thy view ;  
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,  
The laborers are few.
- 3 Convert and send forth more  
Into thy church abroad,

THE CHURCH.

And let them speak thy word of power,  
As workers with their God.

- 4 O, let them spread thy name !  
Their mission fully prove ;  
Thy universal grace proclaim,  
Thine all-redeeming love.

788. L. M.

- 1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend  
Him whom we now to thee commend ;  
Thy faithful messenger secure,  
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace ;  
Direct his feet in paths of peace ;  
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,  
And arm him to obey thy will.

Baptism.

789. 8s, 7s & 4s

- 1 GRACIOUS Saviour, we adore thee ;  
Purchased by thy precious blood.  
We present ourselves before thee,  
Now to walk the narrow road ;  
Saviour, guide us ;  
Guide us to our heavenly home.
- 2 Thou didst mark our path of duty ;  
Thou wast laid beneath the wave ;  
Thou didst rise in glorious beauty  
From the semblance of the grave .  
May we follow  
In the same delightful way.

790. S. M.

- 1 COME and behold the place  
Where once your Saviour lay ;  
Confess that he is Lord of all,  
And humble homage pay.
- 2 Laid in the wat'ry grave,  
He quickly rose again ;  
Buried with him, we too shall rise,  
And endless life obtain.
- 3 Now may the Spirit crown  
With tokens of his grace,  
The solemn service of this day,  
And bid us go in peace.

791. C. P. M.

- 1 SALEM'S great King, Jesus by name,  
In ancient time to Jordan came,  
All righteousness to fill ;  
'T was there the ancient baptist stood,  
Whose name was John, a man of God,  
To do his Master's will.
- 2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,  
The baptist led the holy Lamb,  
And there did him baptize ;  
Jehovah saw his darling Son,  
And was well pleased with what he 'd done,  
And owned him from the skies.
- 3 This is my Son, Jehovah cries ;  
On him to rest the Spirit flies :  
O children, hear ye him !

THE CHURCH.

Hark ! 't is his voice ; behold he cries,  
Repent, believe, and be baptized.  
And wash away your sin !

- 4 Come, children, come ; his voice obey ;  
Salem's bright King has marked the way,  
And has a crown prepared ;  
O then arise and give consent,  
Walk in the way that Jesus went,  
And have the great reward !

792. C. M.

- 1 " I COME," the great Redeemer cries,  
" To do thy will, O Lord ! "  
At Jordan's flood, behold, he seals  
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 " Thus it becomes us to fulfil  
All righteousness," he said ;  
-He spake obedient, and beneath  
The yielding wave was laid
- 3 Hark ! a glad voice ; the Father speaks  
From heaven's exalted height :  
" This is my Son, my well-beloved  
My joy, my chief delight."

793. L. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine !  
On these baptismal waters shine,  
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,  
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

- 2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,  
And joyfully embrace thy cause ;  
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain  
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain !
- 3 We plunge beneath thy mystic flood ;  
O plunge us in thy cleansing blood !  
We die to sin, and seek a grave  
With thee, beneath the yielding wave
- 4 And as we rise, with thee to live,  
O, let the Holy Spirit give  
The sealing unction from above,  
The breath of life, the fire of love !

794. C. M

- 1 **THUS** was the great Redeemer plunged  
In Jordan's swelling flood ;  
To show he must be soon baptized  
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid  
Beneath the yielding wave ;  
Thus was his sacred body raised  
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey ;  
In thine own footsteps tread ;  
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,  
Our ever-living Head.
- 4 We look to thee, our Saviour dear ;  
Bless us with power divine ;  
We would show forth thy glory **here**,  
And be forever thine

795. C. M.

- 1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave,  
The dear Redeemer lies ;  
Faith views him in the wat'ry grave,  
And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day  
Their ardent zeal t' express ;  
And in the Lord's appointed way  
Fulfil all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,  
And would his cause maintain ;  
Like him be numbered with the dead,  
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,  
And drives our fears away ;  
When he commands, and strength imparts  
We cheerfully obey.
- 5 Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee  
Our grateful voices raise ;  
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,  
Our lives shall all be praise.

796. L. M.

- 1 YE humble worshippers of God,  
Redeemed and saved by Jesus' blood,  
His sacred steps with care explore,  
And choose the path he trod before.
- 2 Inspired with zeal he meekly came  
To Jordan's highly honored stream,  
And there a bright example gave,  
Immersed beneath the flowing wave.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 The swelling billows round him rise,  
Fit emblem of his agonies ;  
His death and resurrection too  
Are here exhibited to view.

797. C. M.

- 1 HOW calmly wakes the hallowed dawn !  
How tranquil earth's repose !  
Meet emblem of the Sabbath morn  
When, early, Jesus rose.
- 2 How fair, along the rippling wave.  
The radiant light is cast !  
A symbol of the mystic grave  
Through which the Saviour passed.
- 3 Around this scene of sacred love  
The peace of heaven is shed ;  
So came the Spirit, like a dove,  
To rest on Jesus' head.
- 4 Lord, meet us in this path of thine ;  
We come thy right to seal ;  
Move o'er the waters, Dove divine,  
And all thy grace reveal.

798. 8s & 7s.

- 1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation  
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,  
Hear the voice of revelation :  
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
- 2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,  
Listen to his gracious voice ;  
Dread no ills that can befall you,  
While you make his ways your choice.



THE CHURCH.

- 3 Jesus says, Let each believer  
Be baptized in my name :  
He himself in Jordan's river  
Was immersed beneath the stream.
- 4 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,  
Follow him without delay,  
Gladly his command embracing ;  
Lo, your Captain leads the way !

799. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, and will thy pard'ning love  
Embrace a wretch so vile ?  
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,  
And bless me with thy smile ?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,  
And all its shame despised ?  
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,  
With thee to be baptized ?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,  
In Jordan's swelling flood ?  
And shall my pride disdain the deed,  
That's worthy of my God ?
- 4 O Lord, the ardor of thy love  
Reproves my cold delays :  
And now my willing footsteps move  
In thy delightful ways.

800. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,  
" Take thy cross and follow me ;"  
Shall the word with terror seize us ?

THE CHURCH.

- Shall we from the burden flee?  
Lord, I'll take it,  
And rejoicing, follow thee.
- 2 While this liquid tomb surveying,  
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,  
Shall I shun its brink, betraying  
Feelings worthy of a slave?  
No! I'll enter:  
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.
- 3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,  
Saviour, of thy love for me;  
But more blest the love that binds me  
In its deathless bonds to thee:  
O, what pleasure,  
Buried with my Lord to be!
- 4 Should it rend some fond connection,  
Should I suffer shame or loss,  
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,  
I have been where Jesus was,  
Will revive me  
When I faint beneath the cross.
- 5 Fellowship with him possessing,  
Let me die to earth and sin;  
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing  
Which the faithful soul shall win:  
May I ever  
Follow where my Lord has been.

801. H. M.

- 1 DESCEND, celestial Dove,  
And make thy presence known;  
Reveal our Saviour's love,  
And seal us for thine own:  
Unblest by thee,                      Nor can we e'er  
Our works are vain;                  Acceptance gain.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 The holy Son of God,  
The sovereign Prince of light,  
In Jordan's swelling flood  
Received the holy rite :  
In open view                      | And, dove-like, flew,  
Thy form came down,           | The King to crown.
- 3 Continue still to shine,  
And fill us with thy fire ;  
This ordinance is thine ;  
Do thou our souls inspire :  
Thou wilt attend                | "Till time shall end,  
On all thy sons :                | Thy promise runs.

802. C. M.

- 1 LET plenteous grace descend on those,  
Who, hoping in thy word,  
This day have solemnly declared  
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,  
And run the Christian race,  
And through the troubles of the way  
Find all-sufficient grace.
- 3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,  
That we thy life may prove ;  
Partakers of thy cross beneath,  
And of thy crown above.

803. L. M.

- 1 SEE how the willing converts trace  
The path their great Redeemer trod ;  
And follow through his liquid grave,  
The meek, the lowly Son of God !

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,  
And to a heavenly life aspire ;  
Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,  
They shine in clean and bright attire.
- 3 O sacred rite ! by thee to own  
The name of Jesus we begin ;  
This is our resurrection pledge,  
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.
- 4 Glory to God on high be given,  
Who shows his grace to sinful men ;  
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,  
In concert join their loud Amen.

804. S. M.

- 1 WITH willing hearts we tread  
The path the Saviour trod ;  
We love th' example of our Head,  
The glorious Lamb of God.
- 2 On thee, on thee alone,  
Our hope and faith rely,  
O thou who didst for sin atone,  
Who didst for sinners die !
- 3 We trust thy sacrifice ;  
To thy dear cross we flee ;  
O, may we die to sin, and rise  
To life and bliss in thee !

805. S. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, thy law we love,  
Thy pure example bless,  
And with a firm, unwav'ring zeal  
Would in thy footsteps press.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Not to the fiery pains  
By which the martyrs bled ;  
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,  
Our favored feet are led ;
- 3 But, at this peaceful tide,  
Assembled in thy fear,  
The homage of obedient hearts  
We humbly offer here.

806. L. M.

- 1 BLEST Saviour, we thy will obey ;  
Not of constraint, but with delight,  
Thy servants hither come to-day,  
To honor thine appointed rite.
- 2 Descend, descend, celestial Dove,  
On these dear followers of the Lord ;  
Exalted Head of all the church,  
Thy promised aid to them afford.
- 3 Let faith, assisted now by signs,  
The wonders of thy love explore ;  
And, washed in thy redeeming blood,  
Let them depart, and sin no more.

Admission.

807. C. M.

- 1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord !  
Stranger nor foe art thou ;  
We welcome thee with warm accord,  
Our friend, our brother, now.
- 2 The hand of fellowship, the heart  
Of love, we offer thee ;

THE CHURCH.

- Leaving the world, thou dost but **part**  
With lies and vanity.
- 3 The cup of blessing which we bless,  
The heavenly bread we break,  
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,  
Freely with us partake.
- 4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,  
Thy portion shall be ours ;  
Christians their mutual burdens bear,  
They lend their mutual powers.
- 5 Come with us, we will do thee good,  
As God to us hath done ;  
Stand but in him, as those have stood  
Whose faith the vict'ry won.

808. L. M.

- 1 BRETHREN in Christ, and well beloved,  
To Jesus and his servants dear,  
Enter, and show yourselves approved ;  
Enter, and find that God is here.
- 2 Welcome from earth ; lo, the right hand  
Of fellowship to you we give !  
With open hearts and hands we stand,  
And you in Jesus' name receive.
- 3 Jesus, attend ; thyself reveal ;  
Are we not met in thy great name ?  
Thee in the midst we wait to feel ;  
We wait to catch the spreading flame.
- 4 Truly our fellowship below  
With thee and with the Father is ;

In thee eternal life we know,  
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

- 5 Though but in part we know thee here,  
We wait thy coming from above ;  
And we shall then behold thee near,  
And be forever lost in love.

809. L. M.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy wondrous grace,  
Who crown'st the gospel with success ;  
Subjecting rebels to thy yoke,  
And bringing to the fold thy flock.
- 2 May those who have thy truth confessed,  
As their own faith, and hope, and rest,  
From day to day still more increase,  
In faith, in love, and holiness.
- 3 As living members may they share  
The joys and griefs which others bear,  
And active in their stations prove,  
In all the offices of love.
- 4 From all temptations now defend,  
And keep them steadfast to the end ;  
While in thy house they still improve  
Until they join the church above.

810. C. M.

- 1 YE men and angels, witness now ;  
Before the Lord we speak ;  
To him we make our solemn vow,  
A vow we dare not break ;

THE CHURCH.

- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;  
Nor from his cause will we depart,  
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
But on his grace rely ;  
May he, with our returning wants,  
All needful aid supply.
- 4 O, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in thy ways ;  
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,  
Turn thou our prayers to praise '

811. L. M.

- 1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God !  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love !  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done — the great transaction's done ;  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart, —  
With him of every good possessed.



812. L. M.

- 1 BELIEVING souls, of Christ beloved,  
Who have yourselves to him resigned,  
Your faith and practice, both approved,  
A hearty welcome here shall find.
- 2 Now saved from sins and Satan's wiles,  
Though by a scorning world abhorred,  
Now share with us the Saviour's smiles;  
Come in, ye ransomed of the Lord!
- 3 In fellowship we join our hands,  
And you an invitation give;  
Unite with us in sacred bands;  
The pledges of our love receive.

Lord's Supper.

813. L. M.

- 1 'T WAS on that dark and doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betrayed him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blest, and break;  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin;  
Receive, and eat the living food;"  
Then took the cup, and blest the wine,  
" 'T is the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 "In mem'ry of your dying Lord,  
Do this," he said, "till time shall end;

Meet at my table and record  
The love of your departed Friend."

- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
We show thy death, we sing thy name  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

814. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,  
To see thy glories shine ;  
The Lord will his own table bless,  
And make the feast divine.
- 2 We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,  
We drink the sacred cup ;  
With outward forms our sense is fed ;  
Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne  
Of our forgiving God,  
Dressed in the garments of his Son,  
And sprinkled with his blood.

815. C. M.

- 1 SITTING around our Father's board,  
We raise our tuneful breath ;  
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,  
And dooms our sins to death.
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,  
Whence all our pardons rise ;  
The sinner views th' atonement made,  
And loves the sacrifice.

- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,  
Procure us heavenly crowns ;  
Our highest gain springs from thy loss :  
Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 O, 't is impossible that we,  
Who dwell in feeble clay,  
Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,  
Or equal thanks repay.

816. L. M.

- 1 NOW let our mournful songs record  
The dying sorrows of our Lord ;  
When he complained, in tears and blood,  
As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,  
And shook their heads, and laughed in scorn ,  
“ He rescued others from the grave,  
Now let him try himself to save.
- 3 This is the man did once pretend  
God was his Father and his Friend ;  
If God the blessed loved him so,  
Why doth he fail to help him now ? ”
- 4 Barbaric people ! cruel priests !  
How they stood round like savage beasts ;  
Like lions gaping to devour,  
When God had left him in their power !
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,  
Till streams of blood each other meet ;  
By lot his garments they divide,  
And mock the pangs in which he died.
- 6 But God his Father heard his cry ,  
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high ;

THE CHURCH.

The nations learn his righteousness,  
And humble sinners taste his grace.

817. C. M.

- 1 HOW condescending and how kind  
Was God's eternal Son !  
Our mis'ry reached his heavenly mind  
And pity brought him down.
- 2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,  
To raise us to his throne ;  
There 's ne'er a gift his hand bestows  
But costs his heart a groan.
- 3 This was compassion like a God,  
That, when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great ;  
Well he remembers Calvary,  
Nor let his saints forget.
- 5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we his death record ;  
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,  
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

818. L. M.

- 1 OURS is a rich and royal feast,  
Provided by the King of heaven ;  
How privileged are they and blest,  
To whom the bread of life is given !
- 2 In sacred fellowship we meet,  
To celebrate our Saviour's death ;

His blood we drink, his flesh we eat,  
And feed on him by living faith.

- 3 We worship him who bore the cross ;  
We glory in his death alone ;  
The world itself appears but loss  
To those to whom his name is known.
- 4 The blood he shed supplies a stream  
That washes all our guilt away ;  
How precious, then, the Lord should seem,  
Whose death we celebrate to-day !

### 819. C. M.

- 1 THOU great Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
We love to hear of thee ;  
No music 's like thy precious name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
While in this world we stay ;  
We 'll sing our Jesus' blessed name,  
When all things else decay.
- 3 When we appear in yonder cloud,  
With all thy favored throng,  
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be our song.

### 820. L. M.

- 1 OFT we, alas, forget the love  
Of him who bought us with his blood ;  
Who now, as our High Priest above,  
E'er intercedes for us with God.
- 2 Oft we forget the woe, the pain,  
The bloody sweat, th' accursed tree,  
The wrath his soul did once sustain,  
From sin and death to set us free.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Oft we forget that, strangers here,  
This world is not our rest or home ;  
That, waiting till our Lord appear,  
Our hearts should cry, " Come, Saviour come ! "
- 4 Oft we forget that we are one  
With every saint that loves his name ;  
United to him on the throne ;  
Our life, our hope, our Lord, the same
- 5 O, then, what love is here displayed,  
That Jesus did this feast provide  
The very night he was betrayed,  
The very night before he died !
- 6 Here, in the broken bread and wine,  
We hear him say, " Remember me !  
I gave my life to ransom thine,  
I bore thy curse to set thee free."

821. S. M.

- 1 WHILE we remember thee,  
Lord, in our midst appear ;  
Let each by faith thy body see,  
While we assemble here.
- 2 O, let thy love constrain  
Our souls to cleave to thee ;  
And ever in our hearts remain  
Those words, " Remember me."

822. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 BREAKING bread in love together,  
As our Master bid us do,  
We have joy and profit, whether  
Men approve the deed or no ;  
Sweet the seasons,  
When our Saviour meets us so.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Love is cherished and augmented,  
While we keep our Saviour's laws ;  
And his people are contented  
To forego the world's applause :  
Should they suffer,  
Pain is sweet in such a cause.
- 3 Saviour, hear thy people praying,  
Hear us from thy throne of grace :  
O, be here, thy love displaying !  
Let thy people see thy face ;  
'T is thy presence  
Renders sacred every place.

823. 7s.

- 1 COMING Saviour, now in faith,  
We remember still thy death ;  
Thou wast broken, thou hast died,  
For us thou wast crucified.
- 2 While in faith we drink the wine,  
Of thy blood we see the sign ;  
Wash us pure from every stain,  
Thou that comest soon to reign.
- 3 Lord, we thus remember thee ;  
But we long thy face to see,  
Long to reach our heavenly home ;  
“ Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come ! ”
- 4 Quickly thou thyself wilt come ;  
Thou wilt raise us to thy throne,  
And thy glories here display  
Through the never-ending day.

824. 7s.

- 1 MEETING in the Saviour's name,  
Breaking bread by his command.  
To the world we thus proclaim,  
On what ground we hope to stand,  
When the Lord shall come with clouds,  
Joined by heaven's exulting crowds.
- 2 Sing we then of him who died ;  
Sing of him who rose again ;  
By him we are justified,  
And with him we hope to reign ;  
Soon we hope to see our Lord,  
And to share his bright reward.

825. S. M.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board ;  
Here pardoned sinners meet and hold  
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Here we survey that love  
Which spoke in every breath :  
Which crowned each action of his life,  
And triumphed in his death.
- 3 Here let our powers unite  
His glorious name to raise ;  
And holy joy fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.

826. C. M.

- 1 YE foll'wers of the Prince of Peace,  
Who round his table draw,  
Remember what his spirit was,  
What his peculiar law.



- 2 The love which all his bosom filled  
Did all his actions guide ;  
Inspired by love, he lived and taught,  
Inspired by love he died.
- 3 Let all the sacred law fulfil ;  
Like his be every mind ;  
Be every temper formed by love,  
And every action kind.
- 4 Let none who call themselves his friends  
Disgrace the honored name ;  
But by a near resemblance prove  
The title which they claim.

827. C. M.

- 1 COME, Saviour, let thy tokens prove,  
Fitted by heavenly art,  
As channels to convey thy love  
To every faithful heart.
- 2 The living bread, sent down from heaven,  
In us vouchsafe to be ;  
Thy flesh for all the world is given,  
And all may live by thee.
- 3 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,  
And let us drink thy blood,  
Till all our souls are filled, below,  
With all the life of God.
- 4 Determined nothing else to know  
But Jesus crucified,  
We will not from our Jesus go,  
Or leave his wounded side.

828. S. M.

- 1 WITH Jesus in our midst  
We gather round the board ;  
Though many, we are one in Christ,  
One body in the Lord.
- 2 Our sins were laid on him  
When bruised on Calvary ;  
For us he died and rose again,  
A pledge of victory.
- 3 Faith eats the bread of life,  
And drinks the living wine ;  
Thus we, in love together knit,  
On Jesus' breast recline.
- 4 Soon shall the night be gone,  
And we with Jesus reign ;  
The marriage supper of the Lamb  
Shall banish every pain.

829. C. M.

- 1 THE blest memorials of thy grief,  
Thy suff'rings and thy death,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive :  
But would receive with faith
- 2 The tokens sent us to relieve  
Our spirits when they droop,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive ;  
But would receive with hope.
- 3 The pledges thou wast pleased to leave,  
Our mournful minds to move,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive ;  
But would receive with love.

- 4 Here, in obedience to thy word,  
We take the bread and wine ;  
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,  
For all beyond is thine.
- 5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love ;  
Lord, give us every good ;  
We would thy full salvation prove,  
And share thy flesh and blood.

### 830. 8s & 7s.

- 1 BRETHREN, come, our Saviour bids us,  
Bids us to a feast of love ;  
Bless the Lord, whose bounty feeds us  
With provisions from above ;  
Ye, for whom his life was given,  
Come, and eat the bread of heaven.
- 2 Let us think of him who bought us ;  
'T is the Saviour's own command ;  
When we wandered, Jesus sought us,  
Now he leads us by the hand ;  
Now he gives us hope, and says,  
We shall sing his endless praise.
- 3 O, how much his people owe him !  
O, what love our Lord has shown !  
Well we may surrender to him  
All that once we called our own ;  
Lord, we give ourselves to thee,  
Thou our Guide, our Master be.

### 831. C. M.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember thee.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be ;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,  
I must remember thee !
- 5 Remember thee and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me !  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember thee.

832. C. M.

- 1 LET vain pursuits and vain desires  
Be banished from the heart,  
The Saviour's love fill every breast,  
And light and life impart.
- 2 He knew how frail our nature is,  
Our souls how apt to stray,  
How much we need his gracious help  
To keep us in the way.
- 3 These faithful pledges of his love  
His mercy did ordain,  
To bring refreshment to our souls,  
And faith and hope sustain.

- 4 Since such his condescending grace,  
Let us, with hearts sincere,  
Obedient to his holy will,  
His table now draw near.
- 5 And while we join to celebrate  
The sufferings of our Lord,  
May we receive new grace and power  
T' obey his holy word.

### 833. C. M.

- 1 REMEMBER thee, redeeming Lord.  
While mem'ry holds her place  
Can we forget the Prince of life,  
Who saves us by his grace?
- 2 The Lord of life, with glory crowned,  
On heaven's exalted throne,  
Remembers those for whom, on earth,  
He heaved his dying groan.
- 3 His glory now no tongue of man  
Or seraph bright can tell;  
Yet 't is the chief of all his joys  
That souls are saved from hell.
- 4 For this he came and dwelt on earth;  
For this his life was given;  
For this he fought and vanquished death;  
For this he pleads in heaven.
- 5 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,  
Your grateful praise to give;  
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,  
Who died that you might live

834. L. M.

- 1 DEEP in our hearts let us record  
The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;  
Behold the rising billows roll,  
To overwhelm his holy soul !
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,  
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,  
And all the sons of malice, join  
To execute their cursed design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love  
Have made the curse a blessing prove ;  
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son  
Atoned for sins that we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord  
The honors of thy law restored ;  
His sorrows made thy justice known,  
And paid for follies not his own.
- 5 O, for his sake our guilt forgive,  
And let the mourning sinner live !  
The Lord will hear us in his name,  
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

835. L. M.

- 1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,  
Here we attend thy dying feast ;  
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,  
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in one that died  
We hope for heavenly crowns above,  
From a Redeemer crucified.

- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
And fling their scandals on thy cause ;  
We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
He that was dead has left his tomb ;  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting till he come.

836. C. M.

- 1 IF human kindness meets return,  
And owns the grateful tie ;  
If tender thoughts within us burn,  
To feel a friend is nigh :
- 2 O, shall not warmer accents tell  
The gratitude we owe  
To Him who died our fears to quell,  
And save from future woe ?
- 3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed  
Those pangs he would not flee,  
What love his latest words displayed ! —  
“ Meet, and remember me.”
- 4 Remember thee ! thy death, thy shame,  
The griefs which thou didst bear !  
O memory, leave no other name  
But his recorded there !

837. 7s.

- 1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,  
For thy flesh is meat indeed ;  
Ever let our souls be fed  
With this true and living bread .

THE CHURCH.

- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice ;  
Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;  
To thy cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,  
Through the life of him who died ;  
Lord of life, O, let us be  
Rooted, grafted, built on thee !

838. S. M.

- 1 COME, gracious Saviour, come,  
Let thy glad beams arise ;  
Dispel all sorrows from our minds,  
And darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Forgive us every sin ;  
For here we see thy blood ;  
The wonders of thy grace reveal,  
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
And doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,  
And sanctify the soul ;  
The Holy Spirit to impart, .  
And re-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell in each humble heart ;  
Our minds from bondage free :  
Then shall we pray and praise and love  
Our Father, Lord, and thee.



## 839. C. M.

- 1 AND are we now brought near to God,  
     Who once at distance stood ?  
   And, to effect this glorious change,  
     Did Jesus shed his blood ?
- 2 O for a song of ardent praise,  
     To bear our souls above !  
   What should allay our lively hope,  
     Or damp our flaming love ?
- 3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,  
     To praise our heavenly King :  
   O, may that love, which spread this board,  
     Inspire us while we sing —
- 4 “ Glory to God in highest strains,  
     And to the earth be peace ;  
   Good-will from heaven to men is come,  
     And let it never cease ! ”

## 840. L. M.

- 1 THY broken body, gracious Lord,  
     Is shadowed by this broken bread ;  
   The wine which in this cup is poured  
     Points to the blood which thou hast shed.
- 2 And while we meet together thus,  
     We show that we are one in thee ;  
   Thy precious blood was shed for us,  
     Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.
- 3 Brethren in thee, in union sweet,  
     Forever be thy grace adored ;  
   'T is in thy name that now we meet,  
     And know thou 'rt with us, gracious Lord

- 4 We have one hope, that thou wilt come ;  
 Thee in the air we wait to see ;  
 When thou wilt take thy people home,  
 And we shall ever reign with thee.

841. L. M. 61.

- 1 ON that sad, memorable night,  
 When Jesus was for us betrayed,  
 He left his death-recording rite :  
 He took, and blest, and break the bread  
 And gave his own their last bequest,  
 And thus his love's intent expressed : —
- 2 “ Take, eat, this is my body, given  
 To purchase life and peace for you,  
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven ;  
 Do this, my dying love to show ;  
 Accept my precious legacy,  
 And thus, my friends, remember me.”
- 3 He took into his hands the cup,  
 To crown the sacramental feast,  
 And, full of kind concern, looked up,  
 And gave to them what he had blest :  
 And, “ Drink ye all of this,” he said,  
 “ In solemn mem'ry of the dead.
- 4 This is my blood, which seals the new,  
 Eternal cov'nant of my grace ;  
 My blood, so freely shed for you,  
 For you and all the sinful race ;  
 My blood, that speaks your sins forgiven,  
 And justifies your claim to heaven.”

## 842. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, all-redeeming Lord,  
Magnify thy dying word ;  
In thine ordinance appear ;  
Come, and meet thy foll'wers here.
- 2 In the rite thou hast enjoined  
Let us now our Saviour find ;  
Drink thy blood, for sinners shed,  
Taste thee in the broken bread.
- 3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare :  
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare ;  
Thou, that hast for sinners died,  
Show thyself the Crucified !
- 4 All the power of sin remove ;  
Fill us with thy perfect love ;  
Stamp us with the stamp divine ;  
Seal our souls forever thine.

## 843. 8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 FROM the table now retiring,  
Which for us the Lord hath spread,  
May our souls, refreshment finding,  
Grow in all things like our Head !
- 2 His example by beholding,  
May our lives his image bear ;  
Him our Lord and Master calling,  
His commands may we revere !
- 3 Love to God and man displaying,  
Walking steadfast in his way,  
Joy attend us in believing ;  
Peace from God through endless day !

Fellowship.

844. L. M.

- 1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds  
In union sweet, according minds !  
How swift the heavenly course they run,  
Whose faith, whose hopes, whose joys are one
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !  
What ardent love ! what tender fear !  
How doth the fire of grace within  
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their hearts with mutual sorrows melt  
For human woe and human guilt ;  
Their fervent prayers together rise,  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 With eager step they seek the place  
Where God reveals his awful face ;  
Join with one heart in songs of praise,  
And thankful hymns together raise.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
The source of peace, the fount of love,  
Thy blessed unction now impart ;  
With Christian friendship fill each heart

845. C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the love that mutual glows  
Within each brother's breast,  
And binds in gentlest bonds each heart,  
All blessing and all blessed.
- 2 Sweet as the od'rous balsam poured  
On Aaron's sacred head,

THE CHURCH.

Which o'er his beard, and down his vest,  
A breathing fragrance shed.

- 3 Like morning dews, on Zion's mount  
That spread their silver rays,  
And deck with gems the verdant pomp  
That Hermon's top displays.
- 4 To such the Lord of life and love  
His blessing shall extend ;  
On earth a life of joy and peace,  
A life that ne'er shall end.

846. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee ;  
Let us in thy name agree ;  
Each to each unite, endear ;  
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;  
Lowly, both in thought and word ;  
Altogether like our Lord.
- 3 Let us for each other care ;  
Each the other's burden bear ;  
To thy church the pattern give ;  
Show how true believers live.
- 4 Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us still in God abide ;  
May our daily life express  
Constant love and holiness !

847. C. M.

- 1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart !  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
O, bid it all depart !

- 2 If to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless ;  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear ;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care !
- 4 Help us to build each other up ;  
Our little stock improve ;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope  
And perfect us in love.

848. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, united by thy grace,  
And each to each endeared,  
With confidence we seek thy face,  
And knew our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,  
And bear thine easy yoke ;  
A band of love, a threefold cord,  
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink ;  
Baptize into thy name ;  
And let us always kindly think,  
And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,  
Let all our hearts agree,  
And ever toward each other move,  
And ever move toward thee.
- 5 To thee, inseparably joined,  
Let all our spirits cleave ;  
O, may we all the loving mind  
That was in thee receive !

849. C. M.

- 1 OUR God is love ; and all his saints  
His image bear below ;  
The heart with love to God inspired,  
With love to man will glow.
- 2 None who are truly born of God  
Can live in enmity ;  
Then may we love each other, Lord,  
As we are loved by thee.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,  
Our hopes and fears the same,  
With bond of love our hearts unite,  
With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So may the unbelieving world  
See how true Christians love,  
And glorify our Saviour's grace,  
And seek that grace to prove.

850. 8s.

- 1 FROM whence doth this union arise,  
That hatred is conquered by love ?  
It fastens our souls in such ties  
That nature and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a paradise lost ;  
It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
- 3 Why then so unwilling to part,  
Since we shall ere long meet again ?  
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,  
At distance we cannot remain.

THE CHURCH.

- 4 And when we shall see the bright day,  
When Jesus descends from above,  
And angels his glory display,  
We then to his kingdom remove.
- 5 With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
And all his rich glory shall see ;  
Then sing Hallelujah, Amen !  
Amen, even so let it be !

851. L. M.

- 1 WHILE in the world we still remain,  
We only meet to part again ;  
But, when we reach the heavenly shore,  
We then shall meet to part no more.
- 2 The hope that we should see that day  
Should chase our present griefs away ;  
A few short years of conflict past,  
We meet around the throne at last.
- 3 Then let us here improve the hours,  
Improve them to a Saviour's praise ;  
To him with zeal devote our powers,  
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.
- 4 Let all our meetings now be made  
Subservient to each other's good ;  
For worldly joys must quickly fade,  
Nor can they yield substantial food.
- 5 Whene'er required to part from those  
With whom the truth unites us here,  
We 'll call to mind the joyful close,  
When Christ, the Saviour, will appear.



- 6 Then shall the saints all meet again,  
For so the word of promise says,  
With him forever to remain,  
And sing his everlasting praise.

852. 7s.

- 1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet  
Christian fellowship how sweet,  
When, their theme of praise the same  
They exalt Jehovah's name !
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,  
Such as did the Father move :  
He beheld the world undone,  
Loved the world, and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love ;  
How he left the realms above,  
Took our nature and our place,  
Lived and died to save our race !

853. 7s.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,  
Every voice and every heart  
Join, and to our Father raise  
One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more,  
Yet there is a brighter shore ;  
There, released from toil and pain,  
There we all may meet again.

854. P. M.

- 1 WHEN shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever ?  
When will peace wreath her chain  
Round us forever ?

THE CHURCH.

Our hearts will ne'er repose  
Safe from each blast that blows  
In this dark vale of woes,  
Never, — no, never !

2 Up to that world of light  
Take us, dear Saviour ;  
May we all there unite,  
Happy forever !  
Where kindred spirits dwell,  
There may our music swell,  
And time our joys dispel  
Never, — no, never !

3 Soon shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever ;  
Soon shall peace wreathe her chain  
Round us forever ;  
Our hearts will then repose  
Secure from fears or woes ,  
Our songs of praise shall close  
Never, — no, never !

855. C. M.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight  
When those who love the Lord  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word !

2 O, may we feel each brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part !  
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart !

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride ;  
Our wishes fix above ;

May each his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love.

- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow,  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glow.

856 S. M.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love!  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

857. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 BRETHREN, let us walk together  
In the bonds of love and peace ;  
Can it be a question whether  
Brethren should from conflict cease?  
    'T is in union,  
Hope, and joy, and love increase.
- 2 While we journey homeward, let us  
Help each other in the road ;  
Foes on every side beset us,  
    • Snares through all the way are strewed :  
        It behoves us  
Each to bear a brother's load.
- 3 When we think how much our Father  
Has forgiven, and does forgive ;  
Brethren, we should learn the rather  
Free from wrath and strife to live :  
    Far removing  
All that might offend or grieve.
- 4 Let then each esteem his brother  
Better than himself to be ;  
And let each prefer another,  
Full of love, from envy free :  
    Happy are we,  
When in this we all agree.

858. C. M.

- 1 LO, what an entertaining sight  
Those friendly brethren prove,  
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite  
Of harmony and love ;
- 2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the spring,  
Descend to every soul ;  
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,  
Shades and bedews the whole

- 3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews  
That fall on Zion's hill,  
Where God his mildest glory shows,  
And makes his grace distil.

859. H. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, how good a thing  
It is to dwell in peace,  
How pleasing to our King  
This fruit of righteousness!  
When brethren all in one agree,  
Who knows the joys of unity!
- 2 When all are sweetly joined,  
True followers of the Lamb,  
The same in heart and mind,  
And think and speak the same,  
And all in love together dwell,  
The comfort is unspeakable.
- 3 Where unity takes place,  
The joys of heaven we prove :  
This is the gospel grace,  
The unction from above,  
The Spirit on all believers shed,  
Descending swift from Christ our Head
- 4 In him when brethren join,  
And follow after peace,  
The fellowship divine  
He promises to bless :  
He fills them with his choicest store,  
He gives them life for evermore.

860. 8s & 7s.

- 1 WHO can tell how good and pleasant  
'T is when brethren all agree !  
Then it is the Lord is present ;  
Then he meets his family.

## FAMILY WORSHIP.

- 2 Let the world dispute and cavil,  
Brethren should abide in peace;  
While to Jesus still they travel,  
From contention let them cease.
  - 3 Love is more than mere appearance  
Let us learn to love indeed;  
Patience, kindness, and forbearance,  
Well become our state and need.
- 

## XXI. FAMILY WORSHIP.

Morning.

861. C. M.

- 1 AGAIN, from calm and sweet repose,  
I rise to hail the dawn;  
Again my waking eyes uncloze  
To view the smiling morn.
- 2 Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing,  
For thou hast safely kept  
My soul beneath thy guardian wing,  
And watched me while I slept.
- 3 Glory to thee, eternal Lord!  
O, teach my heart to pray;  
And thy blest Spirit's help afford,  
To guide me through the day!
- 4 Let every thought and word accord  
With thy most holy will;  
Each deed the precepts of thy word  
With pious aim fulfil.
- 5 From danger, sin, and every ill,  
My constant Guardian prove:

O, sanctify my heart, and fill  
With thoughts of holy love!

862. C. M.

- 1 TO thee let my first offerings rise,  
Whose sun creates the day,  
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,  
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,  
So oft vouchsafed before ;  
Still may it lead, protect, supply,  
And I that hand adore.
- 3 If bliss thy providence impart,  
For which, resigned, I pray,  
Give me to feel a cheerful heart,  
And grateful homage pay.
- 4 Affliction should thy love intend  
As vice or folly's cure,  
Patient, to gain that gracious end.  
May I the means endure.
- 5 Be this and every future day  
Still wiser than the past ;  
And when I all my life survey,  
May grace sustain at last.

863. L. M.

- 1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go  
My daily labor to pursue ;  
Thee, only thee, resolved to know  
In all I think, or speak, or do.

- 2 The task thy wisdom has assigned  
O, let me cheerfully fulfil !  
In all thy works thy presence find,  
And prove thine own accepted will.
- 3 Thee may I sit at my right hand,  
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,  
And labor on at thy command,  
And offer all my works to thee.
- 4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray.  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to thy glorious day.

## 864. S. M.

- 1 WE lift our hearts to thee,  
Thou Day-Star from on high !  
The sun itself is but thy shade,  
Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 O, let thy rising beams  
Dispel the shades of night ;  
And let the glories of thy love  
Come like the morning light !
- 3 How beaut'ous nature now !  
How dark and sad before !  
With joy we view the pleasing change,  
And nature's God adore.
- 4 May we this life improve  
To mourn for errors past ;  
And live this short revolving day  
As if it were our last.



865. C. M.

- 1 LORD of my life! O, may thy praise  
Employ my noblest powers,  
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,  
And fills the circling hours!
- 2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,  
I passed the shades of night,  
Secure and safe from every harm,  
And see returning light.
- 3 While many spent the night in sighs,  
And restless pains and woes,  
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,  
In undisturbed repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's image, o'er me spread,  
And I unconscious lay,  
Thy watchful care was round my bed,  
To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O, let the same almighty care  
My waking hours attend;  
From every danger, every snare,  
My heedless steps defend!
- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,  
And guide my future days,  
And let thy goodness fill my soul  
With gratitude and praise.

866. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way;  
His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.

- 2 But where the gospel comes,  
It spreads diviner light,  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word,  
And all thy judgments just !  
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,  
And men securely trust.
- 4 I hear thy word with love,  
And I would fain obey ;  
Send thy good Spirit from above,  
To guide me, lest I stray.

867. S. M.

- 1 O, HOW shall I repay  
The bounties of my God ?  
This feeble spirit pants beneath  
The pleasing, painful load.
- 2 Serene I laid me down,  
Beneath his guardian care :  
I slept, and I awoke and found  
My kind Preserver near.
- 3 Thus does thine arm support  
This weak, defenceless frame ;  
But whence these favors, Lord, to me.  
All worthless as I am ?
- 4 My life I would anew  
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;  
And in thy service I would spend  
A long eternity.

868. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
The daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay the morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem ;  
Each present day thy last esteem ;  
Improve thy talent with due care ;  
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere ;  
Thy conscience as the noontide clear ;  
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might  
In thy sole glory may unite.

869. S. M.

- 1 THE night is past and gone,  
The evening shades are fled ;  
O may each morning bring to mind  
Our rising from the dead !
- 2 We put our garments on,  
Our labor to pursue ;  
So in the resurrection morn  
Saints shall be clothed anew.

- 3 Lord, keep us safe this day,  
Support us by thine arm :  
May angels guard us on our way,  
Secure from every harm.
- 4 Now may we all as one  
The Christian course pursue ;  
And with new strength and courage run  
To win the prize in view.
- 5 And when our nights are past,  
And time bears us away,  
May we possess a crown of life  
In an eternal day.

## 870. 7s

- 1 THOU that dost my life prolong,  
Kindly aid my morning song ;  
Thankful, from my couch I rise,  
To the God that rules the skies.
- 2 Thou didst hear my evening cry ;  
Thy preserving hand was nigh ;  
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,  
Grateful to my weary head.
- 3 Thou hast kept me through the night,  
'T was thy hand restored the light ;  
Lord, thy mercies still are new,  
Plenteous as the morning dew.
- 4 Still my feet are prone to stray ;  
O preserve me through the day !  
Dangers everywhere abound,  
Sins and snares beset me round.
- 5 Gently, with the dawning ray,  
On my soul thy beams display ;

FAMILY WORSHIP.

Sweeter than the smiling morn,  
Let thy cheering light return.

Evening.

871. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song  
With humble gratitude I raise ;  
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,  
And fill my heart with lively praise !
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,  
And every gently rolling hour,  
Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
Of Jesus ; his dear name alone  
I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close ;  
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;  
Safe in thy care may I repose,  
And wake with praises to thy name.

872. C. M.

- 1 NOW from the altar of our hearts  
Let flames of love arise ;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift, more free than they.

- 3 New time, new favors, and new joys,  
Do a new song require ;  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts' desire.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gath'ring storm shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
That heart will rest on thee.

### 873. S. M.

- 1 ANOTHER day has fled ;  
Its record is on high ;  
When God shall raise the slumb'ring dead  
That page shall meet our eye.
- 2 The curtains of the night,  
With starry folds outspread,  
Our evening sacrifice invite  
To him who guards our bed.
- 3 Accept our humble prayer,  
Our songs of praise indite,  
And grant us now thy guarded care  
Till morning brings the light.
- 4 And thus, through all our days,  
Let needful grace be given,

And fit us for thy better praise,  
When we shall rest in heaven.

874. 8s.

- 1 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,  
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,  
My all to thy covenant care,  
I, sleeping or waking, resign.
- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,  
The night is no darkness to me ;  
And, fast as my minutes roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 A sovereign protector I have,  
Unseen, yet forever at hand ;  
Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 He smiles, and his comforts abound ;  
His grace as the dew shall descend ;  
And walls of salvation surround  
The soul he delights to defend.

875. 7s. 6l.

- 1 NOW from labor and from care  
Evening shades have set me free ;  
In the work of praise and prayer,  
Lord, I would converse with thee ;  
O, behold me from above,  
Fill me with a Saviour's love !
- 2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,  
Wither all my earthly joys ;  
Naught can charm me here below,  
But my Saviour's melting voice :

FAMILY WORSHIP.

Lord, forgive ; thy grace restore ;  
Make me thine for evermore.

- 3 For the blessings of this day,  
For the mercies of this hour,  
For the gospel's cheering ray,  
For the Spirit's quickening power,  
Grateful notes to thee I raise ;  
O, accept my song of praise !

876. 7s.

- 1 SOFTLY, now, the light of day  
Fades upon our sight away ;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, we would commune with thee.
- 2 Soon for us the light of day  
Shall forever pass away ;  
Then from sin and sorrow free,  
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

877. 7s & 6s.

- 1 THE mellow eve is gliding  
Serenely down the west ;  
So, every care subsiding,  
My soul would sink to rest.
- 2 The woodland hum is ringing  
The daylight's gentle close ;  
May angels, round me singing,  
Thus hymn my last repose.
- 3 The evening star has lighted  
Her crystal lamp on high ;  
So, if in death benighted,  
May hope illumine the sky.



- 4 In golden splendour dawning  
 The morrow's light shall break ;  
 O, on the last bright morning,  
 May I in glory wake !

878. L. M.

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,  
 Thus far his power prolongs my days ;  
 And every evening shall make known  
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;  
 But he forgives my follies past,  
 He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;  
 While well-appointed angels keep  
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

879. 11s & 12s.

- 1 SEE daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean ;  
 The sun has gone down on the far distant sea ;  
 O, now, in the hush of life's fitful commotion,  
 We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to thee !
- 2 Full oft wast thou found afar on the mountain,  
 As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave ;  
 Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless fountain,  
 Be with us, we pray thee, to bless and to save !

880. L. M.

- 1 STILL evening comes, with gentle shade,  
Sweet harbinger of balmy rest  
From toilsome hours, and anxious thoughts,  
Revolving in the pensive breast.
- 2 Refulgent day in darkness sets ;  
The noisy crowds are hushed in sleep ;  
Harsh sounds to gentle murmurs turn,  
As o'er the fields the zephyrs sweep.
- 3 The hour is sweet when tumults cease ;  
The scene obscured inspires my eye,  
And darkness marks the loved retreat  
Where pleasures live and sorrows die.
- 4 Retirement solemn, yet serene,  
And undisturbed by human voice,  
Invites repose on Jesus' arm,  
And bids my soul in God rejoice.

881. L. M.

- 1 GLORY to thee, our God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep us, O keep us, King of kings,  
Under thine own almighty wings !
- 2 Forgive us, Lord, through thy dear Son,  
The ill that we this day have done ;  
That with the world, ourselves and thee,  
We, ere we sleep, at peace may be
- 3 O may our souls on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep our eyelids close ;  
Sleep that may us more vigorous make  
To serve our God when we awake.

## 882. C. M.

- 1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;  
I am forever thine ;  
I fear before thee all the day,  
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,  
From cares and business free,  
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed  
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this evening-sacrifice,  
And when my work is done,  
Great God, my faith, my hope relies  
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,  
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;  
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep.

## 883. 8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal ;  
Sin and want we come confessing,  
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrows past us fly,  
Angel-guards from thee surround us ;  
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;  
Thou art he, who, never weary,  
Watchest where thy people be.

- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the last lord trump awake us,  
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

884. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, another day is flown,  
And we, a feeble band,  
Are met once more before thy throne,  
To bless thy fost'ring hand.
- 2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart,  
All evil far remove,  
And shed abroad in every heart  
Thine everlasting love.
- 3 Our souls, obedient to thy sway,  
In Christian bonds unite :  
Let peace and love conclude the day,  
And hail the morning light.
- 4 Thus cleansed from sin, and wholly thine,  
A flock by Jesus led,  
The sun of righteousness shall shine  
In glory on our head.

Morning or Evening.

885. C. M.

- 1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh  
To great Jehovah's name ;  
Sweet be the accents of our tongues  
When we his love proclaim

- 2 'T was by his bidding we were called  
In pain a while to part ;  
'T is by his care we meet again,  
And gladness fills our heart.
- 3 Blest be the hand that has preserved  
Our feet from every snare,  
And blest the goodness of the Lord,  
Which to this hour we share.
- 4 O may the Spirit's quickening power  
Now sanctify our joy,  
And warm our zeal in works of love  
Our talents to employ !
- 5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away ;  
Soon shall our wand'rings cease ;  
And with our Father we shall dwell,  
A family of peace.

## 886. S. M.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,  
Whose hearts and hopes are one,  
Whose kind designs to serve and please  
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house,  
Where zeal and friendship meet ;  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 From those celestial springs  
Such streams of pleasure flow,  
As no increase of riches brings,  
Nor honors can bestow.

887. C. M.

- 1 THE daily favors of my God  
I cannot sing at large ;  
Yet let me make this holy boast,  
I am th' Almighty's charge.
- 2 Lord, in the day thou art about  
The paths wherein I tread ;  
And in the night, when I lie down,  
Thou art about my bed.
- 3 O, let my house a temple be,  
That I and mine may sing  
Hosannas to thy majesty,  
And praise our heavenly King !

888. L. M.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love !  
Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;  
To thee I consecrate my days ;  
Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

889. C. M.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.

- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,  
     'To thee my thoughts would soar ;  
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,  
     That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life how clear  
     Thy ruling hand I see !  
 Each blessing to my soul more dear  
     Because conferred by thee.

## 890. C. P. M.

- 1 I AND my house will serve the Lord ;  
     But first obedient to his word  
     I must myself appear ;  
 My actions, words, and temper, show  
 That I my heavenly Master know,  
     And serve with heart sincere.
- 2 I must the fair example set ;  
     From those that on my pleasure wait  
     The stumbling block remove ;  
 Their duty by my life explain,  
 And still in all my works maintain  
     The law of Christian love.
- 3 Easy to be entreated, mild,  
     Quickly appeased and reconciled,  
     A foll'wer of my God ;  
 A saint indeed I long to be,  
 And lead a faithful family  
     In the celestial road.
- 4 As, Lord, thou dost the wish infuse,  
     A vessel fitted for thy use  
     Into thy hands receive ;  
 Work in me both to will and do,  
 And show them how believers true  
     And real Christians live.

- 5 A sinner, saved myself from sin,  
 Grant me, O Lord, their souls to win ;  
 Be all their sins forgiven ;  
 My children, wife, and servants bless,  
 And through the paths of righteousness  
 Conduct them all to heaven.

891. C. M.

- 1 WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray  
 Breaks with its trembling light,  
 To chase the pearly dew away,  
 Bright tear-drops of the night ;
- 2 My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,  
 But rises, gladly free,  
 On wings of everlasting love,  
 And finds its home in thee.
- 3 When evening's silent shades descend,  
 And nature sinks to rest,  
 Still to my Father and my Friend  
 My wishes are addressed.
- 4 And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom  
 Above, around, is spread,  
 Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom  
 Are hov'ring o'er my head.
- 5 I dream of that fair land, O Lord,  
 Where all thy saints shall be ;  
 I wake to lean upon thy word,  
 And still delight in thee.

892. 7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS God, our children see ;  
 We commend them unto thee ;  
 Born where sin and error reign ;  
 Let them not in sin remain.



Israel's little ones of old  
 Pharaoh threatened to withhold ;  
 Then thy messenger said " No ;  
 Let the children also go."

2 When the angel of the Lord,  
 Drawing forth his dreadful sword,  
 Slew, with an avenging hand,  
 All the first-born of the land,  
 Then thy people's doors he passed  
 Where the bloody sign was placed :  
 Hear, O hear us, gracious God,  
 Plead for these the Saviour's blood !

3 Lord, we tremble, for we know  
 How the fierce malicious foe,  
 Wheeling round his watchful flight,  
 Keeps them ever in his sight :  
 Spread thy pinions, King of kings,  
 Hide them safe beneath thy wings,  
 Lest the rav'nous birds of prey  
 Stoop, and bear the brood away.

## XXII. MARINE.

893. 12s.

- 1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is  
 streaming,  
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleam-  
 ing,  
 Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,  
 We fly to our Maker : Save, Lord, or we perish !
- 2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,  
 Aroused by the shriek of despair, from thy pillow,  
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
 Who cries in his anguish, Save, Lord, or we perish !

- 3 And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
 When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,  
 Then send down thy Spirit thy ransomed to cherish  
 Rebuke the destroyer ; Save, Lord, or we perish !

## 894. C. M.

- 1 OUR little bark, on boist'rous seas,  
 By cruel tempests tossed,  
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
 Expecting to be lost ;
- 2 We to the Lord, in humble prayer,  
 Breathed out our sad distress ;  
 Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,  
 We begged return of peace.
- 3 Then ceased the stormy winds to blow ;  
 The surges ceased to roll ;  
 And soon again a placid sea  
 Spoke comfort to the soul.
- 4 O, may our grateful, trembling hearts  
 Their hallelujahs sing  
 To him who hath our lives preserved,  
 Our Saviour and our King !

## 895. 8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 TOSSED upon life's raging billow,  
 Sweet it is, O Lord, to know  
 Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,  
 And canst feel a sailor's woe.
- 2 Never slumb'ring, never sleeping,  
 Though the night be dark and drear,  
 Thou the faithful watch art keeping,  
 " All, all 's well," thy constant cheer.

3 And though loud the wind is howling,  
 Fierce though flash the lightnings red,  
 Darkly though the storm-clouds scowling  
 O'er the sailor's anxious head —

4 Thou canst calm the raging ocean,  
 All its noise and tumult still ;  
 Hush the tempest's wild commotion,  
 At the bidding of thy will.

5 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,  
 While to thee I lift mine eye ;  
 Thou wilt save me ere I perish,  
 Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.

6 And though mast and sail be riven,  
 Soon will life's voyage be o'er,  
 Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,  
 Storm and tempest vex no more.

## 896. L. M.

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,  
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;  
 Out of the depths to thee I call ;  
 My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
 And guide and guard me through the storm .  
 Defend me from each threat'ning ill ;  
 Control the waves ; say, " Peace ! be still."

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
 My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;  
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
 Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name  
 Attend the foll'wers of the Lamb,

MARINE.

Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
And leave it to return no more.

- 5 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;  
Let neither winds nor stormy rain,  
Force back my shattered bark again

897. L. M.

- 1 PRAYER may be sweet in cottage homes,  
Where sire and child devoutly kneel,  
While through the open casement nigh  
The vernal blossoms fragrant steal.
- 2 Prayer may be sweet in stately halls,  
Where heart with kindred heart is blent,  
And upward to th' eternal throne  
The hymn of praise melodious sent.
- 3 But he who fain would know how warm  
The soul's appeal to God may be,  
From friends and native land should turn,  
A wanderer on the trackless sea ;
- 4 Should hear its deep, imploring tone  
Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge,  
When billows toss the fragile bark,  
And fearful blasts the conflict urge.
- 5 Naught, naught appears but sea and sky ;  
No refuge where the foot may flee  
How will he cast, O Rock divine,  
The anchor of his soul on thee !

## 898. H. M.

- 1 JESUS, at thy command  
     I launch into the deep,  
     And leave my native land,  
         Where sin lulls all asleep ;  
 For thee I fain would all resign,  
 And thus embark with thee and thine
  
- 2 Christ is my pilot wise,  
     My compass is his word ;  
     My soul each storm defies,  
         Whilst I have such a Lord ;  
 I trust his faithfulness and power,  
 To save me in the trying hour.
  
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep  
     Through all my passage lie,  
     Yet he shall safely keep  
         And guide me with his eye :  
 How can I sink with such a prop,  
 That bears the world and all things up ?
  
- 4 By faith I see the land,  
     The port of endless rest ;  
     My soul, thy wings expand,  
         And fly to Jesus' breast ;  
 O, may I reach the heavenly shore,  
 Where winds and waves distress no more
  
- 5 Whene'er becalmed I lie,  
     And all my storms subside,  
     Then to my succor fly,  
         And keep me near thy side ;  
 For more the treach'rous calm I dread,  
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow  
 A prosp'rous gale of grace,  
 To waft from all below,  
 On to my destined place ;  
 Then in full sail my port I 'll find,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.

## 899. L. M.

- 1 GOD of the seas, thine awful voice  
 Bids all the rolling waves rejoice ;  
 And one soft word of thy command  
 Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,  
 The sea divides, and owns its God ;  
 The stormy floods their Maker know,  
 And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The smallest fish that swims the seas,  
 Sportful, to thee a tribute pays ;  
 And larger monsters of the deep,  
 At thy command, or rage or sleep.
- 4 Thus is thy glorious power adored  
 Among the wat'ry nations, Lord !  
 Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves,  
 Forget the mighty God who saves !

## 900. L. M.

- 1 GLORY to thee, whose powerful word  
 Bids the tempestuous winds arise ;  
 Glory to thee, the sov'reign Lord  
 Of air, and earth, and sea, and skies !
- 2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,  
 And seas thine awful will perform ;

- From them we learn to own thy sway,  
And shout to meet the gathering storm.
- 3 What though the floods lift up their voice;  
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry,  
They cannot damp thy children's joys.  
Or shake the soul when God is nigh.
- 4 Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,  
And back to highest heaven are borne,  
Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep,  
And all the wat'ry world upturn.
- 5 Roar on, ye waves; our souls defy  
Your roaring to disturb our rest;  
In vain t' impair the calm ye try —  
The calm in a believer's breast.
- 6 Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,  
Thou sea, the servant of his will;  
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise,  
But fall when he shall say, Be still.

## 901. L. M.

- 1 HOW often, as we beat along,  
With wind ahead and blowing strong,  
We hear our watchful captain cry,  
“Near! Nothing off! and Full and by!”
- 2 So when in life our steps begin  
To tread the devious paths of sin,  
May conscience wake our timely fear,  
Uttering her warning cry of “Near!”
- 3 And when from truth's unerring line  
Our coward lips would dare decline,  
Then may we heed, though fools should scoff,  
Her stern injunction, “Nothing off!”

- 4 Virtue and vice to win us try :  
 Be then our watchword, " Full and by ! "  
 Safe course through this world to another  
 Is " full " of one, and " by " the other.

## 902. 8s, 7s & 3s.

- 1 STAR of peace, to wand'ers weary  
 Give the beam that smiles on me,  
 Cheer the pilot's visions dreary,  
 Far at sea.
- 2 Star of Hope, gleam on the billow ;  
 Bless the soul that sighs for thee ;  
 Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,  
 Far at sea.
- 3 Star of Faith, when winds are mocking  
 All his prayers, he flies to thee ;  
 Save him, though on billows rocking,  
 Far at sea.
- 4 Star of God, yet safely guide him  
 To the shore he longs to see ;  
 Long tempestuous waves have tried him,  
 Far at sea.

## 903. 8s.

- 1 O THOU, who hast spread out the skies,  
 And measured the depths of the sea,  
 Our incense of praise shall arise  
 In joyous thanksgiving to thee.  
 Forever thy presence is near,  
 Though heaves our bark far from the land  
 We ride on the deep without fear,  
 The waters are held in thy hand.



- 2 Eternity comes in the sound  
 Of billows that never can sleep ·  
 Jehovah encircles us round ;  
 Omnipotence walks on the deep.  
 Our Father, we look up to thee,  
 As on tow'rd the haven we roll ;  
 And faith in our pilot shall be  
 An anchor to steady the soul.

## 904. 7s.

- 1 LORD, whom winds and seas obey,  
 Guide us through the wat'ry way ;  
 In the hollow of thy hand  
 Hide, and bring us safe to land.
- 2 Jesus, let our faithful mind  
 Rest, on thee alone reclined ;  
 Every anxious thought repress ;  
 Keep our souls in perfect peace.
- 3 Keep the souls whom now we leave ;  
 Bid them to each other cleave ;  
 Bid them walk on life's rough sea ;  
 Bid them come by faith to thee.
- 4 Save, till all these tempests end,  
 All who on thy love depend ;  
 Waft, O waft us safely o'er ;  
 Land us on the heavenly shore !

## 905. C. M.

- 1 HOW are thy servants blessed, O Lord !  
 How sure is their defence !  
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
 Their help, Omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass unhurt  
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne  
High on the broken wave,  
They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will ;  
The sea, that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness we 'll adore ;  
We 'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

## 906. C. M.

- 1 IN every trouble sharp and strong  
My soul to Jesus flies ;  
My anchor hold is firm in him  
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up ;  
I trust a faithful God ;  
The sure foundation of my hope  
Is in a Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,  
To thy Redeemer's name ;  
In joy and sorrow, life and death,  
His love is still the same.

907. P. M.

- 1 LORD of earth, and air, and sea,  
Supreme in power and grace,  
Under thy protection we  
Our souls and bodies place :  
Bold an unknown land to try,  
We launch into the foaming deep ;  
Rocks, and storms, and depths defy,  
With Jesus in the ship.
  - 2 Who the calm can understand,  
In a believer's breast ?  
In the hollow of his hand  
Our souls securely rest ;  
Winds may rise, and seas may roar,  
We on his love our spirits stay ;  
Him with quiet joy adore,  
Whom winds and seas obey.
- 

XXIII. THE YEAR.

Beginning.

908. L. M.

- 1 GREAT GOD, we sing that mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand ;  
The opening year thy mercy shows ;  
That mercy crowns it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still are we guarded by our God ;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

THE YEAR.

- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,  
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.

909. C. M.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds  
Of the revolving year;  
How swift the weeks complete their rounds,  
How short the months appear!
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,  
And that important day,  
When all that mortal life has done,  
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass  
The swift-advancing year;  
And study artful ways t' increase  
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart  
Its great concern to see;  
That I may act the Christian part,  
And give the year to thee.
- 5 Thus shall their course more grateful roll,  
If future years arise;  
Or this shall bear my peaceful soul  
To joy that never dies.

910. P. M.

- 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue.  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear!
- 2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

- 3 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away ;  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone ;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.
- 5 O that each in the day of his coming may say,  
" I have fought my way through ;  
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do ! "
- 6 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word  
" Well and faithfully done !  
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne. "

## 911. 7s.

- 1 BLESS, O Lord, each opening year  
To the souls assembling here ;  
Clothe thy word with power divine,  
Make us willing to be thine.
- 2 Where thou hast thy work begun,  
Give new strength the race to run ;  
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,  
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 3 Bless us all, both old and young ,  
Call forth praise from every tongue ;  
Let our whole assembly prove  
All thy power and all thy love !

Seasons.

## 912. C. M.

- 1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,  
Address the Lord on high ;  
Over the heaven he spreads his cloud.  
And waters veil the sky.

Angelic guards attend him down,  
The same who sang his humble birth.

- 3 In sounds of glory hear him speak,  
“ Go search around the flaming world ;  
Haste, call my saints to rise, and take  
The seats from which their foes were hurled
- 4 Go, burn the chaff in future fire,  
In flames unquenched consume each tare ;  
Sinners must feel my holy ire,  
And sink in guilt to deep despair.”
- 5 Thus ends the harvest of the earth ;  
Angels obey the awful voice ;  
They save the wheat, they burn the chaff ;  
All heaven approves the sovereign choice

916. 8s & 7s.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,  
Dry and withered, to the ground,  
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
In a sad and solemn sound :
- 2 “ Youth, on length of days presuming  
Who the paths of pleasure tread,  
View us, late in beauty blooming,  
Numbered now among the dead.
- 3 What though yet no losses grieve you,  
Gay with health and many a grace ;  
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,  
Summer gives to autumn place.”
- 4 On the tree of life eternal  
Let our highest hopes be stayed ;  
This alone, forever vernal,  
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

## 917. H. M.

- 1 HOW pleasing is thy voice,  
     O Lord, our heavenly King !  
 That bids the frosts retire,  
     And wakes the lovely spring !  
 The rains return, the ice distills,  
 And plains and hills forget to mourn.
- 2 The morn, with glory crowned,  
     Thy hand arrays in smiles ;  
 Thou bidd'st the eve decline,  
     Rejoicing o'er the hills.  
 Soft suns ascend, the mild wind blows  
 And beauty glows to earth's far end.
- 3 Thy showers make soft the fields ;  
     On every side behold  
 The ripening harvests wave  
     Their loads of richest gold !  
 The lab'ers sing with cheerful voice,  
 And, blest, rejoice in God, their King.
- 4 The thunder is his voice ;  
     His arrows blazing fires ;  
 He glows in yonder sun,  
     And smiles in starry choirs.  
 The balmy breeze his breath perfumes ;  
 His beauty blooms in flowers and trees
- 5 With life he clothes the spring ;  
     The earth with 'summer warms ;  
 He spreads th' autumnal feast,  
     And rides in wintry storms.  
 His gifts divine through all appear,  
 And round the year his glories shine.

# 918. C. M.

- 1 'T IS by thy strength the mountains stand,  
God of eternal power !  
The sea grows calm at thy command,  
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade  
Successive comforts bring ;  
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,  
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons, and hours,  
Heaven, earth, and air, are thine ;  
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,  
The author is divine !
- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,  
Borne by the winds around,  
With wat'ry treasures well supply  
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,  
And ranks of corn appear ;  
Thy ways abound with blessings still,  
Thy goodness crowns the year.

Close.

# 919. L. M.

- 1 OUR Helper, God, we bless his name,  
Whose love forever is the same ;  
The tokens of whose gracious care  
Begin, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,  
Supported by his guardian hand ;  
And see, when we review our ways,  
Ten thousand monuments of praise



THANKSGIVING.

- 3 Thus far his arm hath led us on ;  
Thus far we make his mercy known ;  
And while we tread this desert land,  
New mercies shall new songs demand.

920. C. M.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year  
Of thy short life is past ;  
I cannot long continue here,  
And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my hasty life is gone,  
Nor will return again ;  
And swift my passing moments run,  
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul ; with utmost care  
Thy true condition learn ;  
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair ?  
What is thy great concern ?
- 4 Behold, another year begins ;  
Set-out afresh for heaven ;  
Seek pardon for thy former sins  
In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
And on his grace depend ;  
With zeal pursue the heavenly road.  
Nor doubt a happy end.
- 

XXIV. THANKSGIVING.

921. 6s & 4s.

- 1 THE God of harvest praise ;  
In loud thanksgiving raise  
Hand, heart, and voice ;

The valleys smile and sing,  
Forests and mountains ring,  
The plains their tribute bring,  
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,  
And purest thanks proclaim  
Through all the earth ;  
To glory in your lot  
Is duty ; but be not  
God's benefits forgot,  
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise ;  
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise,  
With sweet accord ;  
From field to garner throng,  
Bearing your sheaves along,  
And in your harvest song  
Bless ye the Lord.

922. L. M.

1 FOR all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord,  
With lifted song and bended knee ;  
But now our thanks are chiefly poured  
For those who taught us to be free.

2 For when the soul lay bound below  
A heavy yoke of forms and creeds,  
And none thy word of truth could know  
O'ergrown with tares and choked with weeds ;

3 The monarch's sword, the prelate's pride,  
The church's curse, the empire's ban,  
By one poor monk were all defied,  
Who never feared the face of man.

## THANKSGIVING.

- 4 Half-battles were the words he said,  
Each born of prayer, baptized in tears;  
And, routed by them, backward fled  
The errors of a thousand years.
- 5 With lifted song and bended knee,  
For all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord;  
But chief for those who made us free,  
The champions of thy holy word.

## 923. L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,  
Thy praise may well our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear,  
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports the steady pole;  
The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,  
Embalms the air, and paints the land;  
The summer rays with vigor shine,  
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Through all our coasts abundant stores;  
And winters, softened by thy care,  
No more a dreary aspect wear.
- 5 Still be the cheerful homage paid  
With morning light and evening shade;  
Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise.

924. L. M.

- 1 GOD of the rolling year, to thee  
Our songs shall rise, whose beauty pours  
In many a goodly gift, with free  
And liberal hand, our autumn stores ;  
No firstlings of our flock we slay,  
No soaring clouds of incense rise,  
But on thy hallowed shrine we lay  
Our grateful hearts in sacrifice.
- 2 Borne on thy breath, the lap of spring  
Was heaped with many a blooming flower ;  
And smiling summer joyed to bring  
The sunshine and the gentle shower ;  
And autumn's rich luxuriance now,  
The ripening seed, the bursting shell,  
The golden sheaf, and laden bough,  
The fulness of thy bounty tell.
- 3 And here shall rise our song to thee,  
Where lengthened vales and pastures lie,  
And streams go singing, wild and free,  
Beneath a blue and smiling sky ;  
Where ne'er was reared a mortal throne,  
Where crowned oppressors never trod ;  
Here, at the throne of heaven alone,  
Shall man in rev'rence bow to God.

925. 10s.

- 1 GOD of the changing year, whose arm of power  
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,  
Here in thy temple bow thy creatures down,  
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.
- 2 Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,  
And pour around the gladd'ning light of day ;

## THANKSGIVING.

Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine  
To cheer its hours of darkness, — all are thine.

- 3 If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,  
And mortal friends were faithless, thou wert true  
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear  
The wounded spirit, thou wert present there.
- 4 Yet when our hearts review departed days,  
How vast thy mercies, how remiss our praise !  
Well may we dread thine awful eye to meet,  
Bend at thy throne, and worship at thy feet.
- 5 O, lend thine ear and lift our voice to thee ;  
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be ;  
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine  
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine

## 926. L. M.

- 1 FATHER of lights, we sing thy name  
Who kindlest up the lamp of day ;  
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,  
His beams thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed  
The copious drops of genial rain,  
Which o'er the hill and through the mead,  
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread ;  
Yet millions of our guilty race,  
Though by thy daily bounty fed,  
Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.
- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts  
O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;  
But what thy liberal hand imparts  
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

- 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine  
 And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,  
 When all our hearts and lives are thine,  
 And thou, O God, enjoyed in all

927. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.]

- 1 WHEN thy harvest yields thee pleasure,  
 Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind ;  
 To the poor belongs the treasure  
 Of the scattered ears behind :  
 This thy God ordains to bless  
 The widow and the fatherless.
- 2 When thine olive-plants, increasing,  
 Pour their plenty o'er the plain,  
 Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,  
 But not search the boughs again :  
 This thy God ordains to bless  
 The widow and the fatherless.
- 3 When thy favored vintage, flowing,  
 Gladdens thine autumnal scene,  
 Own the bounteous hand bestowing,  
 But the vines the poor shall glean :  
 So thy God ordains to bless  
 The widow and the fatherless.

928. 7s.

- 1 EVERY sheaf of golden grain,  
 Standing on the smiling plain,  
 Tells us, if we do not know,  
 Whence our many blessings flow.
- 2 Thanks we bring for earthly good ;  
 Nobler thanks for richer food :

THANKSGIVING.

Love divine to us has given  
Christ, the bread of life, from heaven.

- 3 Lord, with these thy favors, give  
Hearts to serve thee while we live,  
Till we reap, where Jesus is,  
Harvests of immortal bliss.

929. C. M.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
How rich thy bounties are!  
The rolling seasons, as they move,  
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain;  
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine  
The plants in beauty grew;  
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,  
And mild, refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain;  
A kindly harvest crowns thy love.  
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;  
Thy hand all nature hails;  
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,  
Summer nor winter, fails.

930. 7s

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days:

Bounteous Source of every joy,  
 Let thy praise our tongues employ :  
 All to thee, our God, we owe,  
 Source whence all our blessings flow.

- 2 All the blessings of the fields,  
 All the stores the garden yields,  
 Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain :  
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,  
 Suns that genial warmth diffuse,  
 All the plenty summer pours,  
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores :  
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
 Private bliss and public wealth,  
 Knowledge, with its gladd'ning streams,  
 Pure religion's holier beams :  
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

## 931. 7s.

- 1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song,  
 Praises to our God belong ;  
 Saints and angels join to sing  
 Praises to the heavenly King.
- 2 Blessings from his liberal hand  
 Flow around this happy land ;  
 Kept by him, no foes annoy ;  
 Peace and freedom we enjoy.



## THANKSGIVING.

- 3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,  
May we cheerfully obey ;  
Never feel oppression's rod ;  
Ever own and worship God.
- 4 Hark ! the voice of nature sings  
Praises to the King of kings ;  
Let us join the choral song,  
And the grateful notes prolong.

## 932. L. M.

- 1 O HOLY Father, just and true  
Are all thy works, and words, and ways,  
And unto thee alone are due  
Thanksgiving and eternal praise ;  
As children of thy gracious care,  
We veil the eye, we bend the knee,  
With broken words of praise and prayer,  
Father and God, we come to thee.
- 2 For thou hast heard, O God of right,  
The sighing of the hapless slave ;  
And stretched for him the arm of might,  
Not shortened that it could not save.  
The lab'rer sits beneath his vine,  
The shackled soul and hand are free ;  
Thanksgiving, for the work is thine ;  
Praise, for the blessing is of thee.

## 933. S. M.

- 1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,  
With gratitude we own ;  
We praise thy providential care,  
That showers its blessings down.

FAST.

- 2 With joy the people bring  
Their off'rings round thy throne ;  
With thankful souls, behold, we pay  
A tribute of thine own.
  - 3 O, may this sacrifice,  
While at thy feet we bend,  
An odor of a sweet perfume,  
To thee, the Lord, ascend !
  - 4 Well pleased our God will view  
The products of his grace ;  
With endless life will he fulfil  
His kindest promises.
- 

XXV. FAST.

934. C. M.

- 1 LORD, look on all assembled here,  
Who in thy presence stand,  
To offer up united prayer  
For this our sinful land.
- 2 O, may we all, with one consent,  
Fall low before thy throne,  
With tears the nation's sins lament,  
The church's, and our own !
- 3 And should the dread decree be past,  
And we must feel the rod,  
Let faith and patience hold us fast  
To our correcting God.

## 935. C. M.

- 1 WHEN Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,  
Before Jehovah stood,  
And, with an humble, fervent prayer,  
For guilty Sodom sued ;
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,  
Was his petition crowned !  
The Lord would spare, if in that place  
Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single pious soul  
So rich a boon obtain ?  
Great God, and shall a nation cry,  
And plead with thee in vain ?
- 4 Are not the righteous dear to thee  
Now, as in ancient times ?  
Or does this sinful land exceed  
Gomorrah in her crimes ?
- 5 Still we are thine ; we bear thy name ;  
Here yet is thine abode ;  
Long has thy presence blessed our land,  
Forsake us not, O God !

## 936. C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Lord, before thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend ;  
'T is on thy pard'ning grace alone  
Our dying hopes depend.
- 2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,  
Thy dreadful power display ;  
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.

- 3 How changed, alas, are truths divine,  
For error, guilt, and shame !  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the Christian name !
- 4 O, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord !  
Convert us by thy grace ;  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And see again thy face.

937. 8s & 7s.

- 1 DREAD Jehovah ! God of nations !  
From thy temple in the skies,  
Hear thy people's supplications ;  
Now for their deliv'rance rise.
- 2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at thy feet we bend ;  
Hear us fasting, praying, mourning ;  
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
Long and loud for vengeance call,  
Thou hast mercy more abounding,  
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

938. L. M.

- 1 THE fast which is the Lord's delight  
Is not a mere external rite ;  
But 'tis to mortify our sin,  
To be sincere and pure within.
- 2 To break the mourning captive's chain ;  
The proud oppressor to restrain ;  
To clothe the naked, feed the poor,  
And bring the friendless to thy door.

- 3 Come, let us our offences own,  
With grief before th' eternal throne;  
Sin is the deadliest of our foes,  
The dreadful source of all our woes.
- 4 Hence discord, strife, and war arise,  
Famine, disease, and dying cries;  
Hence men disclaim their brotherhood,  
And burn to shed each other's blood.
- 5 When will these deeds of horror cease,  
And Christians walk in love and peace?  
Almighty Lord, our hearts are thine,  
O turn us by thy power divine!
- 6 The God of love will scatter far  
The people who delight in war;  
But all who walk in righteousness  
He loves, and will exalt and bless.

## 939. L. M.

- 1 LORD, when thine ancient people cried,  
Oppressed with chains by Egypt's king,  
Thou didst th' Arabian sea divide,  
And forth thy fainting Israel bring.
- 2 In this our day, this Christian land  
Groans with the anguish of the slave;  
Lord God of hosts, stretch forth thy hand,  
Not shortened that it cannot save.
- 3 Roll back the swelling tide of sin,  
The lust of gain, the lust of power;  
The day of freedom usher in;  
O, hasten on th' appointed hour!
- 4 How long shall bondmen be forgot?  
We watch, we weep, we cry to thee;  
Th' oppressor hears, yet heedeth not;  
Come, captive lead captivity!

## 940. 7s.

- 1 HEAR us, Father, while we cry,  
Pleading for an injured race;  
Make the bolts asunder fly  
By thine own resistless grace.
- 2 Let the captives all go free;  
Let th' oppressor cease to reign;  
And the arm of tyranny  
Nevermore be raised again.

## 941. C. M.

- 1 BREAK every yoke, the gospel cries,  
And let th' oppressed go free;  
Let every burdened captive rise,  
And taste sweet liberty.
- 2 Lord, when shall man thy voice obey,  
And rend each iron chain?  
O, when shall love its golden sway  
O'er all the earth maintain?
- 3 Send thy good Spirit from above,  
And melt th' oppressor's heart;  
Send swift deliv'rance to the slave,  
And bid his woes depart.

## 942. C. M.

- 1 ATTEND, and mark the solemn fast  
Which to the Lord is dear;  
Disdain the false, unhallowed mask,  
Which vain dissemblers wear.

- 2 Do I delight in sorrow's mask ?  
Saith he who reigns above ;  
The hanging head and rueful look,  
Will they attract my love ?
- 3 Let such as feel oppression's load  
Thy tender pity share ;  
And let the helpless, homeless poor  
Be thy peculiar care.
- 4 Go, bid the hungry orphan be  
With thy abundance blessed ;  
Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,  
And spread the couch of rest.
- 5 Let him who pines with piercing cold  
By thee be warmed and clad ;  
Be thine the blissful task to make  
The downcast mourner glad.

## 943. L. M.

- 1 SEE! we repent, we weep, we mourn ;  
To our forsaken God we turn ;  
O, spare our guilty country! spare  
The church which thou hast planted here.
- 2 We plead thy grace, indulgent God ;  
We plead thy Son's atoning blood ;  
We plead thy gracious promises, —  
And are they unavailing pleas ?
- 3 These pleas presented at thy throne,  
Have brought ten thousand blessings down  
On guilty lands in helpless woe ;  
Let them prevail to save us too.

## 944. L. M.

- 1 O, RIGHTEOUS God, thou Judge supreme,  
We tremble at thy dreadful name ;  
And all our crying guilt we own,  
In dust and tears before thy throne !
- 2 So manifold our crimes have been,  
Such crimson tincture dyes our sin,  
That, could we all its horrors know,  
Our streaming eyes with blood might flow.
- 3 Estranged from reverential awe,  
We trample on thy sacred law ;  
And, though such wonders grace has done,  
Anew we crucify thy Son.
- 4 Justly might this polluted land  
Prove all the vengeance of thy hand ;  
And, bathed in heaven, thy sword might come  
To drink our blood and seal our doom.
- 5 Yet hast thou not a remnant here  
Whose souls are filled with pious fear ?  
O, bring thy wonted mercy nigh,  
While prostrate at thy feet we lie !

## 945. C. M.

- 1 O, COME not with thy tears alone,  
Or outward form of prayer ;  
But let it in thy heart be known  
That penitence is there !
- 2 Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend,  
God asketh not of thee ;  
Thy stubborn soul he bids thee bend  
In true humility.



- 3 O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,  
Draw near unto our God,  
And pray to him to grant relief,  
And stay th' uplifted rod !
- 4 O, righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign  
To grant us all we need,  
We pray for time to turn again,  
And grace to turn indeed !

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XXVI. SHORTNESS OF TIME.

946. C. M.

- 1 HOW swift, alas, the moments fly !  
How rush the years along !  
Scarce here, yet gone already by ;  
The burden of a song.
- 2 See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,  
And age with furrowed brow ;  
Time was, time shall be, but, alas !  
Where, where in time is now ?
- 3 Time is the measure but of change ;  
No present hour is found ;  
The past, the future, fill the range  
Of time's unceasing round.
- 4 Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and fears  
On time no longer lean ;  
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears  
From earth's affections wean.

947. C. M.

- 1 THE time is short : sinners, beware,  
Nor trifle time away ;  
The word of great salvation hear,  
While yet 't is called to-day.
- 2 The time is short : O, sinners, now  
To Christ the Lord submit ;  
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,  
And fall at Jesus' feet !
- 3 The time is short : ye saints, rejoice,  
The Lord will quickly come ;  
Soon shall you hear the Saviour's voice,  
To call you to your home !

948. C. M.

- 1 TIME hastens on ; ye longing saints,  
Now raise your voices high ;  
And magnify that sov'reign love  
Which shows salvation nigh.
- 2 As time departs salvation comes ;  
Each moment brings it near :  
Then welcome each declining day,  
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their course shall run,  
Not many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand revealed  
To our transported eyes.

949. L. M.

- 1 GOD of eternity, from thee  
Did infant time his being draw ;  
Moments and days, and months and years,  
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

- 2 Silent, but swift, they glide away ;  
Steady and strong the current flows,  
Lost in eternity's wide sea,  
The boundless gulf from which it rose.
- 3 Great Source of wisdom ! teach our hearts  
To know the worth of every hour ;  
That time may bear us on to joys  
Beyond its measure and its power.

950. S. M.

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine  
Lodged in thy sov'reign hand ;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away ;  
O, make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day !
- 3 Since on this fleeting hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Awake, by thine almighty power,  
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;  
O, be that still pursued,  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed !

951. S. M.

- 1 THE swift-declining day,  
How fast its moments fly !  
While evening's broad and gloomy shade  
Gains on the western sky

BREVITY AND FRAILTY OF LIFE.

- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace ;  
Improve the hours of light ;  
And know, your Maker can command  
An instantaneous night.
  - 3 On the dark mountain's brow  
Your feet shall quickly slide,  
And from its airy summit dash  
Your momentary pride.
  - 4 What most demands your care,  
O be it still pursued !  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.
- 

XXVII. BREVITY AND FRAILTY OF  
LIFE.

952. C. M.

- 1 HOW short and hasty is our life !  
How vast our souls' affairs !  
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay ;  
Just like a story, or a song,  
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,  
But we march heedless on ;  
And, ever hastening to the tomb,  
Stoop downward as we run.

- 4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace  
And lift our thoughts on high,  
That we may end this mortal race,  
And see salvation nigh !

953. S. M.

- 1 LORD, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame !  
Our life, how poor a trifle 't is,  
That scarce deserves the name !
- 2 Alas, 't was brittle clay  
That built our body first ;  
And every month and every day  
'T is mould'ring back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,  
Nor will our minutes stay ;  
Just like a flood our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,  
We 'll keep their end in sight ;  
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They 'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea ;  
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

954. C. M.

- 1 OUR days, alas. our mortal days  
Are short and wretched too !  
" Evil and few," the patriarch says,  
And well the patriarch knew.

- 2 'T is but, at best, a narrow bound,  
That Heaven allows to men ;  
And pains and sins run through the round  
Of threescore years and ten.
- 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,  
Run on, my days, in haste ;  
Moments of sin, and months of woe,  
Ye cannot fly too fast.

955. C. M.

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,  
Thou Maker of my frame ;  
I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast ;  
How short the fleeting time !  
Man is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 What can I wish, or wait for, then,  
From creatures, — earth and dust ?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.
- 4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
My fond desire recall ;  
I give my mortal int'rest up,  
And make my God my all.

956. C. M.

- 1 FEW, few and evil are thy days,  
Man, of a woman born ;  
Peril and trouble haunt thy ways ;  
Forth, like a flower at morn,

## DEATH.

The tender infant springs to light,  
Youth blossoms to the breeze,  
Age, withering age, is cropt ere night,  
Man, like a shadow, flees.

2 And dost thou look on such a one?  
Will God to judgment call  
A worm, for what a worm hath done  
Against the Lord of all?  
As fail the waters from the deep,  
As summer-brooks run dry,  
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep;  
His life is vanity.

3 Man lieth down, no more to wake,  
Till yonder arching sphere  
Shall with a roll of thunder break,  
And nature disappear.  
O hide me till thy wrath be past,  
Thou, who canst slay or save!  
Hide me where hope may anchor fast  
In my Redeemer's grave.

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## XXVIII. DEATH.

### 957. L. M.

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand  
Weakens our strength amid the **race**;  
Disease and death, at his command,  
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,  
Nor let our sun go down at noon;  
Thy years are one eternal day;  
And must thy children die so soon?

## DEATH

- 3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,  
This thought our sorrow shall assuage :  
Our Father and our Saviour lives,  
Christ is the same through every age.
- 4 'T was he this earth's foundation laid ;  
Heaven is the building of his hand ;  
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade  
And all be changed at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky,  
Like garments, shall be laid aside ;  
But still thy throne stands firm and high,  
Thy church forever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face thy saints shall live,  
And on thy throne thy children reign ;  
This fading world they shall survive,  
And the dead saints be raised again.

## 958. C. M.

- 1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour ;  
How soon the vapor flies !  
Man is a tender, transient flower,  
That e'en in blooming dies.
- 2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,  
Each mournful thought employs ;  
And nature weeps her comforts fled,  
And withered all her joys.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,  
When what we now deplore  
Shall rise in full immortal prime,  
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears  
Behold the Saviour nigh ;  
And when in glory he appears,  
Thy joys shall never die



## 959. 8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,  
Gentle as the summer breeze ;  
Pleasant as the air of evening,  
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,  
Peaceful in the grave so low ;  
Thou no more wilt join our number,  
Here no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;  
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;  
But 't is God that hath bereft us ;  
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When mortality has fled,  
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.

## 960. 12s &amp; 11s.

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not de-  
plore thee,  
Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;  
The Saviour has passed thro' its portals before thee  
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through  
the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer behold  
thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy  
side ;  
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold  
thee,  
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died

## DEATH.

- 3 Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not deplore thee ;  
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide ;  
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee ,  
And death has no sting since the Saviour hath died.

## 961. C. M.

- 1 IF, bending o'er the brink of life,  
My trembling soul shall stand,  
And wait to pass death's awful flood,  
Great God, at thy command ;
- 2 Thou Source of light and joy supreme,  
Whose arm alone can save,  
Dispel the darkness that surrounds  
The entrance to the grave.
- 3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand  
Beneath my sinking head,  
And let a beam of life divine  
Illume my dying bed.

## 962. L. M

- 1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
As careless of the noontide heats,  
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the winds' untimely blast,  
Parched by the sun's directer ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,  
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;

Fairer than spring the colors shine,  
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

- 4 But worn by slowly rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine,  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.

### 963. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, I own the sentence just,  
And nature must decay ;  
I yield my body to the dust,  
To dwell with fellow clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tombs ;  
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,  
My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty Conq'ror shall appear  
High on a royal seat,  
And death, the last of all his foes  
Lie vanquished at his feet.

### 964. L. M.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus ! blesséd sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep ;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the dread of foes !
- 2 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest :

## DEATH.

No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space  
Affects this precious hiding-place ;  
On India's plains or Lapland's snows  
Believers find the same repose.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

## 965. S. M.

- 1 O FOR the death of those  
Who slumber in the Lord !  
O be like theirs my last repose,  
Like theirs my last reward !
- 2 Their bodies in the ground,  
In silent hope may lie,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound  
Shall call them to the sky.

## 966. 8s & 7s.

- 1 PASTOR, thou art from us taken  
In the glory of thy years,  
As the oak, by tempests shaken,  
Falls ere time its verdure sears.
- 2 Here, where oft thy lip hath taught us  
Of the Lamb who died to save,  
Where thy guiding hand hath brought us  
To the deep baptismal wave ;
- 3 Pale and cold we see thee lying  
In God's temple, once so dear,

And the mourners' bitter sighing  
Falls unheeded on thine ear.

- 4 All thy love and zeal, to lead us  
Where immortal fountains flow,  
And on living bread to feed us,  
In our fond remembrance glow.
- 5 May the conqu'ring faith that cheered thee  
When thy foot on Jordan pressed,  
Guide our spirits while we leave thee  
In the tomb that Jesus blessed.

967. L. M.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son  
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed,  
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn.  
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word!  
Restore thy trust; a glorious form  
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

968. S. M.

- 1 I HEARD a voice from heaven  
Say, "Blesséd is the doom

DEATH.

Of those whose trust is in the Lord,  
When sinking to the tomb."

- 2 The Holy Spirit spake,  
And I the words repeat :  
"Blesséd are they" — for, after toil,  
To mortals rest is sweet.

969. L. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And the broad sun's retiring ray  
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene !
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,  
So peacefully he sinks to rest ;  
And faith, rekindling all its power,  
Lights up the languor of his breast.
- 3 There is a radiance in his eye,  
A smile upon his wasted cheek,  
That seems to tell of glory nigh,  
In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 Who would not wish to die like those  
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless ?  
To sink into that soft repose,  
Then wake to perfect happiness ?

970. 6s.

- 1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,  
Or on the waters cast,  
Their ashes shall be watched,  
And gathered at the last :

## DEATH.

And from that scattered dust,  
Around us and abroad,  
Have sprung a plenteous seed  
Of witnesses for God.

- 2 Jesus hath now received  
Their latest living breath ;  
Yet vain is Satan's boast  
Of vict'ry in their death :  
Still, still, though dead, they speak,  
And, triumph-tongued, proclaim  
To many a wakening land  
The one availing Name.

## 971. C. M.

- 1 WHEN those we love are snatched away  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay  
That friendship must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
With awful power imprest,  
May this dread truth, I too may die,  
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world allure no more ;  
Behold the opening tomb ;  
It bids us use the present hour ;  
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this instructive scene  
May every heart obey ;  
Nor be the faithful warning vain  
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us to that Saviour fly,  
Whose arm alone can save !  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.

## 972. S. M.

- 1 THE mighty flood that rolls  
Its torrents to the main,  
Can ne'er recall its waters lost  
From that abyss again.
- 2 So days, and years, and time,  
Descending down to night,  
Can thenceforth nevermore return  
Back to the sphere of light ;
- 3 And man, when in the grave,  
Can never quit its gloom,  
Until th' eternal morn shall wake  
The slumber of the tomb.
- 4 O may I find in death  
A hiding-place with God,  
Secure from woe and sin, till called  
To share his blest abode !

## 973. C. M.

- 1 HOW short the race our friend has run,  
Cut down in all his bloom ;  
The course but yesterday begun,  
Now finished in the tomb !
- 2 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon  
Thy years may end their flight ;  
Long, long before life's brilliant noon  
May come death's gloomy night.
- 3 To serve thy God no longer wait,  
To-day his voice regard ;  
To-morrow, mercy's open gate  
May be forever barred.



- 4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,  
 Thy youthful love to gain ;  
 The soul that early seeks his face  
 Shall never seek in vain.
- 

XXIX. RESURRECTION.

974. C. M.

- 1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice  
 This rending earth shall shake ;  
 When opening graves shall yield their charge  
 And dust to life awake ;
- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell  
 Shall incorrupted rise,  
 And mortal forms shall spring to life  
 Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung  
 Is now at last fulfilled :  
 That Death should yield his ancient reign,  
 And, vanquished, quit the field.
- 4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,  
 And thus begin to sing :  
 " O Grave, where is thy triumph now ?  
 And where, O Death, thy sting ? "

975. C. M.

- 1 ALL nature dies, and lives again :  
 The flowers, that paint the field ;  
 The trees, that crown the mountain's brow  
 And boughs and blossoms yield :

RESURRECTION.

- 2 Resign the honors of their form  
At winter's stormy blast,  
And leave the naked, leafless plain,  
A desolated waste.
- 3 Yet soon reviving plants and flowers  
Anew shall deck the plain ;  
The woods shall hear the voice of spring  
And flourish green again.
- 4 So, to the dreary grave consigned,  
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,  
Until the final morning wake  
The slumbers of the tomb.

976. L. M.

- 1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,  
Forever moulder in the grave ?  
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,  
Thy promise, and thy power to save ?
- 2 In those dark, silent realms of night  
Shall peace and hope no more arise ?  
No future morning light the tomb,  
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies ?
- 3 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears ;  
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang  
Death, the last foe, was captive led,  
And heaven with praise and wonder rang
- 4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors  
Unfold to make his children way ;  
They shall be clothed with endless life,  
And shine in everlasting day.
- 5 The trump shall sound ; the dead shall wake ;  
From the cold tomb the slumb'ers spring ;  
Through heaven, with joy, their myriads rise.  
And hail their Saviour and their King.

## 977. [Chant.]

- 1 IF a man die, shall he | live a- | gain ?  
All the days of my appointed | time will I | wait  
Till | my change | come.
- 2 For there is hope of a tree, if it | be cut | down  
That it will | sprout a- | gain,  
And that the tender branch thereof | will not |  
cease.
- 3 Though the root thereof wax | old in the | earth  
Yet through the scent of | water it will | bud,  
And bring forth | boughs like a | plant.
- 4 But man dieth and | wasteth a- | way ;  
Yea, man giveth | up the | ghost,  
And | where is | he ?
- 5 As the waters | fail from the | sea,  
So man lieth down, and | riseth | not  
Till the | heavens be no | more.
- 6 O that thou would'st | hide me in the | grave,  
That thou would'st keep me in secret, till thy |  
wrath be | past !  
That thou would'st appoint me a set time, and  
re- | member | me !
- 7 For I know that my Re- | deemer | liveth,  
And that he shall stand in the latter day up- |  
on the | earth ;  
And, though worms destroy this body, yet in my  
flesh shall I | see — | God.

## 978. C. M.

- 1 As Jesus died, and rose again  
Victorious from the dead,  
So his disciples rise and reign  
With their triumphant Head.

RESURRECTION.

- 2 The time draws nigh, when, from the clouds,  
Christ shall with shouts descend,  
And the last trumpet's awful voice  
The heavens and earth shall rend.
- 3 The saints of God, from death set free,  
With joy shall mount on high ;  
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,  
Shall meet them in the sky.
- 4 Together to their Father's house  
With joyful hearts they go ;  
And dwell forever with the Lord,  
Beyond the reach of woe.
- 5 A few short years of evil past,  
We reach the happy shore,  
Where death-divided friends at last  
Shall meet, to part no more.

979. C M.

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light !  
It melts in deeper gloom :  
So calm the righteous sink away,  
Descending to the tomb.  
The winds breathe low ; the yellow leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree ;  
So gently flows the parting breath,  
When good men cease to be.
- 2 How beautiful, on all the hills,  
The crimson light is shed !  
'T is like the peace the dying gives  
To mourners round his bed.  
How mildly on the wand'ring cloud  
The sunset beam is cast !  
So sweet the mem'ry left behind  
When loved ones breathe their last.

## RESURRECTION.

- 3 And, lo, above the dews of night  
The vesper star appears !  
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,  
Whose eyes are dim with tears.  
Night falls, but soon the morning light  
Its glories shall restore ;  
And thus the eyes that sleep in death  
Shall wake, to close no more.

## 980. C. M.

- 1 O FOR the eye of faith divine,  
To pierce beyond the grave ;  
To see that Friend, and call him *mine*,  
Whose arm is strong to save !
- 2 Behold my glorious Leader nigh !  
My Lord, my Saviour lives ;  
Before him death's pale terrors fly,  
And my faint heart revives.
- 3 Lord, if in death I offered be,  
Watch thou my sleeping dust :  
My spirit I 'll commit to thee ;  
Accept the sacred trust —
- 4 Till thou shalt in thy glory come,  
When all thy saints shall rise,  
And, clothed in full immortal bloom,  
Attend thee to the skies.

## 981. S. M.

- 1 AND must this body die ;  
This mortal frame decay ?  
And must these active limbs of *mine*  
Lie mould'ring in the clay ?

RESURRECTION.

- 2 God my Redeemer lives,  
And, from the bending skies,  
Still watches o'er the sleeping dust  
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace,  
Our bodies then will shine,  
And every shape and every face  
Look heavenly and divine.
- 4 These lively hopes we owe  
To Jesus' dying love ;  
We would adore his grace below,  
And sing his power above.

982. 5s & 6s.

- 1 THERE 's rest in the grave ;  
Life's toils are all past,  
Night cometh at last ;  
How calmly I rest  
In the sleep of the blest,  
Nor hear life's storm rave  
O'er my green, grassy grave !
- 2 No rest in the grave !  
Heaven's dawn purples fast ;  
Morn's splendors are cast  
Like shafts through the gloom  
Of the dark, silent tomb ;  
Heaven's fair bowers wave ;  
No rest in the grave !
- 3 Arise from the grave !  
Heaven's bright, burning throng  
Come rushing along ;

RESURRECTION.

They gird me about,  
And triumphant shout,  
As myriad palms wave,  
“ Ascend from the grave ! ”

983. C. M.

- 1 THE winter past, reviving flowers  
Anew shall paint the plain ;  
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,  
And flourish green again.
- 2 Shall man depart this earthly scene,  
Ah, never to return !  
No second spring of life revive  
The ashes of the urn ?
- 3 Shall life revisit dying worms,  
And spread the insect's wing ?  
And, O, shall man awake no more,  
The Saviour's name to sing ?
- 4 Cease, all ye vain desponding fears !  
When Christ from darkness sprang,  
Death, the last foe, was captive led,  
And heaven with praises rang.
- 5 The trump shall sound ; the gates of death  
Shall make his children way ;  
From the cold tomb the slumb'ers spring,  
And shine in endless day.

984. 7s.

- 1 THERE in peace his dust is laid ;  
Jesus watches o'er his bed ;  
There in certain hope to lie  
Till the trumpet shakes the sky.

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

- 2 One more safe — the race is run !  
Bright and brighter was the sun,  
Till the shining noonday glowed  
O'er the pilgrim's heavenward road.
- 3 Yet a few more changing days,  
Winter's cold, and sun's bright rays ;  
Yet a few more flowers to dress  
Earth's prolific wilderness ;
- 4 Then round the believer's tomb  
Light from heaven shall cheer the gloom,  
While the prison-house shall shake ;  
First the dead in Christ shall wake.
- 5 Glorious hour ! though sons of men  
Know not how and know not when ;  
Lord, 't is thine to choose the day,  
Theirs to watch, and wait, and pray.

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XXX. MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND  
REIGN.

985. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 HAIL, thou happy morn so glorious !  
Come, ye saints, your griefs give o'er ;  
Sing how Jesus rose victorious,  
By his own almighty power :  
Hallelujah  
To the glorious Son of God !
- 2 Countless bands of angels glorious,  
Clothed in bright ethereal blue ;  
Straight the sound of Christ victorious  
From their silver trumpets flew :



MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

Christ triumphant  
Rises, Conq'ror o'er the tomb.

- 3 Is that he who died on Calvary,  
Who was pierced with many a spear?  
Clad with countless suns of glory,  
See, he rises through the air:  
Hallelujah!  
Zion's mourners now rejoice.
- 4 Tremble, ye who him rejected,  
Lo, he breaks through yonder cloud!  
Rise, ye saints, and shout triumphant,  
Victory, through Jesus' blood:  
Hark! the trumpet  
Sounds the resurrection morn!

986. P. M.

- 1 THE last lovely morning,  
All blooming and fair,  
Is fast onward fleeting,  
And soon will appear;  
While the mighty trump sounds,  
"Come, come away!"  
O, let us be ready  
To hail the glad day!
- 2 And when that bright morning  
In splendor shall dawn,  
Our tears will be ended,  
Our sorrows all gone;  
While the mighty, &c.
- 3 The Bridegroom from glory  
To earth shall descend;  
Ten thousand bright angels  
Around him attend;  
While the mighty, &c.

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

- 4 The graves will be opened,  
The dead will arise,  
And with the Redeemer  
Mount up to the skies ;  
While the mighty, &c.
- 5 The saints then immortal  
In glory shall reign ;  
The Bride with the Bridegroom  
Forever remain ;  
While the mighty, &c.

987. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 HAIL, blesséd scene of endless joy,  
Where Jesus shall forever reign ;  
Where nothing hurtful shall annoy,  
But gladness fill the happy plain !  
Free from all sin, and free from fear,  
None shall e'er sigh or shed a tear.
- 2 Ten thousand thousands then shall raise  
Their joyful notes, and sing this strain :  
Awake the song of grateful praise  
Unto the Lamb who once was slain ;  
Hosannas, loud hosannas sing,  
Hosannas to th' eternal King.
- 3 Forever there with Jesus blest,  
They fear no death, and feel no pain,  
But there shall be in endless rest,  
Where dangers ne'er shall threat again ,  
For Jesus reigns, and they shall share  
With him his fullest glory there.

988. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord will come ; the earth shall quake,  
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;

And, withering, from the vault of night  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

- 2 The Lord will come, but not the same  
As once in lowly form he came ;  
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human kind.
- 4 Can this be he who wont to stray  
A pilgrim on the world's highway,  
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?  
O God, is this the Crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,  
" Rocks, hide us ! mountains, on us fall ! "  
The saints, ascending from the tomb,  
Shall joyful sing, " The Lord is come ! "

## 989. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord is coming in the clouds,  
Is coming with angelic crowds ;  
An universal shout shall rend  
The air, and Jesus will descend.
- 2 How grand the pomp of his descent !  
What glory waits on the event !  
The glory that to heaven belongs  
Is his, and his the angels' songs.
- 3 Unlike to those who nothing see  
Beyond the world, those men should be  
Who look for Jesus in the air,  
And know that they shall meet him there.

990. 7s.

- 1 HARK ! the song of jubilee,  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea  
When it breaks upon the shore.
- 2 Hallelujah ! for the Lord  
God Omnipotent shall reign ;  
Hallelujah ! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.
- 3 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies.
- 4 See Jehovah's banner furled,  
Sheathed his sword, he speaks, 't is done  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 5 He shall reign from pole to pole,  
With illimitable sway ;  
He shall reign when like a scroll  
Yonder heavens shall pass away.

991. C. P. M.

- 1 HIS kingdom comes ! ye saints rejoice,  
Let earth and heaven unite their voice  
To swell the lofty strain ;  
Proclaim the joyful news abroad ;  
The mighty King, the glorious Lord ;  
He comes on earth to reign.
- 2 High o'er the pomp of worldly state,  
On chosen Zion's lofty seat,  
Messiah sets his throne ;

Now shall the lands confess his power,  
And all the earth his name adore,  
And serve the Lord alone.

- 3 Before the terrors of his face  
Let mortal man his pride abase,  
And every idol fall ;  
Prostrate be every haughty foe,  
The pomp and power of earth lie low  
And God be all in all.

992. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD ! what wondrous grace  
The Father has bestowed  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God !
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing  
That we should be unknown ;  
The Jewish world knew not their King, —  
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made ;  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure ;  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 5 We would no longer lie,  
Like slaves, beneath the throne ;  
Our faith shall " Abba, Father ! " cry,  
And thou the kindred own

993. L. M.

- 1 YES, mighty Jesus, thou shalt reign  
Till all thy haughty foes submit ;  
Till hell and all her trembling train  
Become the footstool of thy feet
- 2 Then rescued souls shall bless thy power,  
Thine arm will full salvation bring ;  
Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,  
Shall conquer with their conq'ring King.
- 3 When ranged thy blazing throne around,  
The Saviour's honor we'll proclaim ;  
While heaven's transported realms resound  
His glorious deeds and precious name.

994. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.]

- 1 MARK that pilgrim lowly bending  
At the shrine of prayer, ascending  
Praise and sighs together blending  
From his lips in mournful strain ;  
Glowing with sincere contrition,  
And with childlike, blest submission,  
Ever riseth this petition :  
“ Jesus, come, O come to reign !”
- 2 List again : the low earth sigheth,  
And the blood of martyrs crieth  
From its bosom, where there lieth  
Millions upon millions slain ;  
“ Lord, how long,” ere, thy word given,  
All the wicked shall be driven  
From the earth by bolts of heaven ?  
“ Jesus, come, O come to reign !”
- 3 Kingdoms now are reeling, falling,  
Nations lie in woe appalling.

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

On their sages vainly calling  
All these wonders to explain ;  
While the slain around are lying,  
God's own little flock are sighing,  
And in secret places crying,  
“ Jesus, come, O come to reign ! ”

4 Here the wicked live securely,  
Of to-morrow boasting surely,  
While from those who're walking purely  
They extort dishonest gain ;  
Yea, the meek are burdened, driven,  
Want and care to them are given,  
But they lift the cry to heaven,  
“ Jesus, come, O come to reign ! ”

5 Christian, cheer thee, land is nearing ;  
Still be hopeful, nothing fearing ;  
Soon, in majesty appearing,  
You'll behold the Lamb once slain ;  
O, how joyful then to hear him,  
While all nations shall revere him,  
Saying to his flock who fear him,  
“ I have come on earth to reign ! ”

995. P. M.

1 WHEN the King of kings comes,  
When the Lord of lords comes,  
We shall have a joyful day  
When the King of kings comes ;  
Great Babylon is broken down,  
And kingdoms once of great renown  
And saints now suffering wear the crown  
When the King of kings comes.

2 When the trump of God calls,  
When the last of foes falls,  
We shall have a joyful day

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

When the King of kings comes ;  
O then the saints, raised from the dead  
Are with the living gathered,  
And all made like their glorious Head,  
When the King of kings comes.

- 3 When the foe's distress comes,  
Then the church's " rest " comes ;  
We shall have a joyful day  
When the King of kings comes ;  
And then the new Jerusalem,  
Surpassing all reports of fame,  
Shines, worthy of its Maker's name,  
When the King of kings comes.
- 4 When the world its course has run,  
When the judgment is begun,  
We shall have a joyful day  
When the King of kings comes ;  
To see the sons of God, well known,  
All spotless to their Father shown,  
And Jesus all his brethren own,  
When the King of kings comes.
- 5 When the Conqueror's hour comes,  
When he with great power comes,  
We shall have a joyful day  
When the King of kings comes ;  
To see all things by him restored.  
And God himself alone adored  
By all the saints, with one accord,  
When the King of kings comes.

996. P. M.

- 1 REJOICE, rejoice, the promised time is coming :  
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom ;  
And Zion's children then shall sing,  
The deserts all are blossoming.



MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming ;  
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom ;  
    The gospel banner wide unfurled,  
    Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,  
    And every creature, bond and free,  
    Shall hail the glorious jubilee.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming ;  
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.

2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,  
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing ;  
    From Zion shall the law go forth,  
    And all shall hear, from south to north.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,  
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing ;  
    And truth shall sit on every hill,  
    And blessings flow in every rill,  
    And praise shall every heart employ,  
    And every voice shall shout for joy.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,  
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming ;  
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of peace shall reign ;  
    And lambs may with the leopard play,  
    For naught shall harm in Zion's way.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming ;  
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of peace shall reign ;  
    The sword and spear, of needless worth,  
    Shall find no place in the new earth ;  
    For peace shall smile from shore to shore,  
    And nations shall learn war no more.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming ;  
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of peace shall reign.

997. P. M.

1 HARK, ten thousand harps and voices  
    Sound the notes of praise above ,

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

When the King of kings comes ;  
O then the saints, raised from the dead  
Are with the living gathered,  
And all made like their glorious Head,  
When the King of kings comes.

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Then the church's " rest " comes ;  
We shall have a joyful day  
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And then the new Jerusalem,  
Surpassing all reports of fame,  
Shines, worthy of its Maker's name,  
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The gospel banner wide unfurled,  
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,  
And every creature, bond and free,  
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From Zion shall the law go forth,  
And all shall hear, from south to north.

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And truth shall sit on every hill,  
And blessings flow in every rill,  
And praise shall every heart employ,  
And every voice shall shout for joy.

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Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming ;

Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of peace shall reign ;

And lambs may with the leopard play,  
For naught shall harm in Zion's way.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming ;

Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of peace shall reign ;

The sword and spear, of needless worth,  
Shall find no place in the new earth ;  
For peace shall smile from shore to shore,  
And nations shall learn war no more.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming ;

Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of peace shall reign.

997. P. M.

1 HARK, ten thousand harps and voices

Sound the notes of praise above ,

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;

Jesus reigns, the God of love :

See, he sits on yonder throne ;

Jesus rules the world alone.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.

2 Jesus, hail, whose glory brightens

Al! above, and gives it worth ;

Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,

Cheers and charms thy saints on earth ;

When we think of love like thine,

Lord, we own it love divine.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen !

3 King of glory, reign forever,

Thine an everlasting crown ;

Nothing from thy love shall sever

Those whom thou shalt call thine own ;

Happy objects of thy grace,

Destined to behold thy face.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen !

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;

Bring, O bring the glorious day,

When the awful summons hearing,

Heaven and earth shall pass away :

Then with golden harps we'll sing,

"Glory, glory to our King."

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen

998. S. M.

1 LORD Jesus, come ; for here

Our path through wilds is laid ;

We watch, as for the day-spring near,

Amid the breaking shade.

2 Lord Jesus, come ; for hosts

Meet on the battle-plain ;

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

Our holiest hopes seem vainest boasts  
And tears are shed like rain.

3 Lord Jesus, come ; the slave  
Still bears his heavy chains ;  
Their daily bread the hungry crave  
While teem the fruitful plains.

4 Hark ! herald voices near  
Lead on thy happier day ;  
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear  
We wait to strew thy way.

999. C. M.

1 WHEN wild confusion wrecks the air  
And tempests rend the skies ;  
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire,  
In harsh disorder rise ;

2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,  
And strike a tuneful song ;  
My harp all trembling in my hand,  
And all inspired my tongue.

3 I'll shout aloud, " Ye thunders, roll,  
And shake the sullen sky ;  
Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,  
In angry murmurs try.

4 Let the earth totter on her base,  
And clouds the heavens deform ;  
Blow, all ye winds, from every place  
And rush the final storm ! "

5 Come quickly, blessed Lord, appear ;  
Bid the swift chariot fly ;  
Let angels tell thy coming near,  
And snatch me to the sky.

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

- 6 Around thy wheels, in the glad throng,  
I'd bear a joyful part ;  
All hallelujah on my tongue,  
All rapture in my heart.

Nigh.

1000. L. M.

- 1 THE Saviour comes, his advent's nigh,  
He soon will rend the azure sky ;  
Descending swift to earth again,  
When God shall dwell indeed with men.
- 2 O happy day, when wars shall cease,  
And ransomed earth be filled with peace ;  
When sin and death no more shall reign,  
And Eden bloom on earth again !
- 3 Saints, lift your heads ; that day is near,  
When your Redeemer shall appear,  
To take the kingdom and the crown,  
And make his ransomed bride his own
- 4 Shall not his people sing for joy ?  
Shall not the church their songs employ ?  
Sing, ye who will ; sing while ye may,  
And shout for joy th' approaching day.

1001. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.]

- 1 THE night is wearing fast away,  
A gleam of light is dawning,  
Sweet harbinger of that bright day,  
The fair millennial morning !  
Gloomy and dark the night has been,  
And long the way and dreary ;  
And sad the weeping saints are seen,  
And faint, and worn, and weary.

- 2 Ye mourning pilgrims, cease your tears,  
 And hush each sigh of sorrow;  
 The light of that bright morn appears,  
 The long Sabbathic morrow.  
 Lift up your heads — behold from far  
 A flood of splendor streaming;  
 It is the bright and Morning-Star,  
 In living lustre beaming!
- 3 And see that star-like host around  
 Of angel-bands, attending;  
 Hark! hark! the trumpet's glad'ning sound  
 'Mid shouts triumphant blending.  
 He comes, the Bridegroom promised long;  
 Go forth with joy to meet him,  
 And raise the new and nuptial song,  
 In cheerful strains to greet him.
- 4 Adorn thyself, the feast prepare,  
 While bridal strains are swelling;  
 He comes, with thee all joys to share,  
 And make this earth his dwelling.  
 Lift up your heads — behold from far  
 A flood of splendor streaming,  
 It is the bright and Morning-Star,  
 In living lustre beaming!

1002. 7s & 6s.

- 1 THE glorious day is coming,  
 The hour is rolling on,  
 Its radiant light is beaming,  
 Resplendent as the sun;  
 In yon bright clouds of heaven  
 The Saviour will appear,  
 And gather all his chosen  
 To meet him in the air.

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

- 2 Then fire, from God descending,  
Shall sweep this wide earth o'er,  
And nations, loud lamenting,  
Shall sink to rise no more.  
Though tears with groans are blended,  
Yet still in vain they cry,  
The day of hope is ended:  
The sinner now must die.
- 3 But saints shall be victorious,  
And joy to meet the Lord;  
An earth more bright and glorious  
Is promised in his word.  
Our God himself, there reigning,  
Shall wipe all tears away;  
No clouds or night remaining,  
But one eternal day.
- 4 O, Christian, wake from sleeping,  
And let your works abound;  
Be watching, praying, weeping,  
For soon the trump will sound!  
O, sinner, hear the warning;  
To Jesus quickly fly;  
Then you on that blest morning  
May meet him in the sky!

1003. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord our Saviour will appear;  
His day is nigh at hand;  
The signs bespeak his coming near,  
And all may understand.
- 2 Behold, he comes; he comes to reign  
On earth with all his saints;  
Jesus, the Lamb of God, once slain,  
Will end our long complaints.



- 3 The prince of darkness he will bind;  
The hosts of hell o'erthrow;  
Satan, in the abyss confined,  
The power of Christ shall know.
- 4 Then those who suffered for his name  
And did obey his word,  
Shall rise in glory, and proclaim  
The goodness of their Lord.
- 5 The wonders of that happy age  
What mortal can declare?  
We view with joy the sacred page,  
For we can read them there.

1004. 8s & 6s.

- 1 NIGHT rested on Judea's plains,  
When angels came to earth  
To bring the pious shepherds word  
Of their Redeemer's birth:  
"The Christ is born!" the angel said,  
"Heaven bears to earth good will;  
Go quickly, in the manger find  
The King of Zion's hill."
- 2 His words were true; the child was found;  
And when to manhood grown,  
By Jordan's stream, to wondering crowds,  
Jehovah made Him known.  
"This is my Son," the Father cried,  
"He comes to do my will;  
And he will be, by my decree,  
The King on Zion's hill."
- 3 Anointed thus, the heir went forth  
Our ruined world to save,  
And in this great and wondrous work  
The hosts of hell to brave.

And when the cross before him rose,  
 With heart undaunted still, —  
 “ I shall be yet on earth,” he said,  
 “ The King of Zion's hill.”

- 4 Nailed to the cross, his head he bowed;  
 A prayer — and he was dead:  
 The crisis of the world had come, —  
 O God! had mercy fled? —  
 His empty tomb the truth reveals —  
 He did his word fulfil:  
 He rose triumphant over death,  
 The King of Zion's hill.
- 5 “ Go preach my word ” — was his command  
 To his disciples given;  
 Then slowly from the earth he rose  
 To God's right hand in heaven.  
 His church remains; his word remains —  
 Its glory growing still;  
 And trusting millions wait to see  
 The King of Zion's hill.
- 6 May we be found in that great day  
 Among the ransomed throng,  
 That with immortal tongues shall sing  
 The new redemption song;  
 For every foe must sink and fall  
 Before his sovereign will,  
 And Christ alone, on earth renewed,  
 Be King of Zion's hill.

1005. 7s & 6s.

- 1 AS Time's last sands seemed wasting,  
 The world at large was stirred;  
 Man saw his doom was hasting;  
 The warning all had heard.

But now the world is sleeping  
 In slumber most profound;  
 But few the watch are keeping,  
 Though fast to judgment bound.

2 The few that still are heeding  
 That awful judgment call,  
 And, while they wait, are pleading  
 Like Lot at Sodom's fall, —  
 They seem, like Lot, but mocking,  
 To all the worldly throng;  
 Reproach and curses shocking  
 They now have suffered long.

3 They hear the scoffer railing,  
 In triumph and in pride;  
 With blasphemies unfailing,  
 God's promise is denied;  
 But mercy's long endurance  
 With that vain infidel,  
 Gives them a strong assurance,  
 By which the day they tell.

4 Earth's wisdom sees advancing  
 The fabled golden dawn;  
 And genius, brightly glancing,  
 Her children urges on.  
 But when they wield the lightning,  
 And fly o'er land and sea,  
 Our better prospects, bright'ning,  
 Now near at hand must be.

5 The thrones of earth are reeling  
 In sad perplexity;  
 Their retribution sealing  
 By pride and cruelty.  
 As ruler, warrior, banker,  
 Attest their hast'ning doom;  
 More steadfast is our anchor,  
 God's kingdom soon will come.

- 6 But see that remnant humble,  
 Who held the faithful word,  
 So fearful they should stumble  
 While hope was long deferred.  
 The sons of earth are leaving  
 Their honor, mirth, and gold;  
 But these shall end their grieving  
 In joys that can't be told.

1006. L. M.

- 1 "A LITTLE while" our Lord shall come;  
 Let us the precious hours redeem;  
 Our only grief to give him pain,  
 Our joy to serve and follow him.  
 Watching and ready may we be,  
 As those that long their Lord to see.
- 2 "A little while," 't will soon be past,  
 Why should we shun the promised cross?  
 O let us in his footsteps haste,  
 Counting for him all else but loss;  
 O how will recompense his smile  
 The sufferings of this "little while!"
- 3 "A little while" — come, Saviour, come!  
 For thee thy Bride has tarried long;  
 Take thy poor weary pilgrims home,  
 To sing the new eternal song;  
 To see thy glory, and to be  
 In everything conformed to thee!

1007. 8s & 7s.

- 1 WE are living, we are dwelling  
 In a grand and awful time;  
 In an age on ages telling,  
 To be living is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,  
 Gog and Magog, to the fray;  
 Hark! what soundeth? is creation  
 Groaning for its latter day?

2 Will ye play, then; will ye dally  
 With your music and your wine?  
 Up! it is Jehovah's rally!  
 God's own arm hath need of thine.  
 Hark, the onset! will ye fold your  
 Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?  
 Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier!  
 Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,  
 Thou hast but an hour to fight;  
 Now the blazoned cross unfolding,  
 On, right onward for the right!  
 On! let all the soul within you  
 For the truth's sake go abroad!  
 Strike! let every nerve and sinew  
 Tell on ages, tell for God!

## 1008. 11s.

1 THE night is far spent, and the day is at hand:  
 Already the dawn may be seen in the sky;  
 Rejoice then, ye saints, 't is your Lord's own com-  
 mand;  
 Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.

2 What a day will that be when the Saviour appears!  
 How welcome to those who have shared in his  
 cross!  
 A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,  
 A rich compensation for suffering and loss.

- 3 What is loss in this world when compared with that  
day,  
To the glory that then will from heaven be re-  
vealed?  
“The Saviour is coming,” his people may say;  
“The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our  
Shield.”
- 4 O pardon us, Lord, that our love to thy name  
Is so faint, with so much our affections to move!  
Our deadness should fill us with grief and with  
shame;  
So much to be loved, and so little to love.
- 5 O kindle within us a holy desire,  
Like that which was found in thy people of old,  
Who felt all thy love, and whose hearts were on fire,  
While they waited impatient thy face to behold!

1009. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,  
Partners of his suff'rings here;  
Christ, to all believers precious,  
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:  
Mark the tokens  
Of his heavenly kingdom near.
- 2 Near unto the tribulation  
Of the last tremendous days,  
See the flaming revelation!  
See the universal blaze!  
Earth and heaven  
Melt before the Judge's face.
- 3 Sun and moon are both confounded,  
When the Lord shows forth his might;

When, with angel-hosts surrounded,  
In his Father's glory bright  
Beams the Saviour,  
Shines the everlasting Light.

- 4 Lo, 't is he, our heart's desire,  
Come for his espoused below ;  
Come to join us with his choir,  
Come to make our joys o'erflow,  
Palms of victory,  
Crowns of glory to bestow.

1010. 7s.

- 1 DARKNESS overspreads us here,  
But the night wears fast away ;  
Jacob's star will soon appear,  
Harbinger of endless day ;  
Now 't is time to rouse from sleep,  
Trim our lamps, and stand prepared,  
For our Lord strict watch to keep,  
Lest he find us off our guard.
- 2 Though already saved by grace,  
From the hour we first believed,  
Yet, while sin and war have place,  
We are but in part relieved ;  
Still we for redemption wait,  
Christ will give it when he comes ;  
He will break the prison-gate,  
And admit us to our homes.

1011. 7s & 6s.

- 1 THE clouds at length are breaking ;  
The dawn will soon appear,  
And signs there 's no mistaking,  
Proclaim Messiah near.

Awake, awake from sleeping,  
 Attend the midnight cry ;  
 Ye saints, refrain from weeping,  
 Your great Deliv'rer 's nigh.

2 The morning light is beaming ;  
 The day-star shines on high ;  
 Christ's heralds are proclaiming  
 His coming in the sky ;  
 And earth's eventful story  
 A few short months may tell ;  
 The righteous rise to glory,  
 The wicked sink to hell.

3 If earth and all her treasure  
 Are doomed to fire and flame,  
 Her royal pomp and pleasure  
 Are but an empty name ;  
 Her kings, her crowns, her glory,  
 Her armies, fleets, and pride,  
 May bubble forth her story  
 While floating down the tide.

4 The ocean ! O, the ocean,  
 To which her grandeurs tend,  
 Now foams in dreadful motion,  
 Her boast and pomp to end.  
 See, see the flames ascending !  
 The seas themselves explode ;  
 The clouds, the skies are rending  
 With cries of " God ! O God ! "

5 O, hear the sad petition,  
 " Rocks crush us into dust ! "  
 O, pity our condition,  
 Or be condemned we must !  
 We thought that we were wiser  
 Than pastors, saints, and all.  
 Yet sinner, sceptic, miser.  
 Must suffer once for all.



6 Ye mortals, take the warning :  
 Ten thousand calls invite ;  
 Should you neglect the morning  
 Then comes the doleful night.  
 Now mercy's hand extended,  
 The vilest wretch would save ;  
 But O, if this be ended,  
 You 're lost beyond the grave !

7 Great Author of compassion,  
 Redeemer, Saviour, Friend,  
 O, send to every nation  
 The knowledge of its end !  
 Fly, fly on wings of morning,  
 Ye who the truth can tell,  
 And sound the awful warning,  
 To rescue souls from hell !

## 1012. P. M.

1 YE saints of God, awake to duty !  
 Hark ! hark ! the message from the skies !  
 Your King descending in his beauty,  
 With saints and angels bids you rise.  
 Shall earthly pleasures, still deceiving,  
 With Satan's hosts and fiery darts,  
 Now darken and enthrall your hearts,  
 While Christ for your delay is grieving ?  
 Arouse ! arouse, ye saints !  
 Your arms and hearts prepare ;  
 Press on ! press on ! all hearts resolved  
 A conq'ror's crown to share.

2 Now, now, portentous omens thick'ning  
 Proclaim the long predicted morn,  
 When, Gabriel's trump the sleepers quick'ning  
 Nations shall in a day be born.

And will you worship earthly treasure,  
While thrones and kingdoms melt away,  
And princes flee in dread dismay?  
Will you be slaves to sinful pleasure?  
Arouse! arouse, &c.

3 With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The votary of earth may dare  
To gratify desires unbounded,  
Till overwhelmed in dark despair;  
But, Christians, we should heed the warning,  
To watch and fight the conflict o'er,  
That we may reign for evermore  
With Christ, when breaks th' expected morning  
Arouse! arouse, &c.

4 O, glorious hope, can we resign thee,  
Once having felt thy genial flame?  
Shall earthly smiles or frowns consign thee  
To darkness, leaving us to shame?  
Too long our hearts have wept, bewailing  
Our sad estate, scattered and peeled,  
But God shall be our strength and shield,  
Already Zion's foes are quailing.  
Arouse! arouse, &c.

## 1013. C. M.

1 BRIDE of the Lamb, awake, awake!  
Why sleep for sorrow now?  
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,  
A child of glory, thou.

2 Thy spirit through the lonely night,  
From earthly joy apart,  
Hath sighed for one that's far away,  
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

- 3 But see, the night is waning fast,  
The breaking morn is near ;  
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,  
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
- 4 He comes, for O, his yearning heart  
No more can bear delay,  
To scenes of full unmingled joy  
To call his bride away.
- 5 This earth, the scene of all his woe,  
A homeless wild to thee,  
Full soon upon his heavenly throne  
Its rightful King shall see.
- 6 Thou too shalt reign ; he will not wear  
His crown of joy alone ;  
And earth his royal bride shall see  
Beside him on the throne.
- 7 Then weep no more, 't is all thine own,  
His crown, his joy divine,  
And, sweeter far than all beside,  
He, he himself is thine !

## 1014. 6s & 8s

- 1 THE day comes on apace ;  
Soon shall the night be past ;  
Who trust the Saviour's grace  
Shall see his face at last ;  
The clouds that now obstruct their sight  
Shall quickly all be put to flight.
- 2 Ye saints, lift up your heads ;  
Salvation draweth nigh ;  
See where the morning spreads  
Its radiance through the sky !  
O let the sight your spirits cheer !  
The Lord himself will soon appear.

- 3 Though men your hope deride,  
 Nor will in God believe,  
 Do you in him confide,  
 Whose word can ne'er deceive  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 The saints shall see a glorious day.

1015. P. M.

- 1 O, COME, come away ! for time's career is closing ;  
 Let worldly care henceforth forbear ;  
 O, come, come away !  
 Come, come, our holy joys renew,  
 Where love and heavenly friendship grew ;  
 The Spirit welcomes you ;  
 O, come, come away !
- 2 Awake ye, awake ! no time now for reposing :  
 " The Lord is near ! " breaks on the ear ;  
 O, come, come away !  
 Come, come where Jesus' love will be,  
 Who says, " I meet with two or three ; "  
 Sweet promise made to thee.  
 O, come, come away !
- 3 Come where sacred song the pilgrim's heart is cheer-  
 ing ;  
 Come, and learn there the power of prayer ;  
 O, come, come away !  
 In sweetest notes of sympathy  
 We praise and pray in harmony ;  
 Love makes our unity.  
 O, come, come away !
- 4 Night soon will be o'er, and endless day appearing  
 Away from home no more we roam ;  
 O, come, come away !  
 And when the trump of God shall sound,  
 The saints no more by death are bound,  
 He owns our Jesus crowned.  
 O, come, come away !

- 5 O, come, come away, my Saviour, in thy glory !  
 "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done ;"  
 O, come, come away !  
 O, come, my Lord, thy right maintain,  
 And take thy throne and on it reign !  
 Then earth shall bloom again.  
 O, come, come away !

1016. C. M.

- 1 MY soul is happy when I hear  
 The Saviour is so nigh ;  
 I long to see his sign appear  
 Upon the op'ning sky.
- 2 I love to wait, and watch, and pray,  
 And trust his living word,  
 And feel the coming of that day  
 No longer is deferred.
- 3 I do rejoice that life was given  
 In these last days to me,  
 That deathless I may rise to heaven,  
 And my Redeemer see.
- 4 Then, waiting brethren, let us sing ;  
 He will not tarry long ;  
 And fill with love the hours that bring  
 The glory of our song.
- 5 Yes, he will come, no longer fear,  
 Though earth and hell assail ;  
 His word attests the moment near  
 And that can never fail

1017. C. M.

- 1 WHAT of the night ? O watchman, mark !  
 Look from thy high watch-tower ;  
 The storm hangs low, the sky is dark ;  
 Foes come at midnight hour.

2 Watchman, what of the night? behold  
Earth's kingdoms totter round;  
And awful signs have late foretold  
The clang of war must sound.

3 The watchman saith, The day is nigh!  
Inquire with earnest heed;  
Plain is the word of prophecy,  
And all who run may read.

## 1018. P. M.

1 ARE we almost there? are we almost there?  
Says the weary saint as he sighs for home;  
Are those the verdant trees that rear  
Their stately forms 'mid heaven's bright dome?

2 Then he talks of the flowers, th' unsullied stream  
That flows through the paradise of God:  
And he longs to wake from life's troubled dream,  
To walk those golden streets abroad.

3 He's weary and sick of this world's rude strife,  
And pants for a holy, peaceful clime;  
To glow with the vigor of endless life,  
And be compassed no more by the bounds of time

4 His eye is fixed on the world to come,  
He walks by faith through this vale of care,  
And oft inquires, as he draws near home,  
With anxious heart, Are we almost there?

5 They bid him look at the charms of earth,  
At the boasted trophies man doth rear;  
To enter the giddy halls of mirth;  
But, ah! how vain do they all appear!

6 For he's had an earnest of those joys  
Which the righteous alone can ever share.

He turns with contempt from these earthly toys,  
And fervently asks, Are we almost there?

He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound,  
And to meet his Saviour in the air!  
The day-star dawns — soon, with joyous bound,  
He can say indeed, We are almost there! .

## 1019. C. M.

- 1 THAT glorious day is drawing nigh  
When Zion's light shall come;  
She shall arise and shine on high  
Bright as the morning sun.
- 2 The north and south her sons resign,  
And earth's foundation rend;  
A bride adorned, Jerusalem,  
All glorious shall descend.
- 3 When Zion's bleeding, conq'ring King  
Shall sin and death destroy,  
The morning stars shall join to sing,  
And Zion shout for joy.
- 4 Descending with sweet melting strains,  
Jehovah they adore;  
Such shouts through earth's extended plains  
Were never heard before.
- 5 Let Satan rage and boast no more,  
Nor think his reign is long;  
Though saints are feeble, frail and poor  
Their coming King is strong.
- 6 A thousand years shall roll around,  
The church shall be complete;  
Called by the last loud trumpet's sound  
Their Saviour's face to meet,

- 7 With joy they meet him in the sky,  
Whom here their souls adored ;  
And, in a world where none shall die,  
Live ever with their Lord.

1020. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.]

- 1 WATCHMAN on the walls of Zion,  
Let thy warning voice be heard ;  
Blow the blast ; for Judah's Lion  
Soon will draw his vengeful sword ;  
Soon his rightful throne assume,  
To pronounce the gen'ral doom.
- 2 Watchman, mark the coming danger ;  
Blow the trumpet, warn the land,  
Wake the slothful, rouse the stranger,  
Lest their blood be on thy hand :  
Turn, O turn ! why will ye die ?  
O sinner, to the refuge fly !
- 3 Watchman, sound a louder measure,  
For the people will not hear ;  
As a lovely song of pleasure,  
Fall their words upon thy ear.  
Bid them seek the good old path  
Ere the awful day of wrath.
- 4 Watchman, in the cleansing fountain  
Bid them wash, while yet they may ;  
Vain their call on rock and mountain,  
To protect them in that day,  
When the Lamb, on throne of ire,  
Shall unsheath his sword of fire.
- 5 Watchman, 'mid that desolation,  
Ask, who then shall dare to stand ?  
Joyful shout, from tribulation  
Jesus brings his chosen band !  
Grateful love and ardent praise  
To his eternal glory raise.



1021. S. M.

- 1 ALL things remained the same ;  
The sunbeams brightly shone,  
When slowly forth from Sodom came  
One family alone.
- 2 Lot, only, feared the word  
The angel-saviour spoke,  
And at the mandate of the Lord  
Those scenes of guilt forsook.
- 3 O who beside him dared  
The scoffer's laugh to brave ?  
Who for the prophet's threat'ning cared,  
And sought his soul to save ?
- 4 Not one of all that horde  
The warning would obey ;  
Then down the brimstone deluge poured,  
And swept them all away !
- 5 And now, how can it be  
That none will turn and hear ;  
Now, when the book of prophecy  
Shows awful times are near ?
- 6 O guilty world ! too late  
Thou wilt in woe repine ;  
For Sodom and Gomorrah's fate  
Full surely will be thine !

1022. S. M.

- 1 BELOVÉD sons of God,  
Shrink not in dire dismay,  
While on you falls the chastening rod  
Of that tremendous day.

- 2 When fiery trials strange  
Your faith and hope assail,  
Think not the Lord your God will change,  
Nor can his promise fail.
- 3 Rejoice, ye saints, that ye  
Christ's sufferings may partake ;  
For when his power revealed shall be  
He ne'er will you forsake.
- 4 O, be ye not dismayed,  
But lift your heads on high ;  
Believe the words which Christ hath said  
" Redemption draweth nigh ! "

Signs

## 1023. 7s.

- 1 IN the sun, and moon, and stars,  
Signs and wonders there shall be ;  
Earth shall quake with inward wars,  
Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,  
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise  
Darker storms the mountains sweep,  
Fiercer lightnings rend the skies.
- 3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,  
Racking doubt and restless fear ;  
And, amid the thunder-cloud,  
Shall the Judge of men appear.
- 4 But, though from that awful face  
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,  
Fear not ye, his chosen race ;  
Your redemption draweth nigh.

1024. 8s & 7s.

- 1 **RIGHTEOUS** God ! whose vengeful vials  
 All our fears and thoughts exceed,  
 Big with woes and fiery trials,  
 Hanging bursting o'er our head ;  
 While thou visitest the nations  
 Thy selected people spare ;  
 Arm our cautioned souls with patience,  
 Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.
  
- 2 If thy dreadful controversy  
 With all flesh is now begun,  
 In thy wrath remember mercy ;  
 Mercy first and last be shown.  
 Plead thy cause with sword and fire ;  
 Shake us till the curse remove :  
 Till thou com'st, the saints' desire,  
 Crowning them with perfect love.
  
- 3 Every fresh alarming token  
 More confirms the faithful word ;  
 Nature, for its Lord hath spoken,  
 Must be suddenly restored.  
 From this national confusion,  
 From this ruined earth and skies,  
 See the times of restitution,  
 See the new creation rise !
  
- 4 Vanish, then, this world of shadows !  
 Pass the former things away ;  
 Lord, appear ! appear, to glad us  
 With the dawn of endless day !  
 O, conclude this mortal story !  
 Bring the life that shall abide ;  
 Come, eternal King of glory,  
 Now descend and take thy bride !

1025. C. P. M.

- 1 HOW happy are the little flock,  
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,  
In all commotions rest !  
When war's and tumult's waves run high,  
Unmoved above the storm they lie,  
And lodge in Jesus' breast
- 2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,  
By mercy gathered into thee  
Before the floods descend ;  
And, while the bursting cloud comes down,  
We mark the vengeful day begun,  
And calmly wait the end.
- 3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,  
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,  
And bid our hearts arise ;  
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope ;  
Its cities' fall but lifts us up  
To meet thee in the skies.
- 4 Thy tokens we with joy confess ;  
The war proclaims thee Prince of Peace ,  
The earthquake speaks thy power ;  
The famine all thy fulness brings ;  
The plague presents thy healing wings  
And nature's final hour.
- 5 Whatever ills the world befall  
A pledge of endless good we call,  
A sign of Jesus near ;  
His chariot will not long delay ;  
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,  
“ Triumphant Lord, appear ! ”

1026. 7s.

1 WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are.  
 Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height  
 See that glory-beaming star !  
 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of joy or hope foretell ?  
 Traveller ! yes, it brings the day,  
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman ! tell us of the night ;  
 Higher yet that star ascends.  
 Traveller ! blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth its course portends.  
 Watchman ! will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
 Traveller ! ages are its own ;  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth !

3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn.  
 Traveller ! darkness takes its flight ;  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
 Watchman ! let thy wand'rings cease ;  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
 Traveller ! lo, the Prince of peace  
 Lo, the Son of God is come !

1027. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.]

1 WHEN a careless world is sleeping,  
 Then it is the day will come ;  
 Mirth shall then be turned to weeping,  
 Sinners then shall meet their doom.  
 But the people of the Lord  
 Shall obtain their bright reward.

- 2 Waiting for our Lord's returning,  
Be it ours his word to keep ;  
Let our lamps be always burning,  
Let us watch while others sleep :  
We 're no longer of the night,  
We are children of the light.
- 3 Being of the blessed number  
Whom the Saviour calls his own,  
'T is not meet that we should slumber  
When the night is almost gone,  
And from heaven is heard the cry  
Which proclaims the Bridegroom nigh

1028. C. M.

- 1 O, GLORIOUS day of heavenly rest !  
We hail each sign of thee ;  
With eager hearts and longing eyes  
We wait thy dawn to see.  
Those gilded rays of glory bright,  
Resplendent as the sun,  
Must soon to every eye make known  
The holy coming One.
- 2 With cheerful hope and earnest prayer  
Still trusting in thy word,  
We long to see the eastern skies  
Reveal thy advent, Lord.  
Then would our waiting souls rejoice,  
Could we thy face behold ;  
In ages of triumphant bliss  
Our joys could ne'er be told.
- 3 O, blissful day of promise blest,  
We long to share thy peace !  
When pain and every ill shall end,  
And pleasures never cease ;

When rapt'rous joy, like holy fire,  
 Shall swell our song of praise,  
 And every wond'ring, grateful hearer  
 Extol thy work of grace.

4 Redeemed beyond the reach of sin,  
 Victorious o'er the grave,  
 The ransomed shall, with angel tongues  
 Adore thy power to save.  
 Thy wondrous love shall keep each heart  
 In sweetest union bound ;  
 And naught shall ever cause a tear,  
 For grief will ne'er be found.

5 There crowns of glory, gemmed with light  
 The gifts from Christ's own hand,  
 Shall every princely saint adorn  
 Within the promised land.  
 To golden lyres each voice shall tune  
 An anthem sweet and long :  
 " To Christ, who saved us by his blood,  
 All glory shall belong."

Advent.

1029. 7s.

1 HARK ! that shout of rapt'rous joy,  
 Bursting forth from yonder cloud !  
 Jesus comes, and through the sky  
 Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark ! the trumpet's awful voice  
 Sounds abroad through sea and land ;  
 Let his people now rejoice,  
 Their redemption is at hand.

- 3 See, the Lord appears in view !  
 Heaven and earth before him fly ;  
 Rise, ye saints, he comes for you ;  
 Rise to meet him in the sky !

1030. 11s & 12s.

- 1 THE chariot ! the chariot ! its wheels roll in fire,  
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire ;  
 Lo, self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,  
 And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are  
 bowed !
- 2 The glory ! the glory ! around him are poured  
 Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord ;  
 And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,  
 And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.
- 3 The trumpet ! the trumpet ! the dead have all  
 heard ;  
 Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are  
 stirred !  
 From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from  
 the north,  
 All the vast generations of men are come forth !
- 4 The judgment ! the judgment ! the thrones are all  
 set  
 Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are  
 met ;  
 There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word !
- 5 O, mercy ! O, mercy ! look down from above,  
 Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love !  
 When beneath to their darkness the wicked are  
 driven,  
 May our justified souls find a ransom in heaven !



# 1031. C. M.

- 1 HE comes, the royal Conq'ror comes ;  
His legions fill the sky ;  
Angelic trumpets rend the tombs,  
And loud proclaim him nigh.
- 2 Ye rebel hosts, how vain your rage  
Against this sovereign Lord !  
What madness urges to engage  
The terror of his sword ?
- 3 " Bring forth," he cries, " those sons of pride  
Who scorned my gentle sway,  
To prove the arm they once defied  
Omnipotent to slay."
- 4 Tremendous scene of wrath divine !  
How wide the vengeance spreads !  
His pointed darts of lightning shine  
Round their defenceless heads.
- 5 O, that they now would seek that face  
From which they cannot flee !  
And thou, my soul, adore the grace  
That sweetly conquered thee !

# 1032. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.]

- 1 WELCOME sight, the Lord descending,  
Jesus in the cloud appears :  
Lo, the Saviour comes, intending  
Now to dry his people's tears !  
Lo, the Saviour comes to reign !  
Welcome to his waiting train.
- 2 Long they mourned their absent Master  
Long they felt like men forlorn .

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

Bade the seasons fly still faster,  
While they sighed for his return.  
Lo, the period comes at last !  
All their sorrows now are past.

1033. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 JESUS comes, by crowds attended,  
Heaven the dazzling train supplies ;  
Call the dead ; the night is ended ;  
Bid the sleeping dust arise ;  
Let the ransomed  
Join the Saviour in the skies.
- 2 'T is the day so long expected ;  
Shout, ye saints, and triumph now ;  
See your Lord, by man rejected !  
Many crowns adorn his brow ;  
'T is his triumph :  
Every knee to him shall bow.

1034. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 LO, he comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain !  
Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train.  
Hallelujah !  
Jesus comes on earth to reign !
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty ;  
Those who set at naught and sold him,  
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see

- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away,  
All who hate him must, confounded,  
Hear the summons of that day :  
Come to judgment !  
Come to judgment, come away !
- 4 Now redemption long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear,  
All his saints, by man rejected,  
Rise to meet him in the air :  
Hallelujah !  
See the day of God appear !
- 5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit :  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom ;  
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,  
Take thy pining exiles home :  
All creation  
Travails, groans, and bids thee come !
- 6 Yea, amen ; let all adore thee,  
High on thine eternal throne !  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Make thy righteous sentence known.  
O come quickly —  
Claim the kingdom for thine own !

# 1035. C. M.

- 1 'T IS he ; the mighty Saviour comes ,  
The victory now is won ;  
And lo, the throne of David waits  
For David's royal Son !
- 2 Thou blessed Heir of all the earth,  
Ascend thine ancient throne,  
And bid the willing nations now  
Thy peaceful sceptre own.

- 3 Shine forth in all thy glory, Lord,  
That man at length may see  
That joy, so long estranged from earth,  
Can only spring from thee.
- 4 O happy day ! 't is come at last,  
The reign of death is o'er ;  
And sin that marred our sweetest joys  
Shall grieve our hearts no more.
- 5 Fruit of thy toil, thou bleeding Lamb,  
These joys we owe to thee ;  
Then take the glory, Lord, 't is thine,  
And shall forever be.

### 1036. L. M.

- 1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll,  
And louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead ;
- 3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

### 1037. C. M.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,  
Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge.  
And pass the solemn test.

- 2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,  
Thou ruler of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"
- 3 The thunder of that awful word  
Would so torment my ear,  
'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,  
With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What! to be banished from my Lord;  
To rocks and mountains cry;  
And yet to them must call in vain,  
For who his wrath can fly?
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I must not taste his love!

# 1038. C. P. M.

- 1 O GOD, my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate.  
And wake to righteousness.
- 2 Before me place, in dread array,  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When thou with clouds shalt come  
To judge the nations at thy bar;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
To meet a joyful doom?
- 3 Be this my one great business here,  
With serious industry and fear,  
Eternal bliss t' insure;

Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.

- 4 Then, Saviour, me through grace receive,  
Transported from this vale to live  
And in thy kingdom dwell,  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full, supreme delight,  
That mortal ne'er can tell.

1039. S. M.

- 1 HOW will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven, before the Judge  
Astonished, shrink away !
- 2 But, ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansion of the dead,  
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound,  
What joyful tidings spread !
- 3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;  
Fly to the shelter of the cross,  
And find salvation there.
- 4 So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Saviour bled ;  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.

1040. 7s.

- 1 ON that great, that awful day,  
This vain world shall pass away,

And before the Maker stand  
All the creatures of his hand.

- 2 Then shall all the nations meet  
At th' eternal judgment-seat,  
And, unveiled before his eye,  
All the works of man shall lie.
- 3 O, in that destroying hour, .  
Source of goodness, Source of power,  
Show thou, of thine own free grace,  
Help unto a helpless race!
- 4 Hear and pity, hear and aid ;  
Spare the creatures thou hast made ;  
Fold us with the sheep that stand  
Pure and safe at thy right hand.

## 1041. C. M.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue ;  
It has no charms for me ;  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.
- 2 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all concealed,  
So earthly pleasures fade away  
When Jesus is revealed.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee ;  
But may I hope that thou wilt own  
A worthless worm like me?
- 4 Yes, though of sinners I 'm the worst,  
I cannot doubt thy will ;  
For, if thou hadst not loved me first,  
I had refused thee still.

# 1042. H. M.

- 1 O, THE amazing pomp  
Of that tremendous day,  
When the archangel's trump  
Shall summon us away ;  
When Christ to judgment shall descend,  
And every knee before him bend !
- 2 On a refulgent cloud,  
Jesus, the Judge appears ;  
The saints rejoice aloud,  
The guilty sinner fears ;  
On the white throne he takes his seat,  
And views the myriads at his feet.
- 3 'Midst the vast multitude,  
His eye omniscient sees  
The purchase of his blood  
And dying agonies ;  
Then calls them forth and bids them stand  
With glory crowned at his right hand.
- 4 " Come, souls forever blest,"  
He says, " my people, come,  
Possess the promised rest,  
Enter your heavenly home ;  
No more shall aught your peace annoy ,  
Inherit everlasting joy."
- 5 But in what awful sounds  
The wicked are addressed !  
Heaven with their groans resounds,  
As on his left they're placed.  
" Depart, ye cursed," the Judge exclaims,  
" To be destroyed in burning flames ! "
- 6 O, thou eternal God,  
Ere this tremendous day,



Cleanse me in Jesus' blood ;  
Wash all my guilt away.  
Then may I join the happy throng,  
To praise thee in eternal song.

1043. C. M.

- 1 THE angel comes ; he comes to reap  
The harvest of the Lord ;  
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,  
Wide waves his flaming sword.
- 2 And who are they, in sheaves, to bide  
The fire of vengeance, bound ?  
The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride  
Chokes the fair crop around.
- 3 And who are they, reserved in store  
God's treasure-house to fill ?  
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore  
Amid surrounding ill.
- 4 O King of mercy, grant us power  
Thy fiery wrath to flee !  
In that destroying angel's hour  
O gather us to thee !

1044. L. M.

- 1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man !  
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gave my soul a hiding-place !
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky  
I fought with hand uplifted high ;  
Despised his rich abounding grace,  
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

- 3 Indignant Justice stood in view ;  
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;  
But Justice cried, with frowning face,  
" This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 4 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,  
And Mercy's angel-form appeared ;  
She led me on, with gentle face,  
To Jesus as my hiding-place.
- 5 A few more rolling suns, at most,  
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,  
Where I shall sing the song of grace,  
And see my glorious hiding-place.

1045. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, with awful pomp,  
The Judge prepares to come ;  
The archangel sounds the dreadful trump,  
And wakes the general doom.
- 2 Nature, in wild amaze,  
Her dissolution mourns ;  
Blushes of blood the moon deface,  
The sun to darkness turns.
- 3 Horrors all hearts appall ;  
They quake, they shriek, they cry ;  
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall ;  
But rocks and mountains fly.
- 4 'Tis time we all awake ;  
The dreadful day draws near ;  
Sinners, your proud presumption check,  
And stop your wild career.
- 5 Now is th' accepted time ;  
To Christ for mercy fly ;

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

O turn, repent, and trust in him,  
And you shall never die !

- 6 Great God, in whom we live,  
Prepare us for that day ;  
Help us in Jesus to believe,  
To watch, and wait, and pray.

1046. S. M

- 1 LORD, help us to insure  
A lot among the blest,  
And watch a moment to secure  
An everlasting rest.
- 2 To damp our earthly joys,  
T' increase our gracious fears,  
Forever let the angel's voice  
Be sounding in our ears,
- 3 The solemn midnight cry,  
“ Ye dead, the Judge is come !  
Arise and meet him in the sky,  
And meet your instant doom ! ”
- 4 O may we thus be found  
Obedient to thy word,  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord !

1047. L. M.

- 1 HE comes, he comes, the Judge severe ;  
The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;  
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,  
He 's welcome to the faithful soul.

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

- 2 Descending on his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms as his own ;  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 3 Shout, all ye angels of the sky,  
And all the saints of the Most High ;  
Our God, who now his right obtains,  
Forever and forever reigns.
- 4 The Father praise, the Son adore,  
The Spirit bless forevermore ;  
Salvation's glorious work is done,  
We welcome thee, thou glorious One !

1048. 6s, 7, & 4s.

- 1 HARK ! 'tis the watchman's cry —  
“ Wake, brethren, wake ! ”  
Jesus himself is nigh,  
Wake, brethren, wake !  
Sleep is for sons of night ;  
Ye are children of the light ;  
Yours is the glory bright ;  
Wake, brethren, wake !
- 2 Call to each wak'ning band,  
Watch, brethren, watch !  
Clear is our Lord's command ;  
Watch, brethren, watch !  
Be ye as men that wait  
Always at their Master's gate,  
E'en though he tarry late ;  
Watch, brethren, watch !
- 3 Heed we the Steward's call ;  
Work, brethren, work !  
There's room enough for all ;  
Work, brethren, work !

This vineyard of the Lord,  
Constant labor will afford ;  
He will your work reward ;  
Work, brethren, work !

4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice ;  
Pray, brethren, pray !  
Would ye His heart rejoice,  
Pray, brethren, pray !  
Sin calls for ceaseless fear,  
Weakness needs the strong One near,  
Long as ye struggle here,  
Pray, brethren, pray !

5 Sound now the final chord,  
Praise, brethren, praise !  
Thrice holy is the Lord ;  
Praise, brethren, praise !  
What more befits the tongues,  
Soon to lead the angels' songs,  
Whilst heaven the note prolongs ?  
Praise, brethren, praise !

## 1049. S. M

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose awful bar,  
With holy joy or guilty dread,  
We all must soon appear ;  
Our souls by grace prepare  
For that tremendous day,  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray.

2 To pray and wait the hour,  
That awful hour unknown,  
When, robed in majesty and power,  
Thou shalt from heaven come down ;

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

Th' immortal Son of man,  
To judge the human race,  
With all the Father's dazzling train,  
With all thy glorious grace.

1050. C. M.

- 1 AND must I be to judgment brought,  
And answer, in that day,  
For every vain and idle thought,  
And every word I say ?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live,  
With what religious fear,  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behavior here !
- 4 Thou mighty Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow ;  
So shall I to my ways take heed  
In all I speak or do.

1051. C. M.

- 1 GOD, to correct a guilty world,  
In wrath is slow to rise,  
But comes at length in thunder clothed,  
And darkness veils the skies.
- 2 Dark and mysterious is the course  
Of his tremendous way ;  
His path is in the trackless winds,  
And in the foaming sea.

- 3 Yet, though enveloped in the cloud,  
And from our view concealed,  
The righteous Judge will soon appear,  
In majesty revealed.
- 4 Then will he curb the lawless power,  
The deadly wrath, of man,  
And all the windings will unfold  
Of his own gracious plan.

## 1052.      8s.

- 1 DAY of wrath, that day of burning,  
All shall melt, to ashes turning,  
All foretold by seers discerning.
- 2 O, what fear it shall engender  
When the Judge shall come in splendor,  
Strict to mark and just to render.
- 3 Trumpet-scattered sound of wonder,  
Rending sepulchres asunder,  
Shall, resistless, summon thunder.
- 4 All aghast then death shall shiver,  
And great nature's frame shall quiver,  
When the graves their dead deliver.
- 5 Book where every act 's recorded,  
All events all time afforded,  
Shall be brought, and dooms awarded.
- 6 When shall sit the Judge unerring,  
He 'll unfold all here occurring,  
No just vengeance then deferring.
- 7 What shall I say that time pending?  
Ask what Advocate's befriending,  
When the just man needs defending?

- 8 King Almighty, and all-knowing,  
Grace to sinners freely showing,  
Save me, fount of good o'erflowing.
- 9 Think, O Jesus, for what reason  
Thou endur'dst earth's spite and **treason**,  
Nor me lose in that dread season.
- 10 Seeking me thy worn feet hasted,  
On the cross thy soul death tasted ;  
Let such labor not be wasted.
- 11 Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Grant me perfect absolution,  
Ere that day of execution.
- 12 Culprit like, I, heart all broken,  
On my cheek shame's crimson token,  
Plead the pard'ning word be spoken.
- 13 Thou who Mary gav'st remission,  
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,  
Cheer with hope my lost condition.
- 14 Though my prayers do nothing **merit**,  
What is needful, thou confer it,  
Lest I future woe inherit.
- 15 Mid the sheep a place decide me,  
And from goats on left divide me,  
Standing on the right beside thee.
- 16 When th' accursed away are driven,  
And to future burnings given,  
Call me with the blessed to heaven.
- 17 I beseech thee, prostrate lying,  
Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing,  
Care for me when I am dying.



- 18 On that awful day of wailing,  
Human destinies unveiling.  
When man rising, stands before thee  
Spare the culprit, God of glory.

### 1053. L. M.

- 1 THE mighty deep gives up her trust,  
Awed by the Judge's high command ;  
Both small and great now quit their dust  
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 2 Behold the awful books displayed,  
Big with th' important fates of men ;  
Each deed and word now public made,  
As wrote by Heaven's unerring pen.
- 3 To every soul the books assign  
The joyous or the dread reward ;  
Sinners in vain lament and pine ;  
No plea the Judge will here regard.
- 4 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,  
May life's fair book my soul approve ;  
There may I read my name enrolled,  
And triumph in redeeming love.

### 1054. C. P. M.

- 1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come  
To call thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand ?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,  
Before thy gracious throne to bow,  
'Though weakest of them all :

But can I bear the piercing thought,  
To have my worthless name left out,  
When thou for them shalt call?

- 3 Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace !  
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place  
In that expected day :  
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,  
To still each unbelieving fear,  
Nor let me fall, I pray !
- 4 Among thy saints let me be found,  
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,  
To see thy smiling face ;  
Then, loudest of the throng I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With shouts of sovereign grace.

1055. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 LO, he cometh ; countless trumpets  
Wake to life the slumb'ring dead ;  
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels  
See their great exalted Head :  
Hallelujah !  
Welcome, welcome, Son of God !
- 2 Full of joyful expectation,  
Saints behold the Judge appear ;  
Truth and justice go before him ;  
Now the joyful sentence hear :  
Hallelujah !  
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine !
- 3 " Come, ye blesséd of my Father,  
Enter into life and joy ;  
Banish all your fears and sorrows,  
Endless praise be your employ : "  
Hallelujah !  
Welcome, welcome to the skies !

1056. P. M.

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear ?  
 The end of things created !  
 The Judge of man I see appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated :  
 The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore  
 The dead which they contained before :  
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
 At the last trumpet's sounding,  
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
 With joy their Lord surrounding.  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
 Behold his wrath prevailing ;  
 For they shall rise and find their tears  
 And sighs are unavailing :  
 The day of grace is past and gone ;  
 Trembling, they stand before the throne.  
 All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear ?  
 The end of things created !  
 The Judge of man I see appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated :  
 Beneath his cross I view the day  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 And thus prepare to meet him.

1057. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 DAY of judgment ! day of wonders !  
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round :  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound !

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine !  
Ye who long for his appearing  
Then shall say, " This God is mine." "  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own us in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea ;  
All the powers of nature, shaken,  
From his face prepare to flee :  
Careless sinner,  
What will then become of thee ?

4 But to those who have confesséd,  
Loved, and served the Lord below,  
He will say, " Come near, ye blesséd,  
See the kingdom I bestow !  
You, forever,  
Shall my love and glory know."

1058. S. M.

1 AND will the Judge descend ?  
And must the dead arise ?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes ?

2 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven, before his face,  
Astonished, shrink away.

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound  
What joyful tidings spread !

4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.

Reign.

1059. 8s & 7s.

- 1 HARK, ten thousand thousand voices,  
Sing the song of Jubilee ;  
Earth through all her tribes rejoices,  
Broke her long captivity.  
Hail, Messiah ! great Deliverer,  
Hail, Messiah ! praise to thee !
- 2 Now the theme, in pealing thunders  
Through the universe is rung ;  
Now, in gentler tones, the wonders  
Of redeeming grace are sung.  
Wider now, and louder rising,  
Swells and soars th' enraptured strain.
- 3 While they sweep the golden lyre,  
More enchanting notes arise,  
Till each anthem, wafted higher,  
Joins the chorus of the skies.  
Earth's unnumbered tongues comprising,  
Sound the Conqueror's praise again.
- 4 O, the rapturous, blissful story,  
Spoken to Immanuel's praise ;

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

And the strains so full of glory,  
That immortal voices raise !  
Now a sea of bliss unbounded  
Spreads o'er earth from pole to pole

5 While our crowns of glory casting  
At his feet, in rapture lost,  
We, in anthems everlasting,  
Mingle with th' angelic host ;  
Jesus reigns ! the shout is sounded,  
And its joyous echoes roll.

6 Yes, he reigns ; the great Messiah,  
In millennial glory crowned ;  
Israel's hope and earth's desire,  
Now triumphant and renowned.  
Hail, Messiah ! reign forever !  
Hail, Immanuel ! Lord of all !

1060. 7s.

1 WAKE the song of Jubilee ;  
Let it echo o'er the sea ;  
Now is come the promised hour ;  
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.

2 All the nations join and sing,  
Praise your Saviour, praise your King ,  
Let it sound from shore to shore,  
“ Jesus reigns for evermore ! ”

3 Hark ! the desert lands rejoice ;  
And the islands join their voice ;  
Joy ! the whole creation sings :  
“ Jesus is the King of kings ! ”

1061. 6s & 8s.

- 1 JOY to the ransomed earth !  
     Messiah fills the throne ;  
     His all-excelling worth  
     Ye joyful nations own.  
     Ye sons of men, break forth and sing  
     The praises of your God and King !
  
- 2 Behold, the desert smiles  
     To hear his welcome voice,  
     And all the list'ning isles  
     Beneath his love rejoice.  
     Ye dwellers in the islands, sing  
     The glories of your heavenly King.
  
- 3 To gain a royal crown  
     Of glory for his bride,  
     The foe he trampled down,  
     And conquered when he died.  
     O earth, rejoice ! break forth and sing  
     The conquests of your God and King !

1062. H. M.

- 1 O THE amazing change !  
     A world created new !  
     My thoughts with transport range,  
     The lovely scene to view :  
     Thee, Lord divine, in all I trace ;  
     The work is thine — thine be the praise.
  
- 2 Where pointed brambles grew,  
     Entwined with horrid thorn,  
     Gay flowers, forever new,  
     The painted fields adorn ;

MESSIAH'S TRIUMPH AND REIGN.

The lily there, and blushing rose,  
In union fair their sweets disclose.

3 Where the bleak mountain stood,  
All bare and disarrayed,  
See the wide branching wood  
Diffuse its grateful shade ;  
Tall oaks, and pines, and cedars nod,  
And elms and vines confess their God.

4 The tyrants of the plain  
Their savage chase give o'er ;  
No more they rend the slain,  
They thirst for blood no more ;  
But infant hands fierce tigers lead,  
And lions with the oxen feed.

5 O, when, almighty Lord,  
Shall these glad scenes arise  
To verify thy word,  
And bless our wond'ring eyes ;  
That earth, with all her tongues, may raise  
United songs of ardent praise ?

1063. 11s & 10s.

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning !  
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain !  
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning ;  
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,  
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold !  
Hail to the millicns from bondage returning !  
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.



- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing ;  
Streams ever copious are gliding along ;  
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing ;  
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
- 4 See the dead risen from land and from ocean ;  
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high ;  
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion ;  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.
- 

XXXI. PRAYER AND CONFERENCE

1064. C. M.

- 1 WITHIN these doors assembled now,  
We wait thy blessing, Lord ;  
Appear within the midst, we pray,  
According to thy word.
- 2 May some sweet promise be applied,  
When we attempt to read ;  
For this alone can give support  
In every time of need.
- 3 O breathe upon our lifeless souls,  
And raise our drooping hearts ;  
That we may see thy smiling face  
Before we hence depart.
- 4 And now, O blessed Spirit, come !  
We long to see thee move ;  
Strengthen our faith, revive our zeal,  
And fill us all with love.

1065. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, let not thy grace delay  
To meet us with thy love ;  
Drive interposing clouds away,  
And make our guilt remove.
- 2 Come in with power to every soul,  
O, thou immortal Dove !  
Make every wounded spirit whole  
With thy redeeming love.
- 3 We long to meet our God to-day,  
And taste thy grace divine,  
That every soul with joy may say,  
My Lord, my God is mine.

1066. L. M.

- 1 HOW sweet to leave the world a while,  
And seek the presence of our Lord !  
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,  
And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,  
That we may here converse with thee ;  
Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet ;  
Let this the " gate of heaven " be.
- 3 Chief of ten thousand," now appear,  
That we by faith may see thy face ;  
O, speak, that we thy voice may hear,  
And let thy presence fill this place !

1067. P. M.

- 1 WE 'RE going home, we 've had visions bright  
Of that holy land, that world of light,

Where the long dark night of time is past,  
And the morn of eternity's come at last ;  
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,  
But dwell in a sunny, peaceful home ;  
Where the brow with celestial gems is crowned,  
And waves of bliss are dashing around.

O that beautiful world ! O that beautiful world

- 2 We're going home, we soon shall be  
Where the sky is clear and the soil is free,  
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plain,  
And the seraph's anthems blend with its strains,  
Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,  
And beams on a world that is fair and good,  
And stars, that dimmed at nature's doom,  
Will sparkle and dance o'er the new earth's bloom  
O that beautiful home ! O that beautiful home

- 3 Where the tears and sighs which here were given  
Are exchanged for the gladsome song of heaven,  
Where the beauteous forms which sing and shine  
Are guarded well by a hand divine.  
Pure love's banner and friendship's wand  
Are waving above that princely band,  
And the glory of God, like a molten sea,  
Will bathe that immortal company.  
O that beautiful home ! O that beautiful home !

- 4 Mid the ransomed throng, mid the sea of bliss,  
Mid the holy city's gorgeousness,  
Mid the verdant plains, mid angels' cheer,  
Mid the flowers that never of winter wear ;  
Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,  
Is wafted on the ambrosial air ;  
Through endless years we then shall prove  
The depths of a Saviour's matchless love.  
O that beautiful world ! O that beautiful world

# 1068. 12s & 11s.

- 1 I LONG here have wandered a pilgrim and stranger  
Aloof from the world have endeavored to keep ;  
All free from its error, pollution and danger,  
Till I should be changed, or in Jesus should sleep  
Its joys and its sorrows, its pains and its pleasure,  
Its poverty's vale or its envied treasure,  
I count all as nothing, compared with the measure  
Of glory that 's promised when Christ shall appear
- 2 By foes I 'm despised, and by friends am forsaken :  
My hope is deferred, and sick is my heart ;  
Though oft disappointed and sometimes mistaken,  
Yet from my dear Jesus I ne'er will depart.  
The day of probation is rapidly fleeting ;  
All hail, happy morning of that glorious meeting !  
My soul in sweet transports exults in repeating ;  
I 'll meet all the saints when old time is no more !
- 3 Come, all my dear brethren who pant for salvation,  
With warm heart and hand you in friendship I  
greet ;  
And, though we now sigh with a groaning creation  
In realms of bright glory we hope soon to meet.  
With saints and with angels we there shall admire  
Our glorious Redeemer, and never more tire ;  
The thought of that bliss doth my soul now inspire :  
O glory, O glory, my heart now is there !

# 1069. P. M.

- 1 MUST Simon bear his cross alone,  
And all the world go free ?  
No ; there 's a cross for every one,  
And there 's a cross for me.  
Yes, there 's a cross on Calvary,  
Through which by faith the crown I see ;  
To me 't is pardon bringing ;  
O, that 's the cross for me !

- 2 How faithful does the Saviour prove  
     To those who serve him here !  
 They now may taste his perfect love,  
     And joy to hail him near.  
 Yes, perfect love will dry the tear,  
 And cast out all tormenting fear,  
     Which round my heart is clinging ;  
     O, that 's the love for me !
- 3 We 'll bear the consecrated cross,  
     Till from the cross we 're free,  
 And then go home to wear the crown,  
     For there 's a crown for me.  
 Yes, there 's a crown in heaven above,  
 The purchase of my Saviour's love,  
     For me at his appearing ;  
     O, that 's the crown for me !

## 1070. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend ,  
     As such I look to thee ;  
 Now, in the bowels of thy love,  
     O Lord, remember me !  
 O Lord, remember me !  
     O Lord, remember me !  
 Now, in the bowels of thy love,  
     O Lord, remember me !
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,  
     Remember Calvary ;  
 Remember all thy dying groans,  
     And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous advocate with God,  
     I yield myself to thee :  
 While thou art sitting on thy throne,  
     O Lord, remember me !

- 4 I own I 'm guilty, own I 'm vile,  
Yet thy salvation 's free ;  
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,  
O Lord, remember me !

1071. L. M.

- 1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,  
O God, on all assembled here !  
Behold us with a Father's love,  
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord ;  
May we thy true disciples be ;  
Speak to each heart the mighty word  
Say to the weakest, " Follow me."
- 3 Command thy blessing, in this hour,  
Spirit of truth, and fill this place  
With humbling and exalting power,  
With quick'ning and confirming grace
- 4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,  
Our gracious God, by us confessed ;  
May naught in life or death divide  
The saints in thy communion blessed.
- 5 With thee, and these, forever bound,  
May all who here in prayer unite,  
With harps and songs thy throne surround  
Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

1072. P. M.

- THERE is a land, a better land than this —  
There 's my home, there 's my home ;  
A land of pure, unbounded, perfect bliss —  
There 's my home, there 's my home.

A captive on this desert shore,  
I long to count my exile o'er,  
And be where sorrows come no more :  
There 's my home, there 's my home.

- 2 Far, far I am from my own happy shore —  
I would go, I would go ;  
But yet my days of exile are not o'er —  
I would go, I would go ;  
I would not stay though earth were mine ,  
Though all its treasures for me shine,  
A captive here, I still should pine :  
I would go, I would go.
- 3 Bright visions of that blissful land appear —  
There 's my home, there 's my home.  
How long a pilgrim must I wander here ?  
There 's my home, there 's my home ;  
O, tell me that I soon shall be  
With all the ransomed exiles free  
There in that land I long to see !  
There 's my home, there 's my home.
- 4 There is a land, a brighter land than this ;  
Joys are there, joys are there ;  
No pain or sorrow, sickness or distress,  
Reaches there, reaches there !  
Bright fields of pleasure greet the eye,  
And crystal streams that never dry ;  
O, give me wings, I now would fly,  
And be there, and be there !

# 1073. 9s & 11s.

I 'M a pilgrim and I 'm a stranger ;  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;  
Do not detain me, for I am going  
To where the fountains are ever flowing.

- There the glory is ever shining ;  
 O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there !  
 Here in this country so dark and dreary,  
 I long have wandered forlorn and weary.  
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
- 2 There's the city to which I journey ;  
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light ;  
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
 Nor any tears there, nor any dying.  
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
- 3 Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned you ;  
 I must leave you, I must leave you, and be gone ;  
 With this your portion, your heart's desire ;  
 Why will you perish in raging fire ?  
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
- 4 Father, mother and sister, brother,  
 If you will not journey with me, I must go.  
 Now, since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,  
 Should I too linger, and with you perish ?  
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
- 5 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted ;  
 In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed ;  
 He who has formed thee, will soon restore thee ;  
 And then thy dread curse shall never more be :  
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,  
 Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night.

## 1074. C. M.

- 1 CHURCH of the everlasting God,  
 The Father's gracious choice,  
 Amid the voices of this earth  
 How feeble is thy voice !
- 2 A little flock ! 'Tis well, 'tis well ;  
 Such be her lot and name ;



Through ages past it has been so,  
And now 'tis still the same.

- 3 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;  
Her feeble days are o'er;  
No more a handful in the earth,  
A little flock no more.
- 4 No more a lily among thorns,  
Weary, and faint, and few;  
But countless as the stars of heaven,  
Or as the early dew.
- 5 Then entering the eternal halls,  
In robes of victory,  
That mighty multitude shall keep  
The joyous jubilee.

## 1075. 7s.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,  
Fight we must, but should not fear;  
Foes we have, but we 've a friend,  
One who loves us to the end;  
Forward, then, with courage go;  
Long we shall not dwell below;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls, come home
- 2 In the world a thousand snares  
Lie to take us unawares;  
Satan, with malicious art,  
Watches each unguarded heart;  
But, from Satan's malice free,  
Saints shall soon victorious be;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls, come home.
- 3 But, of all the foes we meet,  
None so apt to turn our feet,

None betray us into sin,  
 Like the foes we have within ;  
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,  
 Christ will also conquer these ;  
 Then the joyful news will come,  
 Child, your Father calls, come home.

1076. 10s & 7s.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, the warfare will now soon be o'er ;  
 O do not fear, do not fear !  
 Soon thou wilt rest where thy foes come no more ;  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer !  
 What though the night be so dreary and long ?  
 What though thy foes are unwearied and strong ?  
 Soon thou shalt join in the conqueror's song :  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer !
- 2 What though the billows of life darkly roll ?  
 O do not fear, do not fear !  
 Friends all forsake thee, and cares press thy soul ?  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer !  
 Christian, remember that Christ loves thee still ;  
 Only be faithful in doing his will ;  
 Soon thou wilt stand with him on Zion's hill :  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer !
- 3 Christian, the angels are coming for thee ;  
 O do not fear, do not fear !  
 Whom thou dost love thou in glory shalt see ;  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer !  
 O, if thou wouldst through the warfare endure,  
 Keep on thy armor, and all thy robes pure !  
 Faith overcomes, and will make the prize sure :  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer !
- 4 Christian, the shadows will soon flee away ;  
 O do not fear, do not fear !  
 Then thou wilt enter a glorious day ;  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer !

In the bright kingdom forever to dwell ;  
 Join angel choirs, and the rich anthem swell ;  
 Bid to thy sorrows a long, long farewell !  
 Be of good cheer, of good cheer !

# 1077. C M.

- 1 O, NO, we cannot sing our songs,  
 Our glad and cheerful lays ;  
 Our saddened harps refuse their strings  
 To Zion's joyful strains !  
 They bid us be in mirthful mood,  
 And dry these tears so sad ;  
 But Judah's hearths are desolate,  
 And how can we be glad ?
- 2 Our silent harps o'er Babel's streams  
 Are hung on willows lone ;  
 We 'll mourn until our absent Lord  
 Returns to claim his own.  
 When, 'neath the curse, the groaning earth  
 Moans forth her plaintive prayer,  
 How can we sing with joy and mirth ?  
 O, no, her grief we 'll share !
- 3 How can we sing when martyrs mourn,  
 " How long, O Lord, how long ? "  
 How can our souls gush forth in joy,  
 And swell with raptured song ?  
 Then bid us not refrain from grief,  
 For we must still be sad ;  
 Until the " Morning Star " arise,  
 We will no more be glad.

# 1078. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.]

- 1 O, SINNER, come, without delay,  
 And seek a home in glory !

- The Lord is calling you to-day,  
He pleads for you in glory.  
O glory ! O glory !  
There 's power in Jesus' dying love  
To bring you home to glory.
- 2 O turn and live, to you he cries,  
And you shall share my glory !  
But, if my mercy you despise,  
You cannot see my glory.  
O glory ! &c.
- 3 Repent, and give him now your heart ;  
He is the Lord of glory ;  
Confess his name, secure a part  
When he shall come in glory.  
O glory ! &c.
- 4 Now is your time ; no more delay,  
For soon he 'll come in glory ;  
When, shut without, in vain you 'll pray ;  
You 've lost all hope of glory.  
O glory ! &c.
- 5 O do not madly slight his grace,  
And lose the crown of glory ;  
But now, before you leave this place,  
Begin the race for glory.  
O glory ! &c.
- 6 Awake ! awake ! the Judge is near ;  
Prepare, prepare for glory ;  
If sleeping when he shall appear,  
You cannot bear his glory.  
O glory ! &c.

# 1079. P. M.

- 1 WEARY pilgrim, why this sadness ?  
Why 'mid sorrow's scenes decline ?

The " trial strange " brings joy and gladness  
For all things shall yet be thine ;  
O, yes, all things shall yet be thine !

2 Earth anew, with robe of glory,  
Shall rejoice in hill and vale ;  
And sweetest harpings tell the story  
Of the love that could not fail ;  
O, yes, the love that could not fail !

3 Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,  
Where joy's gushing songs arise ;  
Thou shalt have all thy well-stored treasure  
In the New Earth, Paradise ;  
Yes, in the New Earth, Paradise !

4 Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness,  
To Mount Zion thou art come ;  
Now swell thy songs of joy and gladness,  
And rejoice in thy blest home ;  
Thine own and Jesus' heavenly home !

## 1080. 11s.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !  
What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

2 In every condition, — in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea, —  
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be

Fear not, I am with thee ; O, be not dismayed !  
I. I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
stand,  
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;  
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake  
I will never, no never, no never forsake !

## 1081. L. M.

- 1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise, —
- 2 There, says the Saviour, will I be,  
Amid this little company ;  
To them unveil my smiling face,  
And shed my glories round the place.
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word ;  
Now send thy Spirit from above,  
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love !

## 1082. C. P. M.

- 1 WHERE two or three together meet,  
My love and mercy to repeat,  
And tell what I have done,  
There will I be, saith God, to bless,  
And every burdened soul redress,  
Who worships at my throne.
- 2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,  
Speak to each heart some cheering word  
To set the spirit free ;

Impart a kind, celestial shower,  
And grant that we may spend an hour  
In fellowship with thee.

1083. 7s. 6 l.

- 1 HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare  
For the solemn work of prayer ;  
Grant that when we bend the knee  
All our thoughts may turn to thee,  
And thy presence may be found  
Breathing peace and joy around.
- 2 Lord, when we approach thy throne  
Make thy power and glory known ;  
Thus may we be taught to call  
Humbly on the Lord of all,  
And with reverence and fear  
At thy footstool to appear.
- 3 Teach us, as we breathe our woes,  
On thy promise to repose,  
All thy tender love to trace  
In the Saviour's work of grace,  
And with confidence depend  
On a gracious God and Friend

1084. 8s & 7s.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,  
Sordid hopes and fond desires,  
Here, our willing footsteps meeting  
Every heart to heaven aspires.  
From the Fount of glory beaming,  
Light celestial cheers our eyes ,  
Mercy from above proclaiming  
Peace and pardon from the skies.

- 2 Who may share this great salvation ?  
     Every pure and humble mind ;  
     Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
     From the dross of guilt refined ;  
     Blessings all around bestowing,  
     God withholds his care from none ;  
     Grace and mercy ever flowing  
     From the fountain of his throne.
- 3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,  
     Firm and bold in virtue's cause,  
     Still thy providence adoring,  
     Faithful subjects to thy laws, -  
     Lord, with favor still attend us,  
     Bless us with thy wondrous love !  
     Thou, our sun and shield, defend us !  
     All our hope is from above.

## 1085.    11s.

- 1 MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints  
     How sweet to my soul is communion with saints !  
     To find at the banquet of mercy there 's room,  
     And feel in the presence of Jesus at home !

### CHORUS.

- Home, home, sweet, sweet home !  
     Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.
- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,  
     And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease  
     Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
     I long to behold thee, in glory, at home.  
     Home, home, sweet, sweet home ! &c.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
     Which hinders my joy and communion with thee,  
     Though now my temptations like billows may foam,  
     All, all will be peace when I 'm with thee at home  
     Home, home, sweet, sweet home ! &c.



- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
 O give me submission and strength as my day !  
 In all my afflictions to thee would I come,  
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.  
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home ! &c.

1086. 8s & 7s.

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;  
 Streams of mercy never ceasing  
 Call for songs of loudest praise.  
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;  
 Praise the mount, — O, fix me on it ! --  
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;  
 Hither by thy help I 'm come ;  
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
 He, to save my soul from danger,  
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O, to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I 'm constrained to be  
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God I love ;  
 Here 's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
 Seal it for thy courts above.

1087. 11s.

- 1 WHY sleep ye, my brethren ? come, let us arise .  
 O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize ?

PRAYER AND CONFERENCE.

Salvation is nearer ; our day is far spent ;  
O, let us be active ! awake, and repent !

- 2 O, how can we slumber ? the Master will come  
He 's calling on sinners to seek them a home ;  
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite ;  
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.
- 3 O, how can we slumber ? the judgment is near,  
And sinners are crowding to future despair ;  
Now prayer may avail ; they may gain the high prize  
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.
- 4 O, how can ye slumber ? ye sinners, look round  
Before the last trumpet your heart shall confound ,  
O, fly to the Saviour ! he calls you to-day ;  
While mercy is waiting, O, make no delay !

1088. L. M.

- 1 LET all that wait the coming King  
Now to his name sweet praises bring ;  
He cometh quickly : sound it high,  
Till echoes meet the vocal sky.
- 2 Earth shall depart, and like a scroll  
The passing heavens together roll ;  
For Jesus' faithful words shall be  
Enduring as eternity.
- 3 Now let thy kingdom come, O Lord,  
As thou hast promised in thy word ;  
Fill earth with glory like a sea ;  
O, speak the word, and it shall be !

1089. 7s & 6s.

- 1 HOW long, O Lord, our Saviour,  
Wilt thou remain away ?

Our hearts are growing weary  
Of thy so long delay ;  
O, when shall come the moment  
When, brighter far than morn,  
The sunshine of thy glory  
Shall on the people dawn ?

2 How long, O gracious Master,  
Wilt thou thy household leave ?  
So long hast thou now tarried,  
Few thy return believe.  
Immersed in sloth and folly,  
Thy servants, Lord, we see ;  
And few of us stand ready  
With joy to welcome thee.

3 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom !  
How long wilt thou delay ?  
And yet how few are grieving  
That thou dost absent stay !  
Thy very bride her portion  
And calling hath forgot,  
And seeks for ease and glory  
Where thou, her Lord, art not.

4 O, wake thy slumb'ring virgins !  
Send forth the solemn cry,  
Let all thy saints repeat it,  
“ The Bridegroom draweth nigh ! ”  
May all our lamps be burning,  
Our loins well girded be,  
Each longing heart preparing  
With joy thy face to see.

1090. P. M.

1 I.O, the time hastens on, soon the morning will dawn  
When the King shall in glory descend ;

We expect soon to join all the bright, holy throng,  
In the kingdom that never shall end.

CHORUS.

O Saviour ! dear Saviour ! O Saviour, come !  
Here we mourn, and we sigh, and we still ever cry,  
Come and gather the faithful home.

- 2 All the prophets of old saw a beautiful world,  
And they looked for the same with delight ;  
And apostles have told of a city of gold,  
Where the Lamb is its glorious light.
- 3 O, we long to be there where no sorrow or care  
Can disturb that sweet, heavenly rest !  
And we hope soon to share in those beauties so rare,  
In reserve for the good and the blest.
- 4 Soon our friends we shall meet, and our beloved  
ones greet,  
Who so long have been slumb'ring in dust ;  
'T will be joyful and sweet, when salvation 's complete,  
To unite with the glad ransomed host.
- 5 Lo, the Bridegroom is near ! sweetly falls on the ear,  
Rousing up all the virgins who sleep ;  
He will shortly appear, and he 'll wipe every tear  
From his dear mourning children that weep.

1091. 8s & 7s.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee ;  
All things else I have forsaken ;  
Thou from hence my all shalt be.

Perish every fond ambition,  
 All I 've sought, or hoped, or known ;  
 Yet how rich is my condition  
 While I prove the Lord my own !

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour too ;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
 Thou art faithful, thou art true.  
 O, 't is not in grief to harm me,  
 While thy love is left to me !  
 O, 't were not in joy to charm me,  
 If that love were hid from me !
- 3 Soul, then know thy full salvation ;  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
 Joy to find, in every station,  
 Something still to do or bear.  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;  
 Think what Father's smiles are thine ,  
 Think that Jesus died to win thee :  
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;  
 Heaven's eternal day 's before thee ;  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there ;  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## 1092. C. M.

- 1 O THOU, whose footsteps are unknown,  
 Whose path is on the sea, —  
 Whose footstool earth, and heaven whose throne !  
 Dost Thou remember me ?

PRAYER AND CONFERENCE.

- 2 O Thou, whom winds and waves obey,  
At whose supreme command  
The shining worlds pursue their way,  
Or in their orbits stand, —
- 3 Thou, at whose touch the hills disperse,  
And burning mountains flee, —  
Thou Ruler of the universe !  
Dost Thou remember me ?
- 4 This world, though fallen, still is Thine,  
And dearer far to-day  
Than all the countless orbs that shine,  
But never went astray.
- 5 For here the blessed Son of God  
Was born, and wept, and died ;  
Our valleys and our hills he trod ;  
And they are sanctified !
- 6 On Him my guilty soul relies,  
Through Him I come to Thee ;  
Thou dost accept my sacrifice,  
Thou dost remember me !

1093. P. M.

- 1 LO, down in this beautiful valley,  
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,  
Where loud storms of envy and folly  
May roll on the billows in vain !

CHORUS.

O, there, there the Lord will deliver,  
And souls drink this beautiful river,  
Which flows peace forever and ever,  
Where love and joy do always increase.

- 2 This low vale is far from contention ;  
No soul there can harbor dissension ;  
No dark wiles of evil invention  
Belong in these regions of peace.
- 3 The low soul in humble subjection  
Shall there find unshaken protection ;  
The soft gales of cheering reflection,  
The mind soothes in sorrow and pain.
- 4 We 'll soon leave this beautiful valley  
For joys far surpassing in glory,  
And dwell with the meek, pure and holy,  
Where sin, death, and raging storms cease.
- 5 O, there, with the King in his beauty,  
We 'll drink wine, and eat hidden manna,  
And praise God forever in glory,  
While love and joy will always increase !

## 1094. P. M.

- 1 OUR bondage it will end by and by, when he comes ;  
Our bondage it will end when he comes ;  
And, from Egypt's yoke set free,  
Hail the glorious jubilee ;  
And to glory we 'll return by and by, when he comes  
And to glory we 'll return when he comes.
- 2 Our Deliverer he will come, by and by ;  
And our sorrows have an end  
When our Saviour shall descend,  
And glory crown the day, by and by, when he comes  
And glory crown the day when he comes.
- 3 Though our enemies are strong, we 'll go on,  
Though our hearts do sometimes fear ;  
Lo, Israel's God is near,  
And the fiery pillar moves ; we 'll go on, we 'll go on  
And the fiery pillar moves ; we 'll go on.

- 4 And when to Jordan's flood we are come,  
 Jehovah rules the tide,  
 And the waters he'll divide,  
 And the ransomed hosts will shout, We are come,  
 we are come !  
 And the ransomed hosts will shout, We are come
- 5 There friends shall meet again, who have loved,  
 And their union will be sweet,  
 At the dear Redeemer's feet,  
 When we meet to part no more, who have loved  
 who have loved ;  
 When we meet to part no more, who have loved

1095. 7s.

- 1 SON of God, thy people's shield,  
 Must we still thine absence mourn ?  
 Let thy promise be fulfilled ;  
 Thou hast said, " I will return."  
 Gracious Master soon appear,  
 Quickly bring thy morning light ;  
 Then will cease the constant tear,  
 Hope be turned to joyful sight.
- 2 As a woman counts the days  
 Till her absent Lord she sees,  
 Longs and watches, weeps and prays,  
 So the church must long for thee.  
 Come, that we may see thee nigh,  
 Then the sheep shall feed in peace,  
 Hushed forever trouble's sigh,  
 Sin and sorrow's triumph cease.

1096. 7s & 6s.

- 1 THE gloomy night of sadness  
 Begins to flee away ;



The glowing tinge of morning  
 Proclaims the rising day ;  
 That welcome day of promise,  
 When Christ shall claim his right.  
 And on the world in darkness  
 Pour forth a flood of light.

2 Now truth, unveiled, is shining  
 With beams of sacred light ;  
 The mourning pilgrims wonder,  
 And leave the paths of night ;  
 Their glowing hearts in rapture  
 Are filled with joy divine,  
 Burst forth in shouting glory,  
 And like their Master shine.

3 Come, let's begin the anthems,  
 And join the choir above,  
 Exalt the blest Redeemer,  
 And praise the God we love ;  
 All honor, praise, and glory,  
 Salvation to our God,  
 Hosanna to the Saviour,  
 Who washed us in his blood.

4 The courts of heaven are ringing  
 With songs of highest strains,  
 And holy praise is rolling  
 Along the flow'ry plains ;  
 O, could we rise triumphant,  
 And join with those above,  
 To shout and sing forever  
 The Saviour's dying love !

1097. 8s & 4s.

1 NOW to heaven our prayers ascending,  
 God speed the right ;  
 In a noble cause contending,  
 God speed the right.

Be their zeal in heaven recorded,  
In a better land rewarded ;  
God speed the right.

- 2 Be that prayer again repeated,  
God speed the right ;  
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,  
God speed the right.  
Like the good and great in story,  
If they fail, they fail with glory ;  
God speed the right.
- 3 Patient, firm, and persevering,  
God speed the right ;  
Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,  
God speed the right ;  
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,  
And in Heaven's own time succeeding ;  
God speed the right.

- 4 Still their onward course pursuing,  
God speed the right ;  
Every foe at length subduing,  
God speed the right.  
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,  
There 's no power on earth can stay it ;  
God speed the right.

## 1098. 8s & 9s.

- 1 WE speak of the realms of the blest ;  
Of that country so bright and so fair ;  
And oft are its glories confest ;  
But what must it be to be there ?
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold ;  
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare ;

Of its wonders and pleasures untold ;  
But what must it be to be there ?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials without and within ;  
But what must it be to be there ?

4 We speak of its service of love ;  
Of the robes which the glorified wear ;  
Of the raptures which every heart move ;  
But what must it be to be there ?

5 May we, then, midst pleasure or woe,  
For that kingdom our hearts now prepare  
And shortly we also shall know,  
And feel what it is to be there.

## 1099. C. P. M.

1 O LOVE divine ! how sweet thou art !  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee ?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love, —  
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell ;  
Its riches are unsearchable ;  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see ;  
They cannot reach the mystery —  
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God ;  
O, that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart !  
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;  
This only portion, Lord, be mine, —  
Be mine this better part.

- 4 O, that I could forever sit  
 With Mary at the Master's feet!  
 Be this my happy choice;  
 My only care, delight, and bliss,  
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this —  
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that I could, with favored John,  
 Recline my weary head upon  
 The dear Redeemer's breast!  
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,  
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee  
 My everlasting rest.

## 1100. C. M.

- 1 DRESSED uniform Christ's soldiers are  
 When duty calls abroad;  
 Not purchased by their cost or care,  
 But by their Prince bestowed.  
 Christ's soldiers eat the bread of God,  
 Wear regimental dress,  
 'T is heavenly white, and faced with red,  
 'T is Christ our righteousness.
- 2 No art of man can weave this robe,  
 'T is of such mixture fine,  
 Nor could the worth of all the globe  
 By purchase make it mine;  
 'T is of one piece, and wove throughout  
 So wondrously that none  
 Can dress up in this uniform,  
 Till Jesus puts it on.
- 3 The vesture never waxes old,  
 No spot thereon can fall;  
 It makes the soldier strong and bold,  
 And dutiful withal.

Lord, dress me in this robe each day,  
And it shall hide my shame;  
Shall make me fight 'gainst sin, and pray,  
And bless my Captain's name.

- 4 How firm and bold Christ's soldiers are,  
When dressed up in this robe!  
They look like men equipp'd for war,  
Or like the sons of God.  
Their shield is faith, their helmet, hope,  
And thus they march Christ's road;  
Christ's spirit is their glitt'ring sword,  
They act their part for God.

# 1101. 11s & 5s.

- 1 THE pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,  
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;  
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,  
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.
- 2 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms;  
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;  
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room;  
O there may I feast with his children at home!  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
O Jesus, conduct me, I pray, to my home!
- 3 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,  
While Jesus, his kingdom and glory, I view;  
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,  
The foretaste divine of my heavenly home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
O when shall I share the fruition of home!
- 4 The days of my exile are passing away,  
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,

PRAYER AND CONFERENCE.

Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,  
And dwell in my presence, forever at home !

Home, home, sweet, sweet home !

O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home !

- 5 Affliction and sorrow and death shall be o'er ;  
The saints shall unite to be parted no more ;  
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome ;  
They dwell with the Saviour forever at home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !  
They dwell with the Saviour forever at home.

1102. P. M.

- 1 THE groaning earth is too dark and drear  
For the saints' eternal home ;  
But the city from heaven will soon be here ;  
We know that the moment is drawing near  
When she in her glory shall come.  
Her gates of pearl we soon shall see,  
And her music we soon shall hear ;  
Joyous and bright our home shall be,  
And we 'll walk in the shadow of life's fair tree  
With our Saviour forever near
- 2 We 'll gladly exchange a world like this,  
Where death triumphant reigns,  
For a beautiful home in that land of bliss  
Where all is happiness, joy and peace,  
And nothing can enter that pains.  
There is no more sorrow and no more night,  
For the darkness shall pass away.  
The crucified Lamb is its glorious light,  
And the saints shall walk with him in white  
In that happy, endless day.

- 3 O there the loved of earth shall meet,  
 Whom death has sundered here ;  
 The prophets and patriarchs there will greet  
 All that worship at Jèsus' feet,  
 No more separation to fear.  
 Though trials and griefs await us here,  
 The conflict will soon be o'er ;  
 This glorious hope our hearts shall cheer,  
 For we know that the Saviour will soon appear,  
 And then we shall grieve no more.

1103. 11s.

- 1 A WARNING from heaven, the Saviour is near !  
 He calls to the world, and commands them to hear :  
 Then ye who believe him, escape for your life,  
 And look not behind you — remember Lot's wife.
- 2 No time now to revel, to sell and to buy ;  
 What prophets have spoken is now passing by :  
 Then ye who behold it, escape for your life,  
 And look not behind you — remember Lot's wife !
- 3 In the hand of the Lord see that wine-cup of blood ;  
 Its dregs are prepared for the foes of our God ;  
 The cry has gone upward, Escape for your life,  
 And look not behind you — remember Lot's wife !
- 4 O Zion, thy glory ere long will appear,  
 No more then thine eye shall be dimmed with a tear ;  
 Make Christ still your refuge, your leader and life ;  
 Then look not behind you — remember Lot's wife !

1104. 12s & 11s.

- 1 HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,  
 In yon blissful region, that haven of rest,  
 Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,  
 And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest :

PRAYER AND CONFERENCE.

Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,  
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,  
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,  
And range with delight through the Eden of love

- 2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,  
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,  
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial  
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise ;  
Then songs to the Lamb shall reëcho thro' heaven,  
My soul will respond — to Immanuel be given  
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,  
Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of love.
- 3 Then hail, blesséd state ; hail, ye songsters of glory ,  
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,  
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,  
“ Salvation from sorrow through Jesus's love ; ”  
Though prisoned in earth, yet, by anticipation  
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation  
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation :  
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

1105. P. M.

- 1 WE have heard from the bright, the better land ;  
We have heard, and our hearts are glad ;  
For we were a lonely pilgrim band,  
And weary, and worn, and sad.  
They tell us the pilgrims ever dwell there,  
No longer are homeless ones ;  
We know that the goodly land is fair ;  
Life's river of water there runs.
- 2 They say green fields are waving there,  
And they never a blight shall know ;  
That desert wilds are blooming fair,  
And roses of Sharon grow ;



And lovely birds in bowers green  
 Their melody ever repeat ;  
 Their warblings mingle, in every scene,  
 With harpings of seraphs so sweet.

- 3 We have heard of the robe, the palm, the crown,  
 And the silvery band in white ;  
 The city of gems in a high renown,  
 Illumined with heavenly light ;  
 The King is seen in his beauty fair,  
 The joy and the light of the land ;  
 A little while, and we hope to be there,  
 To join with that glorious band.

# 1106. 8s & 4s.

- 1 JESUS died on Calv'ry's mountain,  
 Long time ago,  
 And salvation's rolling fountain  
 Now freely flows.
- 2 Once his voice in tones of pity  
 Melted in woe,  
 And he wept o'er Judah's city  
 Long time ago.
- 3 On his head the dew's of midnight  
 Fell, long ago ;  
 Now a crown of dazzling sunlight  
 Sits on his brow.
- 4 Jesus died, yet lives forever,  
 No more to die :  
 Bleeding Jesus, blesséd Saviour,  
 Now sits on high.
- 5 Now in heaven he's interceding  
 For dying men,  
 Soon he'll finish all his pleading,  
 And come again.

- 6 Budding fig-trees tell that summer  
 Dawns o'er the land ;  
 Signs portend that Jesus' coming  
 Is near at hand.
- 7 When he comes, a voice from heaven  
 Shall pierce the tomb :  
 " Come, ye blessed of my Father,  
 Children, come home."

1107. 7s.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, careworn, tempest-tost,  
 Health, possessions, comforts lost,  
 On the grave, so dear to thee,  
 Dropping tears of agony ;  
 Faint not at thy Father's rod,  
 Fear thou not the rising flood ;  
 Hear his words of cheer to thee :  
 " Thou shalt my salvation see ! "
- 2 Battler for the crown of life,  
 In the stern, heroic strife,  
 Spirit-foes without, within,  
 Hosts of error and of sin ;  
 Christian warrior, be thou strong ;  
 Thine shall be the victor's song ;  
 Zion's leader speaks to thee :  
 " Thou shalt my salvation see ! "
- 3 Pilgrim at the gate of death,  
 Gasping out thy waning breath,  
 Thrilled with pain, beset with fear,  
 As eternity draws near ;  
 Dying Christian, courage take ;  
 Angels' chariots round thee wait ;  
 Speaks death's Conqueror now to thee,  
 " Thou shalt my salvation see ! "

- 4 In the dreadful judgment hour,  
 When the clouds of vengeance lower,  
 When the Saviour bursts the skies,  
 And the summoned dead arise;  
 Child of God! what triumph thine  
 As the glorious King divine,  
 Says in tones of love to thee,  
 "Come, and my salvation see."

1108. 8s & 7s.

- 1 I WOULD love thee, God and Father,  
 My Redeemer, and my King;  
 I would love thee, for, without thee,  
 Life is but a bitter thing.
- 2 I would love thee, full of kindness,  
 Thou who first show'dst love for me,  
 I would love thee, my protector;  
 I for refuge flee to thee.
- 3 I would love thee; every blessing  
 Flows to me from out thy throne;  
 I would love thee; he who loves thee  
 Never feels himself alone.
- 4 I would love thee. Look upon me,  
 Ever guide me by thine eye;  
 I would love thee; if not nourished  
 By thy love, my soul would die.
- 5 I would love thee; may thy brightness  
 Dazzle my rejoicing eyes;  
 I would love thee; may thy goodness  
 Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.
- 6 I would love thee — thee, my refuge,  
 While the evil days increase;

I would love thee, thee I seek for,  
Thou exhaustless source of peace

7 I would love thee, I have vowed it ;  
On thy love my heart is set ;  
While I love thee I will never  
The Redeemer's blood forget.

## 1109. 10s.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,  
Bound for the land of bright glory and love ;  
Angelic choristers, sing as I come,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home !
- 2 Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,  
On to the land of the blessed I go ;  
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,  
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.
- 3 Friends fondly cherished, who greet me no more,  
Soon shall I meet on the fair blissful shore,  
Chanting in triumph o'er death's chilling gloom  
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.
- 4 Sounds of sweet music will fall on my ear ;  
Heavenly harpings I ever shall hear ;  
Ringing in harmony through the high dome,  
Joyfully, joyfully, in my blest home.
- 5 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low ,  
Strike, King of terrors, I fear not the blow ;  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb :  
Joyfully, joyfully I shall go home.
- 6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone ;  
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

## 1110. 11s.

- 1 O, JESUS, my Saviour, I know thou art mine,  
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign ;  
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best,  
Without thee I 'm wretched, but with thee I 'm blest '.
- 2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,  
Then taught me the way of salvation to find ;  
And when I was sinking in gloom dark and drear,  
Thy mercy relieved me, and bade me not fear.
- 3 In vain I attempt to describe all my joy,  
Though language of men or of saints I employ,  
My Jesus is precious, my soul 's in a flame,  
I 'm raised to a rapture while praising his name.
- 4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer ;  
In blest meditation he always is there ;  
My constant companion, O may we ne'er part :  
All glory to Jesus ! he dwells in my heart.
- 5 My Saviour, I love thee ; I love thee, my Lord ;  
I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy word ;  
With tender emotions I love sinners too,  
Since Jesus has died to relieve them from woe.
- 6 I 'm happy in Jesus, and cannot forbear,  
Though sinners despise me, his love to declare,  
His love overwhelms me, — with wings I would fly,  
And praise him in mansions preparéd on high.
- 7 Then millions of ages my soul should employ  
In praising my Jesus, my God, and my joy,  
Without interruption, where all the glad throng,  
With pleasure unceasing, unite in the song.

# 1111. S. M.

- 1 O, SPIRIT of the Lord,  
Descend in might and power,  
And thine almighty aid afford ;  
Let this be mercy's hour.
- 2 O give us hearts to pray,  
And give us power in prayer ,  
Low in the dust help us to lie,  
And keep our spirits there.
- 3 Breathe on the dead in sin,  
The wounded heart make whole ;  
And let thy power be felt within  
The depths of every soul.
- 4 Now let the heavens be rent,  
Thou God of love and power ;  
Let quick'ning grace to all be sent ;  
Let this be mercy's hour.

# 1112. C. M.

- 1 WHAT poor despised company  
Of travellers are these,  
Who walk in yonder narrow way,  
Along the rugged maze ?
- 2 Ah, these are of a royal line,  
All children of a King ;  
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,  
And lo, for joy they sing !
- 3 Why do they then appear so mean !  
And why so much despised ?  
Because of their rich robes unseen  
The world is not apprize<sup>d</sup>.

- 4 But some of them seem poor, distressed,  
And lacking daily bread :  
Ah, they 're of boundless wealth possessed,  
With hidden manna fed.
- 5 But why keep they that narrow road,  
That rugged, thorny maze ?  
Why, that 's the way their Leader trod ;  
They love and keep his ways.
- 6 Why must they shun the pleasant path  
That worldlings love so well ?  
Because that is the road to death,  
The open road to hell.
- 7 What, is there then no other road  
To Salem's happy ground ?  
Christ is the only way to God :  
None other can be found.

# 1113. 8s & 7s.

- 1 THROUGH earth's scenes of woe and sadness,  
I a pilgrim stranger roam,  
Looking for a land of gladness,  
Sighing for a peaceful home.  
Soon I hope to see my Saviour  
Robed in glory ever bright,  
And I long to share his favor  
In the home of joy and light.
- 2 Mid the brightness of its glory,  
Mid the music of its songs,  
Our glad lips shall tell the story,  
Praise shall rise from all our tongues.  
Hark, the notes of joy resounding  
To the Lamb who died for me,  
Who hath opened Life's pure fountain,  
On the cross of Calvary.

- 3 Now my burdened heart is longing  
 For the rising of that day,  
 When, eternal glory dawning,  
 Pain and woe shall flee away.  
 O, I watch to see the brightness  
 Of that day so blest to me,  
 When, awaking with thy likeness,  
 I then satisfied shall be !

1114. 8s & 7s.

- 1 WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,  
 Wand'ring through this gloomy vale ?  
 Know'st thou it is full of danger,  
 And will not thy courage fail ?  
 No ; I 'm bound for the kingdom,  
 Will you go to glory with me ?  
 Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord !
- 2 Pilgrim dost thou justly call me,  
 Travelling through this lonely road,  
 But no ill shall e'er befall me  
 While I 'm blest with such a guide.  
 O, I 'm bound for the kingdom, &c.
- 3 Guide unseen, but still, believe me,  
 Jesus does my steps attend ;  
 He 'll in every strait attend me,  
 He 'll be with me to the end.  
 For I 'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

1115. L. M.

- 1 LORD, let thy Spirit deign to stay,  
 And aid us while we praise and pray ;  
 May we that sacred union know  
 Which gives a taste of heaven below.



- 2 O, touch our lips with holy fire,  
Our passions raise, our love inspire ;  
Our every thought on Jesus turn,  
Make every heart with incense burn !

1116. 7s & 6s.

- 1 HOW lost was my condition  
Till Jesus made me whole ;  
There is but one Physician  
Can cure a sin-sick soul ;  
Next door to death he found me,  
And snatched me from the grave,  
To tell to all around me  
His wondrous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases  
Is light, compared with sin ;  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within ;  
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,  
And madness all combined,  
And none but a believer  
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing  
I sought a cure to gain ;  
But this proved more distressing,  
And added to my pain.  
Some said that nothing ailed me,  
Some gave me up for lost ;  
Thus every refuge failed me,  
And all my hopes were crossed.
- 4 At length this great Physician —  
How matchless is his grace ! —  
Accepted my petition,  
And undertook my case

First gave me sight to view him,  
For sin my eyes had sealed,  
Then bade me look unto him :  
I looked, and I was healed.

1117. L. M.

- 1 I 'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Who lives by angels now adored ;  
That Jesus who once died for me,  
Who bore my sins in agony.
- 2 I 'm not ashamed to own his laws,  
Nor to defend his noble cause ;  
The way he 's gone is lined with blood :  
O may I tread the steps he trod !
- 3 I 'm not ashamed his name to bear,  
With those who his disciples were ;  
Christian, sweet name ! its worth I view  
O may I wear the nature too !
- 4 I 'm not ashamed to bear my cross,  
For which I count all things but dross ;  
Whate'er I 'm bid to do or say,  
When Christ commands, I will obey.
- 5 I 'm not ashamed to be despised  
By these who ne'er religion prized ;  
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,  
For all that men can say or do.
- 6 This world's vain honors will I shun,  
The narrow way to life I 'll run ;  
That this at last my boast may be,  
My Saviour 's not ashamed of me.

# 1118. C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
To a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 By thee, my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled ;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then, I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death !

# 1119. 12 & 8s.

- 1 WHEN the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,  
And warnings and prayers shall be o'er ;

When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sab-  
 bath morn,  
 And Jesus invites thee no more ;  
 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,  
 The gospel no message declare ;  
 Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of  
 woe ;  
 How suffer the night of despair ?

- 2 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace  
 Those heavenly mansions to prove ;  
 When their harmony wakes, in the fulness of bliss,  
 Their song to the Saviour they love ;  
 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,  
 Who fearest no trouble to come,  
 Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,  
 Or bear the impenitent's doom ?

1120. 11s.

- 1 ON the high cliffs of Jordan with pleasure I stand,  
 And view in perspective the fair promised land ;  
 The land where the ransomed with singing shall  
 come,  
 And enter the kingdom prepared as their home.
- 2 There rivers most graceful eternally glide,  
 And groves rich with verdure grow up by their  
 side ;  
 There spirits made perfect forever become  
 Immortal and beauteous, in glory their home.
- 3 'Tis there all the nations redeemed by the Lamb  
 In circles most lovely his praises proclaim ;  
 Through tempests, and sorrow, and perils they  
 come,  
 To enter those mansions prepared as their home.

- 4 All over those peaceful delectable plains  
The Lord our Redeemer in righteousness reigns,  
His sceptre of empire he now doth assume,  
And kindly doth welcome his followers home.
- 5 How blessed are those regions, the realms of repose  
Where with fruit, O how grateful, the "tree of  
life" grows;  
The regions ambrosial forever in bloom,  
God's own habitation, the saints' happy home!
- 6 Those pleasures of glory, O, when shall I share,  
And crowns of celestial felicity wear;  
And range o'er those landscapes exempt from a sigh  
The home of our fathers, now specially nigh!

1121. 7s. 6l.

- 1 DANIEL'S wisdom may I know;  
Stephen's faith and patience show;  
John's divine communion feel,  
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal;  
Run like the unwearied Paul;  
Win the prize and conquer all.
- 2 Mary's love may I possess,  
Lydia's tender-heartedness;  
Peter's ardent spirit feel,  
James' faith by works reveal;  
Like young Timothy, may I  
Every sinful passion fly.
- 3 Job's submission let me show;  
David's true devotion know;  
Samuel's call, O may I hear;  
Lazarus' happy portion share,  
Let Isaiah's hallowed fire  
All my new-born soul inspire.

- 4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer ;  
Gideon's valiant steadfast care ;  
Joseph's purity impart ;  
Isaac's meditative heart ;  
Abraham's friendship, let me prove  
Faithful to the God of love !
- 5 Most of all, may I pursue  
That example Jesus drew ;  
In my life and conduct show  
How he lived and walked below .  
Day by day, through grace bestowed,  
Imitate my dearest Lord.
- 6 Then shall I these worthies meet ;  
With them bow at Jesus' feet,  
With them praise the God of love,  
With them share the joys above,  
With them range the blissful shore ;  
Meet them all to part no more.

## 1122. 12s & 11s.

- 1 HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection  
Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,  
When blessed with parental advice and affection,  
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on  
high !  
I still view the chair of my father and mother,  
The seats of their offspring, as ranged on each  
hand,  
And that richest book, which excels every other,  
The family Bible which lay on the stand.  
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible  
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.
- 2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,  
At morn and at evening could yield us delight

The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation  
 For mercy by day and for safety through night.  
 Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,  
 All warm from the heart of a family band,  
 Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling  
 Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.  
 The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

- 3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,  
 My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;  
 In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,  
 And wander unknown on a far-distant shore.  
 Yet how can I doubt my Redeemer's protection,  
 Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?  
 O, let me, with patience, receive his correction,  
 And think of the Bible that lay on the stand!  
 The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

## 1123. 8s & 7s.

- 1 NOW the Saviour standeth pleading  
 At the sinner's bolted heart:  
 Now in heaven he 's interceding,  
 Undertaking sinners' part.

### CHORUS.

Sinner, can you hate this Saviour?  
 Will you thrust him from your arms?  
 Once he died for your behavior,  
 Now he calls you to his arms.

- 2 Sinner, hear your God and Saviour,  
 Hear his gracious voice to-day.  
 Turn from all your vain behavior,  
 O repent, return, and pray!  
 Sinner, can you hate, &c

- 3 Now he 's waiting to be gracious,  
Now he stands and looks on thee ;  
See what kindness, love, and pity,  
Shine around on you and me.  
Sinner, can you hate, &c.
- 4 Come, for all things now are ready,  
Yet there 's room for many more ;  
O, ye blind, ye lame and needy,  
Come to wisdom's boundless store !  
Sinner, can you hate, &c.

## 1124. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee !  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star ;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;  
'T is midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,  
When I 've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.



# 1125. 7s.

- 1 IF I perish I will go  
Trembling to the Saviour's feet,  
Yet his favor he'll bestow,  
Yet I may forgiveness meet.
- 2 If I perish, I must own  
God is just to banish me ;  
But I'll venture near his throne,  
For his pardons all are free.
- 3 If I perish, I will go,  
Though distressed, I can but try  
Should he mercy never show,  
Begging, I will live and die
- 4 Dearest Saviour, let me live ;  
Stretch thy sceptre out to me ;  
All my sins, though great, forgive ;  
Speak the word, and set me free

# 1126. 7s.

- 1 'T IS the blest, the favored hour ;  
Now to seek thy God begin ;  
'T is the Spirit's voice divine  
Woos thee from the paths of sin.
- 2 'T is the blest, the favored hour ;  
Jesus offers pardon free ;  
Mildly pointing to the cross  
Where his blood was shed for thee.
- 3 Soon the favored hour may pass,  
Soon the Spirit take his flight ;  
Hasten while the Saviour calls ;  
O no longer mercy slight !

# 1127. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, Saviour, Son of God,  
Bearer of the sinner's load ;  
For our sins thy flesh was torn,  
Thou the penalty hast borne  
Of our guilt, upon the tree,  
Which the Father laid on thee.  
I to thee will look and live,  
And in looking praises give.
- 2 Looking lightens, looking heals,  
Looking all the gladness seals ;  
Looking breaks the binding chain,  
Looking sets us free again ;  
Looking scatters all our night,  
Makes our faces shine with light ;  
Looking quickens, strengthens, brings  
Heavenly gladness on its wings.
- 3 Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,  
Bearer of the sinner's load,  
I would rise to thee above,  
I would look, and praise, and love ;  
Ever looking let me be  
At the blood-besprinkled tree,  
Blessing thee with lips and soul,  
While the endless ages roll.

# 1128. 6s & 4s.

- 1 HASTE, my dull soul, arise,  
Shake off thy care ;  
Press to thy native skies,  
Mighty in prayer.  
Christ, he has gone before,  
Count all thy sufferings o'er,  
He all thy burdens bore —  
Jesus is there.

- 2 Souls for the marriage feast  
     Robed and prepared ;  
     Holy must be such guests :  
     Jesus is there !  
     Saints, wear your victory palms,  
     Chant your celestial psalms ;  
     Bride of the Lamb, thy charms  
     O, let me wear !
- 3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure,  
     Jesus is there !  
     Heaven's bliss is ever sure,  
     Thou art its heir.  
     What makes its joys complete ?  
     What makes its hymns so sweet ?  
     There we our friends will greet :  
     Jesus is there !

## 1129. C. M.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,  
     And seek thy Father's face ;  
     These new desires which in thee burn  
     Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, now return,  
     He hears thy humble sigh ;  
     He sees thy softened spirit mourn,  
     When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, now return ;  
     Thy Saviour bids thee live ;  
     Go to his feet, and grateful learn  
     How freely he 'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, now return,  
     And wipe the falling tear ;  
     Thy Father calls, no longer mourn.  
     'Tis love invites thee near.

# 1130. H. M.

- 1 DOWN from the willow-bough  
My slumbering harp I'll take,  
And bid its silent strings  
To heavenly themes awake :  
How peaceful should its breathings be,  
Dear Saviour, when I sing of thee !
- 2 Love, Love on earth appears ;  
The wretched throng his way ;  
He beareth all their griefs,  
And wipes their tears away ;  
How soft and sweet the strain should be  
Whene'er I sing of Calvary !
- 3 He saw me as he passed,  
In hopeless sorrow lie,  
Condemned and doomed to death,  
And no salvation nigh :  
O, long and loud the strain should be  
Whene'er I sing his love to me !
- 4 " I die for thee," he said,  
Behold the cross arise ;  
And lo, he bows his head,  
He bows his head and dies !  
Soft, soft, my harp, thy breathings be !  
Here let me weep on Calvary.
- 5 He lives, again he lives ;  
I hear the voice of love ;  
He comes to soothe my fears,  
And draw my soul above :  
O joyful now the strain should be  
When thus I sing of Calvary.

1131. 7s & 6s.

- 1 YE jewels of our Master,  
Who shine with heavenly rays,  
Amid the beams of glory,  
Reflect immortal blaze ;  
Ye diamonds of beauty,  
With pleasing lustre crowned,  
Of heavenly extraction,  
To Zion's city bound :
- 2 When we beheld your order,  
And harmony of soul,  
And heard divinest numbers  
In pure devotion roll,  
And gems immortal glowing  
With such enlivening grace,  
We viewed the Saviour's image,  
Impressed on every face.
- 3 Speak often to each other,  
To cheer the fainting mind,  
And often be your voices  
In pure devotion joined ;  
Though trials may await you,  
The crown before you lies ;  
Take courage, brother pilgrims,  
And soon you 'll win the prize.
- 4 Ye shall me mine, says Jesus,  
In that auspicious day,  
When I make up my jewels,  
Released from cumb'rous clay ;  
He 'll polish and refine you.  
From worthless dross and tin,  
And to his heavenly kingdom  
Will bid you enter in

5 On that important morning,  
 When bursting thunders sound,  
 And nimble lightnings, waving,  
 Shall wing the gloom profound;  
 Lift up your heads rejoicing,  
 And clap your joyful hands;  
 Lo, you 're redeemed forever  
 From death's corrupted bands!

6 As Aaron with his girdle,  
 In shining jewels dressed,  
 Bore all the tribes of Israel  
 Inscribed upon his breast;  
 So will the Priest of Zion,  
 Before the Father's throne,  
 Present the heirs of glory,  
 And God the kindred own.

7 The golden bells will echo  
 Around the sacred hill,  
 And sweet immortal anthems  
 The vocal regions fill;  
 In everlasting beauty  
 The shining millions stand,  
 Safe on the Rock of Ages,  
 Amid the promised land.

8 We 'll range the wide dominion  
 Of our Redeemer round,  
 And in dissolving raptures  
 Be lost in love profound;  
 While all the flaming harpers  
 Begin the lasting song,  
 With hallelujahs rolling  
 From the unnumbered throng.

## 1132. L. M.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;

- His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not ;  
My grief, my burden long has been  
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against his power,  
I sinned and stumbled but the more ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
" Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo, glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb.  
Wilt take me to thee as I am ;  
Nothing but sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, " Behold the way to God."

# 1133. L. M.

- 1 A POOR, wayfaring man of grief  
Hath often crossed me on my way,  
Who sued so humbly for relief,  
That I could never answer nay ;  
I had no power to ask his name,  
Whither he went or whence he came,  
Yet there was something in his eye  
That won my love, I know not why.

- 2 Once when my scanty meal was spread,  
     He entered ; not a word he spake ;  
     Just perishing for want of bread,  
     I gave him all ; he blessed and brake,  
     And ate, but gave me part again ;  
     Mine was an angel's portion then ;  
     And while I fed with eager haste,  
     The crust was manna to my taste !
  
- 3 I spied him where a fountain burst  
     Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone  
     The heedless water mocked his thirst ;  
     He heard it, saw it hurrying on.  
     I ran and raised the sufferer up ;  
     Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,  
     Dipped and returned it running o'er ;  
     I drank, and never thirsted more !
  
- 4 'T was night. The floods were out ; it blew  
     A wintry hurricane aloof !  
     I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
     To bid him welcome to my roof.  
     I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,  
     Laid him on mine own couch to rest ;  
     Then made the earth my bed, and seemed  
     In Eden's garden while I dreamed.
  
- 5 Stripped, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,  
     I found him by the highway side ;  
     I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,  
     Revived his spirit, and supplied  
     Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed.  
     I had myself a wound concealed,  
     But from that hour forgot the smart,  
     And peace bound up my broken heart. .
  
- 6 In prison I saw him next, condemned  
     To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;



The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,  
 And honored him mid shame and scorn.  
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
 He asked if I for him would die.  
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
 But the free spirit cried, " I will ! "

- 7 Then, in a moment, to my view,  
 The stranger started from disguise,  
 The tokens in his hands I knew ;  
 My Saviour stood before my eyes !  
 He spake, and my poor name he named .  
 " Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;  
 These deeds shall thy memorial be ;  
 Fear not, thou didst it unto me ! "

## 1134. P. M.

- 1 O, HAIL, happy day, that speaks our trials ended .  
 Our Lord has come, to take us home ;  
 O, hail, happy day !  
 No more by doubts or fears distressed,  
 We now shall gain our promised rest,  
 And be forever blest. O, hail, happy day !
- 2 Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is o'er ;  
 The jubilee proclaims us free ;  
 O, hail, happy day !  
 The day that brings a sweet release,  
 That crowns our Jesus Prince of Peace,  
 And bids our sorrows cease. O, hail, happy day !
- 3 O, hail, happy day, that ends our tears and sor-  
 rows,  
 That brings us joy, without alloy ;  
 O, hail, happy day !  
 There peace shall wave her sceptre high,  
 And love's fair banner greet the eye,  
 Proclaiming victory. O, hail, happy day !

- 4 We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's glory !  
 Thy blessed light breaks on our sight ;  
     O, hail, happy day !  
 Fair Beulah's fields before us rise,  
 And sweetly burst upon our eyes  
 The joys of paradise. O, hail, happy day !
- 5 Thrice hail, happy day, when earth shall smile in  
     gladness,  
 And Eden bloom, o'er nature's tomb ;  
     O, hail, happy day !  
 Where life's pellucid waters glide,  
 Safe by the dear Redeemer's side,  
 Forever we 'll abide. O, hail, happy day !

## 1135. L. M.

- 1 MAY he, by whose kind care we meet,  
     Send his good Spirit from above,  
 Make our communications sweet,  
     And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 2 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
     When thus we meet to pray and praise ;  
 We only wish to speak of him,  
     And tell the wonders of his grace.
- 3 We 'll talk of all he did and said,  
     His suff'rings and his dying love ;  
 The path he marked for us to tread,  
     And how he triumphs now above.
- 4 Thus, as the moments pass away,  
     We 'll love, and wonder, and adore ;  
 Then hasten on the glorious day  
     When we shall meet to part no more.

# 1136. 7s.

- 1 MET again in Jesus' name,  
At his throne we humbly bow  
He is evermore the same,  
Lo, he waits to meet us now !
- 2 In his name, if two or three  
Meet, and for his mercy call,  
There, the Saviour saith, I'll be  
In the midst to bless you all.
- 3 You shall never ask in vain,  
Though your number be but few ;  
Firm the promise doth remain,  
Lo, I always am with you !
- 4 Saviour, we believe the word,  
Calmly wait the promised grace ;  
Spirit of our risen Lord,  
Holy Spirit, fill the place !

# 1137. C. P. M.

- 1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot !  
How free from every anxious thought,  
From worldly hope and fear !  
Confined to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell ;  
He only sojourns here
- 2 This happiness in part is mine.  
Already saved from low design,  
From every creature-love ;  
Blest with the scorn of finite good,  
My soul is lightened of its load,  
And seeks the things above.

- 3 The things eternal I pursue ;  
A happiness beyond the view  
Of those that basely pant  
For things by nature felt and seen ;  
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,  
I neither have nor want.
- 4 No foot of land do I possess,  
No cottage in this wilderness ;  
A poor wayfaring man ;  
I lodge awhile in tents below,  
Or gladly wander to and fro,  
Till I my Canaan gain.
- 5 There is my house and portion fair ;  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home ;  
With me my elder brethren stay,  
Waiting the swift-approaching day,  
Till our Deliverer come.
- 6 Then, Lord, on angel's wings I'll rise,  
And soar to meet thee in the skies,  
And claim my heavenly rest ;  
O, let the pilgrim's journey end !  
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend.  
Receive me to thy breast !

## 1138. 11s.

- 1 WHILE nature was sinking in silence to rest,  
And the last beams of daylight were dim in the  
west,  
I strayed in the twilight unconscious away,  
In deep meditation where'er my path lay.
- 2 I passed near a garden, there fell on my ear  
A voice of deep anguish from one that was there ;

The tones of his agony melted my heart,  
While earnestly pleading the lost sinner's part.

- 3 In offering to heaven his strong, matchless prayer  
He spake of the torments the sinner must bear ;  
His life as a ransom he offered to give,  
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.
- 4 So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayers,  
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and  
tears !  
I wept to behold him, and asked his name ;  
He answered, " 'T is Jesus, from heaven I came.
- 5 I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die ;  
The cup is most painful, but cannot pass by ,  
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me,  
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee ! "
- 6 I heard with attention the tale of his woe,  
While tears like a fountain of waters did flow ;  
The cause of his sorrow to hear him repeat  
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.
- 7 I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry,  
" Lord, save, or I perish ! O, save, or I die ! "   
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me, " Live !  
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive."
- 8 How sweet was that language ! it made me rejoice !  
His smile, O, how pleasant ! how cheering his  
voice !  
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad ;  
I shouted " Salvation ! O, glory to God ! "
- 9 I 'm now on my journey to mansions above,  
My soul full of glory, of peace, light and love !  
I think of the garden, the prayer, and the tears,  
And that loving stranger who banished my fears

- 10 The day of bright glory is rolling around,  
 When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet shall  
 sound ;  
 My soul then in raptures of glory will rise,  
 To gaze on that stranger with unclouded eyes.

1139. 11s & 8s.

- 1 O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight ;  
 On whom in affliction I call ;  
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night ;  
 My hope, my salvation, my all :
- 2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,  
 Or cry in the desert for bread ?  
 Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,  
 And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 3 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen  
 The star that on Israel shone ?  
 Say, if in your tents my belovéd has been,  
 And where with his flock he has gone ?
- 4 This is my belovéd, his form is divine,  
 His vestments shed odors around ;  
 The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,  
 When autumn with plenty is crowned.
- 5 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,  
 Is heard through the shadow of death ;  
 The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
 The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 6 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
 That waters the garden of grace ;  
 From which their salvation the Gentiles may know  
 And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 7 Love sits on his eyelids and scatters delight  
 Through all the bright mansions on high .

Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,  
And praise him with fulness of joy.

- 8 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word ;  
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,  
Reechoes the praise of the Lord.

1140. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, we thy promise claim ;  
We are gathered in thy name ;  
In the midst do thou appear ;  
Manifest thy presence here.
- 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;  
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace ;  
Come, and dwell within each heart ;  
Light, and life, and joy impart.
- 3 Make us all in thee complete ;  
Make us all for glory meet ;  
Meet t' appear before thy sight,  
Partners with the saints in light.

1141. 7s & 4s.

- 1 I 'M a lonely trav'ler here,  
Weary, opprest ;  
But my journey's end is near ;  
Soon I shall rest.  
Dark and dreary is the way,  
Tiring I 've come ;  
Ask me not with you to stay, —  
Yonder 's my home

PRAYER AND CONFERENCE.

- 2 I 'm a weary trav'ler here,  
I must go on ;  
For my journey's end is near ;  
I must be gone.  
Brighter joys than earth can give  
Win me away ;  
Pleasures that forever live, —  
I cannot stay.
- 3 I 'm a trav'ler to a land  
Where all is fair ;  
Where is seen no broken band ;  
All, all are there.  
Where no tear shall ever fall,  
Nor heart be sad ;  
Where the glory is for all,  
And all are glad.
- 4 I 'm a trav'ler, and I go  
Where all is fair ;  
Farewell, all I 've loved below ;  
I must be there.  
Worldly honors, hopes and gain,  
All I resign ;  
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,  
If heaven be mine.
- 5 I 'm a trav'ler, call me not ;  
Upward 's my way ;  
Yonder is my rest and lot,  
I cannot stay.  
Farewell, earthly pleasures all !  
Pilgrim I 'll roam ;  
Hail me not, — in vain you call, —  
Yonder 's my home.

1142. 11s.

- 1 IN the midst of temptation, and sorrow. and **strife**,  
And evils unnumbered, of this bitter life,



PRAYER AND CONFERENCE.

I look to a blessed earth, free from all care, --  
The kingdom of Jesus, — and long to be there.

- 2 When poverty presses, and foes do surround,  
And clouds of thick darkness do hover around,  
The pathway to glory, which Christ did prepare ;  
I look for his coming, and long to be there.
- 3 When this mortal body is racking with pain,  
And demons are striving to trouble my brain,  
I hope for the crown that the saints soon shall wear  
In the regions of glory, and long to be there.
- 4 When the wicked are scoffing, because I believe  
The Saviour is coming, my pains to relieve,  
I weep for their folly, and bow in deep prayer  
For Christ's coming kingdom, and long to be there
- 5 And when cruel Death, with his spear lifted high,  
Stands full in my presence, and says, Thou shalt die!  
I think how my Saviour its smart once did bear,  
To fit me for Eden, and long to be there.
- 6 When the grave, with its millions of captives, ap-  
pears  
To the eye of my mind, it awakens my fears ;  
I long for that morn when the dead saints shall wear  
Their glorified bodies, and long to be there.
- 7 By the sweet flowing river of life I will sing  
My triumph through Jesus, my Saviour and King,  
And praise him who brought me, a sinner, to share  
A feast of fat things, — O, I long to be there !
- 8 I long to be there ! and the thought that 't is near  
Makes me almost impatient for Christ t' appear,  
And fit up that dwelling of glories so rare,  
The earth robed in beauty ; I long to be there.

# 1143. P. M.

- 1 HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam ;  
Here is no rest, is no rest ;  
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone ;  
Yet I am blest, I am blest :  
For I look forward to that glorious day,  
When sin and sorrow will vanish away ;  
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say.  
There, there is rest, there is rest.
- 2 Here fierce temptations beset me around ;  
Here is no rest, is no rest ;  
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround .  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Let them revile me and scoff at my name,  
Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame ;  
I will go forward, for this is my theme,  
There, there is rest, there is rest.
- 3 Here are afflictions and trials severe ;  
Here is no rest, is no rest ;  
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear ;  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Sweet is the promise I read in his word, —  
Blesséd are they who have died in the Lord ;  
They will be called to receive their reward ; —  
Then there is rest, there is rest.
- 4 This world of cares is a wilderness state ;  
Here is no rest, is no rest ;  
Here I must bear from the world all its hate ;  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Soon shall I be from the wicked released ;  
Soon shall the weary forever be blest ;  
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast ; --  
Then there is rest, there is rest.

1144. 8s.

- 1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see !  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,  
Have all lost their sweetness to me ;  
The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December 's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice ;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice.  
Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resigned,  
No changes of season or place—  
Would make any change in my mind.
- 3 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine ?  
And why are my winters so long ?  
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky !  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;  
And bid me rejoice in thee high ;  
Then winter and clouds are no more.

1145. 7s.

- 1 SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,  
When the saints together meet ;  
When the Saviour is the theme,  
When they join to sing of him.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,  
Such as did the Father move :  
He beheld the world undone,  
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love ;  
How he left the realms above,  
Took our nature and our place,  
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love ;  
With our wretched hearts he strove ;  
Filled our minds with grief and fear,  
Brought the precious Saviour near.

# 1146. 7s & 5s.

- 1 YE who rose to meet the Lord,  
Ventured on his faithful word ;  
Faint not now, for your reward  
Will be quickly given.  
Faint not ! always watch and pray ;  
Jesus will not long delay ;  
Soon will come the dawn of day,  
Day-star beam from heaven.
- 2 Would ye to the end endure ?  
Keep the wedding garment pure ;  
Claim ye still the promise sure,  
Faithful is the Lord !  
Let your lamps be burning bright ;  
In God's word is beaming light ;  
Live by faith, and not by sight ;  
Crowns are your reward.
- 3 'Mid the darts of angry foe,  
Onward, fearless, onward go ;  
The good soldier's courage show ;  
On, to victory !  
' Let thine eyes be turned to me,"  
Jesus says, " I 'll rescue thee ;  
Overcome, and faithful be ;  
Thou shalt glory see."

4 Tones of thunder, through the sky,  
 Angel voices, sounding high,  
 Echo still the mighty cry,  
     Jesus, quickly come !  
 Quickly he 'll return again,  
 With his saints on earth to reign ;  
 While all heaven will shout, Amen !  
     Welcome to thy throne !

5 Marriage supper, now prepared,  
 By the guests will then be shared,  
 In fair righteous robes arrayed,  
     Like the bridegroom King.  
 Glory to Jehovah's name !  
 Sound aloud the glad acclaim ;  
 To the Lamb that once was slain,  
     Alleluias bring !

1147. 8s & 7s.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;  
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;  
 All will come to desolation,  
     Unless thou return again.  
 Keep no longer at a distance ;  
 Shine upon us from on high,  
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
     Every plant should droop and die.

2 Surely once thy garden flourished,  
 Every plant looked gay and green ;  
 Then thy word our spirits nourished :  
     Happy seasons we have seen !  
 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,  
 Thou canst make them bloom again .  
 O, permit them not to wither,  
     Let not all our hopes be vain !

- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayers ;  
Let each one esteemed thy servant  
Shun the world's bewitching snares ;  
Break the tempter's fatal power,  
Turn the stony heart to flesh,  
And begin from this good hour  
To revive thy work afresh.

1148. 7s & 5s.

- 1 ROUSE ye at the Saviour's call ;  
Sinners, rouse ye, one and all ;  
Wake ! or soon your souls shall fall,  
Fall in deep despair.
- 2 Woe to him who turns away !  
Jesus kindly calls to-day ;  
Come, O sinner, while you may,  
Raise your soul in prayer.
- 3 Heard ye not the Saviour cry,  
Turn, O turn, why will ye die,  
And, in keenest agony,  
Mourn too late your doom !
- 4 By the Saviour's bleeding love,  
By the joys of heaven above,  
Let these words your spirits move ;  
Quick to Jesus fly !

1149. L. M.

- 1 WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell  
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,  
Where he is gone they fain would know  
That they may seek and love him too.

- 2 O may my spirit daily rise  
On wings of faith, above the skies,  
Till I shall make my last remove,  
To dwell forever with my love!
- 3 In paradise, within the gates,  
A higher entertainment waits;  
Fruits new and old laid up in store;  
There we shall feed, but want no more.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.
- 5 Come, my belovéd, haste away,  
Cut short the hours of thy delay;  
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,  
Over the hills where spices grow.

1150. 7s.

- 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord!  
'T is thy Saviour, hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:  
" Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?
- 2 I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a mother's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet I will remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of faith is done ;  
Partner of my throne shalt be :  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ? ”

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is still so faint ;  
Yet I love thee, and adore ;  
O for grace to love thee more !

## 1151. P. M.

1 THERE is a world to come,  
Happy and pure ;  
That is the Christian's home,  
Long to endure.  
O, 't is a world of light !  
No more death, nor woe, nor night ;  
Faith views it with delight,  
Knowing 't is sure.

2 There Christ will ever reign  
All-glorious King !  
There music's rapt'rous strain  
Ever will ring ;  
Saints who in ages by  
Suffered, and were called to die,  
There in sweet harmony  
Anthems will sing.

3 There is our paradise,  
Eden restored ;  
All beauteous in their eyes,  
Who love the Lord ;  
Wastes that are now so drear,  
Like the rose shall blossom there,  
And be a garden fair :  
Thus saith the word.



- 4 O, that bright world to come  
Tongue cannot tell !  
Thrice blessed is the home  
Where saints will dwell ;  
Turn, then, from sin away,  
And the word of God obey ;  
Then at the last great day  
All will be well.

1152. 7s. 6 l.

- 1 O, 'T IS sweet to mingle, where  
Christians meet for social prayer !  
O, 't is sweet with them to raise  
Songs of holy joy and praise !  
Then how blest that state must be  
Where they meet eternally !
- 2 Saviour, let these meetings prove  
Scenes of fervent Christian love ;  
While we worship in this place  
May we go from grace to grace !  
Till we, each in his degree,  
Fit for endless glory be.

1153. L. M.

- 1 WHEN those who feared the Lord of old  
Met oft, and spake with one accord,  
A book was written, and enrolled  
Their faithful names before the Lord.
- 2 They shall be mine, Jehovah said,  
And, as a signet on my hand,  
A crown of glory for my head,  
Among my chosen jewels stand.

- 3 And I will spare them in that day,  
E'en as a father spares his son ;  
When all the proud are swept away,  
The wicked, root and branch, undone.
- 4 Then shall my righteousness be shown ;  
Then, by their good or evil lot,  
The sinner and the saint be known,  
Who served the Lord, who served him not
- 5 Lord, we are taught thy name to fear ;  
O, may we tremble to offend !  
Lord, we are taught to serve thee here ;  
May we be faithful to the end !
- 6 Our names are on thy church's rolls,  
But in thy book our pardon write ;  
Rich was the ransom of our souls ;  
May they be precious in thy sight !

# 1154. P. M. [Omit Chorus, C. M.]

- 1 AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,  
In mercy oft are sent ;  
They stopped the prodigal's career,  
And taught him to repent.

## CHORUS.

- “ I 'll die no more for bread ;  
I 'll die no more for bread,” he cries,  
“ Nor starve in foreign lands,  
My Father's house has rich supplies,  
And bounteous are his hands.”
- 2 The father saw him coming back,  
He saw, and ran, and smiled,  
And threw his arms about the neck  
Of his rebellious child.
- 3 “ Father, I 've sinned, — but, O, forgive ! ”  
“ I 've heard enough,” he said ;

- “ Rejoice, my house, my son 's alive  
 For whom I mourned as dead. . .
- 4 Now let the fattened calf be slain,  
 And spread the news around ;  
 My son was dead, but lives again,  
 Was lost, but now is found.”
- 5 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,  
 To call poor sinners home ;  
 More than a father's love he feels,  
 And welcomes all that come.

## 1155. L. M.

- 1 GO, worship at Immanuel's feet ;  
 See in his face what wonders meet !  
 Earth is too narrow to express  
 His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 The whole creation can afford  
 But some faint shadows of my Lord  
 Nature, to make his beauties known  
 Must mingle colors not her own.
- 3 Is he compared to wine or bread ?  
 Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed :  
 That flesh, that dying blood of thine,  
 Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.
- 4 Is he a tree ? The world receives  
 Salvation from his healing leaves ;  
 That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,  
 Is David's root and offspring too.
- 5 Is he a rose ? Not Sharon yields  
 Such fragrancy in all her fields ;  
 Or if the lily he assume,  
 The valleys bless the rich perfume.

- 6 Is he a vine? His heavenly root  
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;  
O, let a lasting union join  
My soul to Christ the living vine!
- 7 Is he the head? Each member lives  
And owns the vital powers he gives;  
The saints below, and saints above,  
Joined by his Spirit and his love.
- 8 Is he a fountain? There I bathe,  
And heal the plague of sin and death;  
These waters all my soul renew,  
And cleanse my spotted garments too.
- 9 Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross;  
But the true gold sustains no loss;  
Like a refiner shall he sit,  
And tread the refuse with his feet.
- 10 Is he a rock? How firm he proves!  
The Rock of Ages never moves;  
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow  
Attend us all the desert through.
- 11 Is he a way? He leads to God;  
The path is drawn in lines of blood;  
There would I walk, with hope and zeal,  
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.
- 12 Is he a door? I'll enter in:  
Behold the pastures large and green!  
A paradise — divinely fair;  
None but the sheep have freedom there.
- 13 Is he designed a corner-stone  
For men to build their heaven upon?  
I'll make him my foundation, too,  
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

- 14 Is he a temple? I adore  
Th' indwelling majesty and power;  
And still to this most holy place,  
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.
- 15 Is he a star? He breaks the night,  
Piercing the shades with dawning light  
I know his glories from afar,  
I know the bright, the morning-star.
- 16 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,  
His course is joy, and righteousness;  
Nations rejoice when he appears  
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.
- 17 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars  
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears  
His beauties we can never trace,  
Till we behold him face to face.

## 1156. 7s.

- 1 COME, Desire of nations, come!  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!  
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;  
Come, and take us to thy side.
- 2 Thou, who hast our place prepared,  
Make us meet for our reward;  
Then with all thy saints descend:  
Then our earthly trials end.
- 3 Mindful of thy chosen race,  
Shorten these vindictive days;  
Who for full redemption groan:  
Hear us now, and save thine own.
- 4 Now destroy the Man of sin;  
Now thine ancient flock bring in.

PRAYER AND CONFERENCE.

Filled with righteousness divine,  
Claim a ransomed world for thine.

5 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here ;  
Glorious in thy saints appear ;  
Speak the sacred number sealed,  
Speak the mystery revealed.

6 Take to thee thy royal power ;  
Reign, when sin shall be no more ;  
Reign, when death no more shall be  
Reign to all eternity.

1157. P. M.

- 1 HOW precious is the name ! brethren sing, brethren sing,  
How precious is the name ! brethren sing,  
How precious is the name  
Of Christ, our Paschal Lamb,  
Who bore our sin and shame on the tree, on the tree !  
Who bore our sin and shame on the tree !
- 2 I've given all for Christ, he's my all, he's my all  
I've given all for Christ, he's my all ;  
I've given all for Christ,  
And my spirit cannot rest,  
Unless he's in my breast, reigning there, reigning there ;  
Unless he's in my breast reigning there.
- 3 His easy yoke I'll bear, with delight, with delight ;  
His easy yoke I'll bear, with delight ;  
His easy yoke I'll bear,  
And his cross I will not fear ;  
His name I will declare, evermore, evermore ;  
His name I will declare evermore.

1158. P. M.

- 1 COME and reign ; come and reign,  
     Jesus on thy throne ;  
     And, O, it fills my heart with joy  
     To know we're almost home.  
     Here I drop the falling tear,  
     As pilgrim-like I roam,  
     An exile from my Father's house ;  
     But soon he'll call me home.  
         CHORUS. — Come and reign, &c.
- 2 Here amid life's changing scenes,  
     My cup of grief runs o'er ;  
     But there I'll share unmingled bliss  
     On Canaan's happy shore.  
         Come and reign, &c.
- 3 Here I grieve the friends I love,  
     And they in turn grieve me ;  
     But O, my Father, grant me grace,  
     That I may not grieve thee.  
         Come and reign, &c.
- 4 Here disease invades our frames,  
     We wither, droop, and die ;  
     But there eternal youth shall bloom,  
     And bright shall beam each eye.  
         Come and reign, &c.
- 5 Here we meet and part again,  
     As round and round we roam ;  
     But there we'll meet and part no more,  
     And sweetly rest at home.  
         Come and reign, &c.

1159. C. M.

- 1 ONE more petition, O our God,  
     We lay before thy throne ;  
     That thou'ldst bless us as we part,  
     And our weak efforts own.

- 2 O ever may the love of God  
Within our bosoms glow ;  
And love to man, in all our acts,  
The humble Christian show !
- 3 May we go forth with strength renewed  
And lamps all burning clear,  
Ready and waiting for our Lord,  
As his bright train draws near.

1160. C. M.

- 1 WHAT vessel are you sailing in ?  
Declare to us the same.  
Our vessel is the ark of God,  
And Christ our Captain's name

CHORUS.

- Hoist every sail to catch the gale,  
Each sailor ply his oar :  
The night begins to wear away,  
We soon shall reach the shore.
- 2 Pray what's the port to which you sail  
Declare to us straightway.  
The new Jerusalem's our port,  
The realms of endless day.
- 3 And are you not afraid some storm  
Your bark will overwhelm ?  
We cannot fear, the Lord is near,  
Our Father's at the helm.
- 4 Our compass is the sacred Word ;  
Our anchor, blooming hope ;  
The love of God our main top-sail,  
And faith our cable rope



- 5 We 've looked astern, and many toils  
The Lord has brought us through ;  
We 're looking now ahead, and lo,  
The " land " appears in view !
- 6 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,  
The heavens above are clear ;  
The city bright appears in sight,  
We 're getting round the pier.
- 7 And when we all are landed safe  
On the celestial plain,  
Our song shall be, " Worthy 's the Lamb  
For rebel sinners slain ! "

## 1161. C. M.

- 1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side ;  
This all my hope, and all my plea, —  
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own :  
Wash me, and mine thou art ;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone —  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve ;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

# 1162. C. M.

- 1 **WHAT** heavenly music do I hear?  
Salvation sounding free!  
Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear;  
This is the Jubilee.
- 2 How sweetly do the tidings roll  
All round from sea to sea,  
From land to land, from pole to pole!  
This is the Jubilee.
- 3 **Jesus** is on the mercy-seat;  
Before him bend the knee;  
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat;  
This is the Jubilee.
- 4 Sinners, be wise, return, and come  
Unto the Saviour free;  
The Spirit bids you welcome home;  
This is the Jubilee.
- 5 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring  
With songs of harmony;  
While on the road to Canaan sing,  
This is the Jubilee.

# 1163. 7s

- 1 **BLESSÉD** Bible, precious word!  
Boon most sacred from the Lord;  
Glory to his name be given,  
For this best rich gift from heaven.
- 2 'Tis a ray of purest light,  
Beaming through the depths of night;  
Brighter than ten thousand gems  
Of the costliest diadems.

- 3 'Tis an orb, more radiant far  
Than the fairest evening star,  
Yea, the sun outshining even  
When it rides midway in heaven.
- 4 'Tis a fountain, pouring forth  
Streams of life to gladden earth;  
Whence eternal blessings flow.  
Antidote for human woe.
- 5 'Tis an ocean, vast and clear,  
In which rays divine appear,  
Bearing freight, the choicest store  
Ever borne the wide world o'er.
- 6 'Tis a mine, ay, deeper, too,  
Than can mortal ever go;  
Search we may for many years,  
Still some new, rich gem appears.

## 1164      8s & 7s.

- 1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus!  
Hail! thou everlasting King!  
Thou didst suffer to redeem us,  
Thou didst free salvation bring!  
Hail! thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame!  
By thy merits we find favor,  
Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on thee were laid;  
By almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made.  
All thy people are forgiven,  
Through the virtue of thy blood;  
Opened is the gate of heaven;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

**3** Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,  
 There forever to abide ;  
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
 Seated at thy Father's side ;  
 There for sinners thou art pleading,  
 There thou dost our place prepare ;  
 Ever for us interceding  
 Till in glory we appear.

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## XXXII. DOXOLOGIES.

**1. L. M**

**PRAISE** God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**2. S. M.**

**YE** angels round the throne,  
 And saints that dwell below,  
 Adore the Father, love the Son  
 And bless the Spirit too.

**3. S. M.**

**TO** heaven's eternal King,  
 Who rules supreme alone,  
**Let** all on earth their praises bring,  
 And worship round his throne.

DOXOLOGIES.

4. H. M.

GLORY to God on high !  
Forever bless his name :  
His wondrous love proclaim,  
His wondrous love proclaim :  
To him be praise | By all on earth  
And glory given | And all in heaven.

5. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace .  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace :  
O refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness !
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration  
For the gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound :  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

6. 8s & 7s.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Hope and comfort from above ;  
Let us each, thy peace possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration  
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound.

DOXOLOGIES.

7. C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be praise amid the heavenly host,  
And in the church below ;  
From whom all creatures draw their breath,  
By whom redemption blessed the earth,  
From whom all comforts flow.

8. 8s & 7s.

LORD, dismiss us hence with gladness ;  
Be thy people's lot our choice,  
'Tis thy foes have need of sadness,  
But thy people may rejoice :  
Who shall harm them,  
While they hear and know thy voice?

9. 7s.

- 1 PRAISE, O praise the name divine ;  
Praise him at the hallowed shrine ;  
Let the firmament on high  
To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 All who vital breath enjoy,  
In his praise that breath employ ;  
Heaven and earth the chorus join ;  
Praise, O praise the name divine !

10. C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit, be adored,  
Where there are works to make him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

11. C. M.

TO Him who reigns in world of light,  
The eternal King of heaven  
Be honor, majesty, and might  
And praise and glory given

12. S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,  
Give glory to the Son,  
And to the Spirit of his grace  
Be equal honor done.

13. 11s.

COME, let us adore him, come, bow at his feet,  
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet!  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

14. 8s & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above!  
Thus may we abide in union  
With each other in the Lord;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

15. 8s & 7s.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing  
Bid us all depart in peace;  
Still on gospel manna feeding,  
Pure seraphic love increase.

Fill each breast with consolation,  
 While to thee our songs we raise ;  
 When we reach the blissful station  
 We will give thee nobler praise.

## 16. L. M.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;  
 Help us to feed upon thy word ;  
 All that has been amiss, forgive,  
 And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;  
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;  
 Give every fettered soul release,  
 And bid us all depart in peace.

## 17. 8s & 7s.

SAVIOUR, follow with thy blessing  
 Truth delivered in thy name ;  
 Thus the word, thy power possessing,  
 Shall declare from whence it came :  
 Mighty let the gospel be,  
 All subduing, Lord, to thee.

## 18. C. P. M.

NOW from the house of prayer we go,  
 And may the Lord his grace bestow  
 Till Jesus comes again ;  
 Then let us, with the heavenly host,  
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 Forevermore. Amen.



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McKay's  
June 1901 cp

